

Reader, lo heere thou wilt two faces finde, One of the body, t'other of the minde ; This by the Graver fo, that with much strife Wee thinke Brome dead, hee's drawne so to the life That by's owne pen's done so ingeinously That who reads it, must thinke hee nere shall dy .

J. Code Scalpfit.



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FIVE NEW PLAYES,

(Viz.)

THE Madd Couple well matcht.
Novella.
Court Begger.
City Witt.
Damoifelle.

By Richard Brome.



LONDON,

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LONDON

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MAD COUPLE VVELL MATCH'D.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Carleffe, Wat.

Car. Hon half delivered my Letter ?

Wat. Yes Sir, to Mr. Saveall your Unkles friend: But hee has stood your friend so long, and so often, to so little

purpose in moving your Unkle for you, that he holds it utterly in vaine to urge him any further, he told me.

Car. Thou should'st ha' told him, I would not be so answer'd.

Wat. Yes; and then he would have told me, let your Master take his course.

Car. Then you should ha' told him again, I have taken all the courses I could, or as any Gentleman can to maintaine my selfe like one; But all my courses are run out, and I have not breath, nor know any ground whereon to begin a new one, unlesse that thing my Unkle sets me

B

up againe, nor have I any meanes to attaine to that,

but by his Mediation:

Wat. Then would he ha' told me againe, what all your courses have been. Namely, running into debt by all the wayes can be imagin'd, and cheating by all could be invented, then that the said thing, (as you call it) your Unkle, before he cast you quite off, had redeem'd you out of Prison, and severall holds, within the space of 15. Moneths 14. times.

Car. That was not once a Moneth then, or if it had, what had that been to him? 'twas I that fuffer'd, thou

shouldst ha' told him, not he.

Wat. Hee would ha' told me then againe, That severall Redemptions, cost your Unkle at least 2000 h. And that upon your last revolt when he quite gave you over for a cast-away, two yeares since, he cast the third thousand with you, upon condition never to afflict him more. And then he Married in hope to get an heire.

Car. I that Marrying spoy'ld all.

Wat. Because you should not after his death cast away all the rest of the thousands, and ten thousands which you might have liv'd to inherit, if your Unkles love or Mr. Savealls counsell could have prevay'd with you against the Divill, and Debauchednes.

Car. Pox on't, let it all goe, let that wretched Unkle goe, and let Saveall goe for a punctual affe as hee is. I confesse he has by his saving helps peec'd mee with my Unkle a score of times at least. What had once more

been to him?

Wat. Sir, it were better for you to thinke upon some course by our selfe, and me your Creature (that have sluck to you, or sollowed you through all fortunes) to maintaine Rich Lace, and Bravery upon you. And thinke in time too before this be worne out, upon some new wayes for your supplies—

Car.

Car. I cannot, nor will I trouble my braines to thinke of any, I will rather die here in Rum alley, or walk down to the Temple, and lay my felfe down alive, in the old Synagogue, crofs leg'd among the Monumentall Knights there, till I turne Marble with cm. Thinke quoth a I what should I think on?

Wat. On your poor Whore Sir (as you have brought her) shee's in worse case then your selfe your Cloaths are

good enough-

Car. I ther's the Devill. I would doe fomething for her if I knew how. But what have I not done that

can be done by a forlorn heire ?

wat. Why though the Dice, and all other Household games, and all the Cheats belonging unto them have fayld you by your and their discoveries, till none dare venture so neare you as a Man hurles a Die or Skirrs a Card. Though all your hidden wayes in Hide-parke races are trod out, and all your bowling booties beaten bare off o' the Grounds and Allies; and the sweete Honey-combes of all your Cockpit cosenages cut off. Though all your Arts of borowing are crost out of all Mens Bookes before you offer at em, while your old Debts stand fairely written, and all your Marts miscarry of putting out for credit, Venison to Citizens, or early Cherries, Codlings and Apricocks to their Wives availe you nothing, cannot something yet be found?

Car. Nothing nothing All Projects are confounded.

was. Did your Father leave you nothing but wit to live upon for this? And did hee leave you that but for yeares, and not for Life? and is the terme expir'd?

Car. Hold thy peace. I am casting for fomething to be done by me, that shall be worth, and cost my life, to shame

my Unkle.

Wat. There's a plot! Think of your poore whore Sir B 2 how

how shall she live, if you cast away your selfe?

Car. I must leave her once thou knowst.

wat. If you could leave her now, and betake your felfe handlomely to other Women, I have thought on a course.

Car. What, quickly, what ift?

Wat. To fet up a Male bawdy house.

Car. Fy upon'c.

Wat. You are handsome, lovely, and I thinke able to do one Mans worke, two or three such Gentlemen more which I know, and can describe to you, with the wayes I'le finde to bring in custome shall fill your purses—

Car. And empt our bones. I ever had enough of one Multis Variety would destroy me. No Gentlemen can be able to hold it out. They are too weake to make com-

mon He whores.

Fron

Wat For a little while Sir, till we have got a stock of rich cloathes; And then we will put Drey-men, and Wine-porters, Cornish Wrastlers & such like into those cloaths; and make them Country Cavaliers. Have you not seen course snowt-faire drudges, clapt into bravery, that would doe more bodily service in a Brothell then twenty Ladies Daughters? They are the Game-beares of a Bawdy house, can play ten single courses for a cleane-bred Gentle-womans one, we will hire fellowes for groates a peece a day, that shall (without the additaments of Clary, Cawdle or Cock-broth) get us forty peeces a Man before Night, or perhaps a hundred by next Morning, out of such shee-customers, as an Aunt of mine shall sinde out for us.

a Gar. O base Villaine ! No I'le never fall so deep below a Gentleman, as to be Master of a Baudy-house.

Wat. Very good decay'd Gentlemen have done as much; though Lurge this, but for your pastime fir.

Car.

Car. No my first plot shall stand, I will do some notorious death-deserving thing (though these cloaths goe' to th'Hangman for't, what care I) in desiance of him that was my Unkle, and his Methodicall, Grave, and Octhographicall speaking friend, Mr. Saveall that cals People Pe-o-ple.

Enter Saveall.

O Mr. Saveall how have you honord mee, how am I bound to you for this visit! Sir hearing that my Unkle was come to Town, and you with him, I did prefume to write to you.

Sav. Send forth your Man.

Car. Goe forth Exit Wat.

Sav. One Servant is not fit for all Offices, although you keepe no more; you prefumed indeed, I can no lesse then call it a presumption, although it were but unto mee you write; I speak not this in the behalfe of any dignity in me; but that you should overweene that I had ability to wrastle any more with your overgratefull Unkle in your behalfe. Therein was your outrecuidance.

Car. The miserablest Man on Earth! in having wesried out my worthiest friend, on whom the sum of all my

hopes was cast.

Sav. No, I am not wearied; But still in the same sull strength: yet my modely disswadeth mee from using strength above reason, and my reason prevaileth with me not to strive against a Torient.

Car. He in then inexorable, and I must perish. But did

you try him for me this last time?

Sav. I have both tryed, and tempted him to his vexation.

Car. But did you urge that pious act of mine Which he once vow'd should never be forgot, Ounrewarded by him?

Sav. Your standing upon merit in that Act Perplexeth nature in him, and confounds

B 3

Both

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Both your defert, and his benevolence,
And now fince you have urged it, I'le tell you,
Your Act was undenyable, most noble,
And glorious in a Nephew, greater piety
Could not have been expected in a Sonne:
When from the Swords of Theeves and Murderers,
Your valor rescued him——But——But——

Car. I and my Man I'me fure made four of the stowtest purses sly for's, that ever set our Country of the skore a After they had him downe, and their points at his brest and throat, hee crying out for helpe, when I came on hy chance at a time too when I was in his displeasure, nay he hated mee a whole years together before that, and yet I did it, and more then so

Sav. Fare you well Sir, I thought to have faid all this

for you, and more then so too. But

Car. Nay fweet Mr. Saveall____

Sav. Good Mr. Carelesse, as I can hear I would be heard sometimes.

Car. Poore Rogue! and he deserv'd it, I'le besworne for a Theeves marke that he receiv'd; a cut o' the Cockscombe that crackt his skull, so that hee could never bear his drinke since, as hee could ha' done before. For sir, as we

Camo

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

came in, I having put by the thrusts of three of em, the fourth man with a full blow-

Sav. Fare you well Sir the feeond time-

Car. Nay curteous Mr. Saveall.

Sav. I came to fpeake not with you altogether, but unto you for to be heard.

Car. Sir I will heare you with all due respect.

Sav. Your Unkle having done so gratefully, and so plentifully for you.
You building still on merit for that service.

Did hold him fo falt bound that you prefumed
To run upon more extravagancies
In all the out-wayes of debauchery,
Till for the one good deed you did for him
He did you forty, in refloring you
From Surfets, Wants, Wounds and Imprisonments.

Till overborne with charge, and more with anguish, At your outragious, unexampled Riots,

Hee gave you an irrevocable farewell, yet then at your departure.

Car. Yet then I liv'd and could have done till now, meerly by being his Nephew, and suppos'd his heire, had not he married; but his Marriage turnd the hearts of all believing Citizens from me, where before a Taylor could have made mee run through all the credit i' the Town, When in a sute Chinquant, and Ala-mode They could informe themselves, whose heire I was, But to say truth I vex'd him into Wed-lock, for before

he valud not a Wife at a batchelors Button, Sav. Farewell to you the third time.

Car. Sir, you shall see mee die first, and that instantly; That you may tell my Uncle I'le be no more his trouble, or charge, unlesse in charity hee'l send to bury me.

Sav. You will not desperately work a violent end up-

on your selfe ?

B 4

Car.

1

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Car. No Sir, the D vills not fo great with mee; but my heart, I feele it ready to breake. My Unkle is no more my Unkle, nor you my friend, all by my own fau't, and what should I do here, but in to my Bed, and out o' the World prefently. Wat. Wat.

Enter Wat.

I here Sir !

Sav. I have dalyed too long, and tempted him too far I feare.

Car. Lay down my Bed.

Wat. Your Wench is come indeed, but I hope you will not to bed before he be gone.

Car. Lay down my bed I fay. But first unbutton me.

Wat. Lord how his heart beats I pangs of death I fear. Sav. Not so I hope. I will now come to the point Sir,

Mr. Careleffe be comforted.

Car. I am, and well refolv'd, I thanke my better Angell.

Sav. Your Unkle's friends with you.

Car. Alas, how can that be?

Sav. I thought your spirit had been higher.

Car. It will be Sir anon, I hope.

Sav. I have but dallied with you to fearch your temper.

Wat. But you have searched too deep I feare fir.

Car. Ah!

Sav. Your Unkle is friends with you, I say so farre as to make a further tryall of your nature, you may be yet his heire; for your Aunt despaireth of any Child by him, having fruitlessly been married now these two years.

Car. Ah ! -- But good Sir, can this be ?

Sav. It is, and I will bring you to him. And see that all be well.

Orun and fetch my cloake,

Enter,

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Enter Wat with his Cloake.

Tell Phebe I cannot flay to give her any fatisfaction now;

I mul go fee my Unkle first. Exit Wat,

Sav. Poore Gentleman, how weakly he standeth I The fight of his Unkie will recover him. Come Mr. Careless

let us goe.

Car. Sir what do you thinke if I should first according to the reformation of my mind cut off my undecent hair, and change this garish apparrell for a civil well worne Students sute, I can be fitted presently hard by.

Sav. No, the mind reformed is enough, your habit well

becometh you. Exit.

Wat. Now Wit and't be thy will go with him. And I hope this will be his last hot fit of the Unkle.

Enter Phebe.

Phe. Your Masters gone forth it seemes.

Wat. Cal'd by his fortune, hee is fo.

The. Shuns he the fight of me ? i'le overtake him.

Wat. O your patience sweete Mistris Phebe, a little patience.

Hee's gone to be happy, and to make you happy. I dare promise you a Sattin Gowen within this sea night.

Phe. For let me tell thee Miftris Phebe bright

Hee's reconciled to his Unkle Knight.

Away Pimpe, Flamsted, I came to be serious with him, to let him know the miseries I suffer, by the wrongs hee has done mee, and that I can nor will no longer beare em.

Wat. Nor him neither will you? Take heede what you

say Madam Marion.

The. No nor him neither, you pandarly Parasite, till he make his vowes good, and me an honest Woman.

Wat. Birlady, a shrewd taske, and I fear an impossible

worke.

Phe. Sirra, I will claw your ugly Face till thou undertak'ft it with him, to make it easie, Wat.

A mad Couple well Match d.

wat. Hold, hold, I'le doe you all the good I can,

Phe. O will you fo ?

Wat. How desperatly valiant a Whore growes, when she is so poore that her cloathes seare no tearing. But by what meanes can you hope to bring this worke about?

Phe. You know I have a wealthy Kinsman in the City. Wat. O Mr. Salemare, and he has a Wife too that bears

it up bravely.

Phe. Pimpe impudent, shall I claw your Face into blushes at my injuryes, to be mockt out of my Maydenhead, when I was upon a good Match in the Countrey; Then with a promise of Marriage, to be intic'd from my friends into fooles Paradice(that was a new title for the City) and here to be used, and abused from Lodging to Lodging, by him that now flies me, for the decayes hee hath brought mee to? But my Kinsman has money though I have none, and for money there is Law to be found, and in a just cause he will not let me sink, he sayes: for I have told him all.

was. But not the how many times, the whens, the

where's, and the wherewithalls, I hope have you?

Phe. Sirrah, I shall shew you and your Master too a way to more civility, since I am thus abused, and

Aghted.

Wat. You have schoold mee handsomely, and brought mee into sense of your injuries: you have beene overwrong'd, but not over wrought, nor over worne, you doe excell in Beauty, Strength and Spirit, which makes you in your very anger now appears so lovely, that I professe my selfe your Creature. What would a kisse of this faire Hand now make mee do, and of those Lipps what not?

Shee strikes him.

Phe. Away you Creature.

Wat. Leave these temptations; doe not strike me too deeply in love with you.

Phe. Away you Creature.

Wat. 'Tis true I am your Creature, as I am my Masters; And sometimes the serving Creature, breakes his fast with a bit off the Spit before the same meat is serv'd up to his Masters table, but is never denyed to Dine upon his Masters leavings, you cannot thinke what an appetite that frown gives me.

Phe. You are no faucy Rafcall.

Wat. Good wit too I My appetite needs no Sauce; nor shall you need to make use of Law, or Friend against my Master, but my selfe.

Phe. You !

Wat. Be ruled by me, if I doe not by you downe, and joyne with you presently in a course that shall content you, then—hang me Lady at your doore.—

Phe, What doe you meane?

Wat. In the next roome we shall finde Pen, Inke and Paper, you shall write him such a Letter (as I will dictate to you) that shall so nettle him.

Phe. Nay I did intend to leave him part of my mind in

writting before I went.

Enter Salemare.

Ph. O Cofen, I want you.

Wat. A pox of this interupting Cuckold, hee hinders all Trading, but his Wives, zownds I was going with full speed a Tile, as the learned fay, had not this horne-head come, we had writ lines together should have put down Here and Leander—

Harke you Mistris Phebe, is this your Kinsman that you

told me, you had told all the businesse to ?

Sale. Yes, fir, I am the Gentleman, and shee has told me so much, Sir that I must tell you, to tell your Master from mee, and as I would tell him my selfe if hee were here personally present, hee is a most dishonest Gentleman if he doe her not lawfull right by Marrying her; and that right I came to demand, and obtaine of him, or to

denounce the Law against him.

him so, else hee would ha' so beaten you, as never was Citizen beaten, since the great Battaile of Finsbury-Field.

Sal. Your great words cannot make mee feare his blowes (I am not dasht nor basht) nor crosse him out of my Booke, for feare of any such payment. I have him there for foure score pound as you know, though you are pleas'd to forget mee, But Sapientia mea mihi stultitia tua tibi.

Wat. Cry mercy Mr. Saleware, is it you? I hope Miftris Saleware is well your most exqu fice, and most court-

ly wife : the Flower-de-luce of the City.

Sal. Well wag well, you must not now put me off with my wife, shee's well and much respected; I come to speake of, and for my distressed Kinswoman, her whom your wicked Master has most wickedly dealt withall. Hee has deflower'd and deluc'd her, and led her from her Friends, and out of her Countrey into Fooles Paradice—By making her believe he would Marry her, and here he has put her on, and put her off, with hopes and delayes till shee is come to both woe and want; And (which may prove her most affliction, if hee be suffered to forsake her) shee is with child by him.

Wat. Say you fo, Mistris Phibe ? here's small shew of

it yet.

Pre. Sirrah, I shall shew you and your Master too a way to more civility, if I be thus abused and slighted.

Wat. By the way Mr. Saleware, how many children

have you by your most amiab'e wife?

Sal. Sir, that needs not to fall by the way of our dif-

Wat. But by the way I speake of getting children. Or

A mad Couple well Match'd.

I pray tell me, did not you correct one of her children once, for which your wife reprehended you, and bad you correct your own? And how then shall my Master be sure that this (if it be one) is his?

Sal. What an Asinego's this? I shall finde a time sir, to talke with your Master. In the meane time I tell you that my Kinsewoman is a Gentlewoman of as good blood as himself, and of the best in Herefordsbire.

Wat. Yes, Welsh-blood.

Sal. And shall find friends that shall not see her abus'd by you nor him. There is Law to be found for money and money to be found for Friends, and Friends to be found in the Arches, and so tell your Master, come away Cosen.

wat. But one word before you goe Sir, is this Gentlewoman, (who was but a Countrey Chamber-maide when my Master tooke her to his mercy) of such boasted blood, your Cozen by your owne, or by your Wives side I. pray?

Sal. Sirrah, like a faucy companion as you are, though you meddle with me that am a Common-councell-Man; I charge you meddle not with my wife, you have had two

or three jerks at her.

Wat. I was warn'd before Sir, in my own understanding: for the is for great persons.

Sal. Then know your distance Sir.

Wat. Yet give me leave to wait you down Sir, cudshoe did it tell it Kinseman that it is got with Champkin.

Phe. You are a Pandarly Rascall, and I'le be a terror both to you, and your Patron.

Exit omnes.

Enter Thrivewell, Lady.

Thr. How can you thinke fo ?

La. Thinke! I see't apparently upon your Face, and heare it in your sighes, your broken sleepes to night, when your owne groanes wak'd you, declard no lesse;

But had I had the power of some wifes with their husbands I could have fetch'd it out of you waking once (I thanke you) you tooke me in your arme, but when you found 'twas I you turn'd away as in a dreame.

Thr. Sure you dreame now, whence can this talke pro-

ceed elfe ?

La. I must not give it over till I know the cause of your melancholly sit, doe you doubt my duty, or my loyalty? perhaps you do, and so make me the cause of your affliction.

Thr. May such a thought within mee, slick mee to the

endlesse torments.

La. 'Tis lately entertained, what e're it be; you came heart whole to Town, and Joviall. Ha' you been drawn for fecurity into Bonds by any of my friends, for great summs, and forc'd to pay'em?

Thr: Fie, fie.

La. Are any great friends of yours in question, attainted, imprisoned, or run away?

Thr. Pfewh.

La. Or are you further griev'd about your Nephew, Carelesse? I thought that your friend Saveall, and my selfe had made his peace with you; and that you had sent for him, do you repent that?

Thr. No, no, sweete heart, hee shall be welcome. And pray let me intreate you make no further inquisition; If (as you suppose) there be a trouble in my thoughts, I shall

foon paffe it over.

La. Tell me, or I shall prove the greater trouble. I would those sew examples of women, that could not keepe their husbands counsells had beene burnt, and the woman too rather then I should be distrusted thus, and slighted by a Husband

Thr. Nay then you'l grieve me indeed.

La. There has beene many examples of discreet wo-

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

men that have not onely kept their husbands councells, but advise and help 'em in extremities, and deliver'd'em out of dangers.

Thr. I pray content your felfe.

La. Be you content to tell me then what troubles you. And I pray you tell mee speedily, now presently; or (excuse me in my vow,) it is the last request that ever I will make to you, and the last question I'le ever aske you, and (the easier to get it from you) I promise you by the continuance of my faith to you (which by this kisse I seale) Be it a deadly injury to my selfe, I will forgive it freely; not be troubled at it.

Thr. I shall do that now, which few wife men would.

But shee's discreet, and has a fortitude
Above the boast of women; should that faile,
And this too weighty knowledge for a wife
Should prove a torment to her, I'm excus'd
Shee pulls it on her selfe, and for Revenge
Should she against her protestation move it,

I am enough above her.

La. You are resolv'd it seems to keepe your secret. Unto your selfe, much good Sir may it doe you.

Thr. No, you shall know it, fir, and (if unshaken Now, in your love to me) the wonder of all wives Y'are bound by a faire pledge, the kiffe you gave me, To be unmov'd, and to forgive it though It be a deadly injury to your self; It is, and 'tis a great one; and so great But that you have seald my pardon, the hid knowledge Of it should feed upon my Heart, and Liver, Till life were banish'd thence, rather then pull Your just revenge upon me; yet you frown not I But before I declare it to your Justice, Let me renew your mercy.

**Riffe: And on this Altar, which I have prophared.

While

While it breath'd facred incence, now with penitence Offer religious vowes, never to violate My Faith or Love to you againe One more Kife. Before you heare it: for if then you ftand not Firme to your Mercy, it must be my last.

La. What do you but violate your Love to mee, Now in your most unjust suspicion?

Thr. I'le trespasse so no more; yet many husbands (I wish they had my forrow, and no lesse Purposer to reformation) wrong their wives.

La. Leave these perambulations; to the point: You have unlawfully lyen with some woman ! Thr. 'Tis said; and now your dooms.

La. Ha,ha, ha. Here's a busiesse!

Would somebody heard you saith: nay of five hundred That now might overheare us (I meane not only Gallants, but grave substantiall Gentlemen).

Could be pick'd out a twelve good men and true, To finde you guilty, I would then condemne you, But such a Jury must be pannell'd first.

Thr. And can you be fo mild ? then farwell thought.

La. Thought of your Miltris Sir, And then farwell
My jealouly, for let me tell you Sir,
That I have had an ache upon these browes
Since your last being in Town. And since you have deale
So faithfully as to tell me it is one,
(There's no more, is there?)

Thr. No upon my vow. 2 and sharp a si

La. Name me the woman : if it be the same That I suspect, I'le never suspect more.

Thr. As faithfully as to my Confessor; Light Weight. Saleware my Silke mans wife.

La. The fame I meant, moy or at antipol I sio

Y'are a faire dealing husband. On what condition?

Come this is merry talke. Prithee on what condition?

Only

Only to bring good custome to her shop,
And send her husband Venison (sless for sless)
I did observe you bought all there last terme,
And wish'd me to her Shop, and Mr. Saveall
With divers others to bestow our monies.
Troth shee's a handsome one; Prithee on what conditions?

Thr. Thou shalt know all to purge me of my folly.

La. Well said.

Thr. After a costly, and a tedious Sute With many an answer no, and no such Woman, at length shee yeilds for a hundred pieces; Had'em, and I enjoy'd her once.

La. That was,
When you last Terme sat up all Night, and said you sat
up with the three Lady Gamesters.

Thr. It is confest d. La. Faire dealing fill.

Thr. But here was the foule dealing, and for which I hate her now: I having paid so great a fine, and Tane possession thought after to deale Rent-free.

La. A Pepper-corne a quarter, if shee be Pepper-

proofe.

Thr. But shee at my very next approach, which was but yesterday denyes me Egresse, except I make it a new purchase at the same former rate, and so for all times after.

La. Troth 'tis unreasonable, a hundred pound a time? How rich would Citizens be, if their wives were all so paid, and how poore the Court and Country! But husht, here comes Mr. Saveall with your Nephew, I take it; A handsome Gentleman, could hee be so debanch'd?

Sav. Sir, I have brought you home a Reformado;

and doe intreat (for what I have faid unto him, and he hath fairely answered unto me) that words may not by you be multiplied.

Thr. Not a word of unkindnesse, Nephew, you are welcome, give me your hand. George, thou art welcome.

Car. I shall be George o' horse-back once more I fee.

In all humility I thanke you Sir.

Thr. Nay now thou speakest, and look'st too tamely George, I would have then keepe and use the lively spirit that thou hadst, but not to let it slie at randome, as it has done George.

Car. Sir, I have learnt now by the inconveniences I have met with, in those extravagant out-flights, the better to containe it within the limits of your leave, and faire

allowance hereafter.

Thr. Well said, and againe welcome George. But (and this you shall give me leave to say Mr. Saveall) I remit your thanks for any inclination I had towards this reconcilement till I doe you some further kindnesse; only you had good advocates, who pleaded friendly for you, Mr. Saveall, and your Aunt there before she ever saw you whom you may thanke.

Car. A man must be so tied now.

Thr. Pray take notice of her.

Car. I cannot use respect enough Sir.

Thr. I like that modesty.

Sav. Doubt him in nothing, for he is come home.

Car. Madam as you are my gracious Patronesse, and my selfe so all unworthy, my duty checks me in my approach to you.

La. You are the more intirely welcome Cofen. Kiffe.

Car. Shee Kisses like an old mans wife, That is, as a Child late sterv'd at Nurse, sucks a fresh flowing Breast.

La. You must not Sir be bashfull.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Car. Twill leffe become mee to prefume good Madam.

Thr. George, bere's a Lodging for you in this house. and my Table has a place for you, fend for your man to wait upon you.

Ha' you Wat Still ?

Car. Yes Sir, an honest true hearted civill fellow he is.

as I have manag'd him, he can fay grace now.

Thr. The world's well mended. To morrow you shall give me a note of your debts George, which I'le take order for, if I may presume you have any.

Car. Some driblets Sir, My credit has not lately wrone'd

me much.

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Sav. You speake sententiously, for credit sought With Tradef-men, then their wares are dearer bought: So Gentlemen are wronged.

Thr. Then not to wrong our selves lets in to Dance.

Excunt owner.

ACTII. SCENEI.

Alicia, Lady, Servingman, Prentice.

Al. A L'L Cheape-fide, and Lombard-streete Madam. could not have furnish'd you with a more compleat bargaine, you will find it in the wearing, and thanke me both for the goodnesse of the stuffe, and of the Manufacture.

La. But now the price Mistris Salemare. I grant your Commodity is good, The Gold and Silver Laces, and the Frienges are rich, and I hope well wrought. Has your Man made a note of the particulars, and their prices, at the

would booke 'em to an under-ag'd heire, or a Court-Cavalier to expect payment two or three yeares hence; and finde it perhaps never. I come with Here is one for tother.

Al. I know your Ladiships payment such; And they are

priz'd fe Madam to a farthing.

La. Let mee see, broad plate Silver and Gold-lace, 206 Ounces halfe, and a dram, at five and ten pence the Ounce. 60 l. 5 s. 3 d. ob.4. five and ten pence an Ounce

is deare.

Al. I protest unto you Madam that parcell of Lace for a Bed as you intend it, was bespoken, and agreed for at six shillings the Ounce by a very great person: but because ready money came not to setch it off, Fortune reserved it here for you, you could not have been so sitted on the sodaine else within London walls; and I am glad the same fortune was so favourable to me, as by my hands to designe it for your Ladiships use and pleasure. I hope Madam we shall hear of a young heir a comming shortly, and that will make it a rich and fortunate Bed indeed; And then Sir Olyver would thanke me too.

La. What a bold flut it is, well then the rest of the particulars here of Laces, and Frienges, Loopes, and Buttons, makes the sum of all an hundred pound eight shillings source pence, halfe-penny. I am no good Arithmetician, but if any be overcast, and overpaid, you must

allow restitution.

Al. Yes, good Madam.

La. Is all put up into this Box ?

Al. All Madam.

La. Give mee my Purse. Take you home that while I make payment for it; your Gold-weights Mistris Sale-

41. Here Madam all in readineffe.

'A mad Couple well Match'd.

La. You take no Gold but what is weight I presume.

Al. 'Tis but light paines to weigh it Madam. But let me

fave your Ladiship that labour.

La. Nor shall it be your trouble, command your Servant I pray for a glasse of your beere.

Al. Some beere for my Lady presently. Exit. Prentice.

La, That I may tell you in more privacy, what perhaps you would not have him heare for Prentifes though they are bound to keepe their Masters secrets, are not all privy to their Mistresses; that's more a Journeymans Office.

Al. Your Ladiship is pleas'd.

La. Not very well with my felfe, for I have gone be yound my Commission in this bargaine, and exceeded my Husbands allowance. Here's one hundred pounds eight shillings 4 d.eb. in the Bill, and he allowes me but the bare hundred pound.

Al. The od money is but a small matter Madam.

La. A great matter in an honest poore Countrey Ladies purse, may serve her a whole Christmas at Post and Pare, or Farthing gleeke, when the gay Gamsters wives o'the City may command the hundreds, out of the purses of such poore Ladies Husbands. But here is the odd money, eight shillings foure pence, half penny, and so all's paid.

Al. What meanes your Ladiship?

La. Doe you not understand mee then? I'le tell you that which I thought fit to conceale from your servant; And from your husband too had hee been here, perhaps he knowes not on't. My husband left with you, or lent you the last Terme a hundred pound, which hee assign'd to me; and now I have it in Commodity. Had you forgot it, when it was to do you a good turne, when your absent husband faild you, and you wanted it.

Al. A good turne Madam ?

La

La. Yes, was it not to have the free use of a hundred pound ready money, a whole quarter of a yeare, through a dead Vacation, and at last to take it out in wares? A good turne I thinke for a Trades-woman; take heed you do not by your fullennesse make me suspect another kind of good turne, or that you did my husband any to my injury, nor deny the receipt of his money, less I take up a violence that will not become mee, nor you be able to beare. Be therefore well advis d both in what you say, and who heares me. Some body comes.

Enter Prentice With Beere.

Al. Madam your Beere.

Lo. I'le pledge you Mistris Saleware.

Al. I shall presume then Madam-Drinks.

La This was right cast, was it not friend?

Pre. Your Ladyth p will finde it fo____ La. Drinks.

Al. And I hope you will finde your money fo well bestowd Madam, that you will vouchfafe always to know the Shop.

La. Ever upon the like occasion, Mistris Saleware, so

most kindly farwell sweet Mistris Saleware.

Al. The humblest of your servants Madam. Open the Boot for my Lady.

La. 'Tis done, my Coach-man does it. Exit.

Al. I would the Devill were in your Coachmans Coat to take his carriage for his paines. Lady returnes.

La. One word more Miltris Saleware, can it be he?
Al. Lay your comands on me good Madam. Curtie.

La. Not to your trouble, I perceive a young Gentleman attends for conference with you. Is not his name Fitzgerrard?

Al. No Madam, his name is Bellamie, much depend.

ing on the young Lord Lovely.

La. I thought I had known him, hee is a handlome youth. I cannot blame you now with him : but beware

of

of old Knights that have young Ladies of their owne. Once more adieu fweet Miftris Saleware. Exit.

Al. Most courteous Madam---and once more to the Devill. But on my life her chast Ladiship is taken with this beard-lesse Bellamie. How shee shot eyes at him !

Bel. Now may your servant obtaine a hearing

Lady.

Al. My eares are open Sir.

Bel. But you are fad or angry, why seemes that brow to threaten a subjection over him that is your vanquish'd captive; or has Cupid plac'd his Bow there beat at me, whose heart already lodges all his Arrowes, never to be restor'd but by your 'pity'?

Al. Fie, fie upon't ! what talke is this? I am vex'd, and

you would mad me.

Bel. What has displeas'd you?

Al. A crosse businesse that has happened in my Shop to day, I being none of the wisest Chapwoman, have underfold a parcell of the best Commodities my husband had. And should hee know's wee should have such a sewable.

Bel. Husbands should be so serv'd that do impose

Those mercenary Offices on their wives.

Al. Talke fo, and I will heare you, your amorous notes found like Play speeches.

Bel. Servile, nay flavish Offices, ranking their wives

with their prentifes.

Al. They pretend onely that wee should over-looke our servants, when they but set us there for shew to draw in custome: but in making us such over-seers they are overseene themselves; Shopkeepers-wives will be medling and dealing in their kinde, and as they are able, as well as their husbands (some much better, and more prositable) but I was overreach'd I confesse.

Bel.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Bel. For no great matter I hope.

Al. No, the matter was not much (that never fretted me) but the manner has eene kild a Shee shop-keeper. I cannot be long-liv'd, here under a Pent-house, as my Lord (you know) told mee when he said he would shut mee out of this servitude, and that I should change my Coat, though my husband could not, before hee were an Alderman, and be rank'd with Ladies.

Bel. My Lord has still the same regard of you.

Al. So it appeares by the Tailor and the Mercer, whom he sent foure dayes since to measure me out, and sute mee to his Honour, and no returne of them found, yet his Land might has beene measur'd all and fold, while a poore sute is dreampt on, had he borne the mind of some Lord?

Bel. I doubt not but this paper will cleare that jear lousse. And while you reade I'le speake that which I dare not utter through, Sighes and Blushes to an intire attention.

I am of Noble-blood my felfe, free-borne, And not without good education: But fince I am ingag'd in this imployment, And made an instrument of others lust. I finde my selfe a scandall to my Name. To Honour, and to Vertue, the base blot Of Pandare Ricking on me. But not this Alone is my affliction. Here's my torment, That while I doe true fervice to my Lord (Whom I must ever honour) in my Agency Urto your felfe (whom I cannot but love) I finde my felfe a Traytor to his truft, In my negotiation for my felfe. Nor can I finde it possible to desist, Mine own attempts, to you, or forbeare to urge Your constancy to him.

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Al. How easie a worke
'Twere for one woman to supply'em both,'
And hold her husband play to levell Acoile,'
A wooden two-leav'd booke, a paire of Tables
Would do't.

Bel. How wretched is that suppliant, who must make

Sute to obtaine that, which he feares to take !

Al. At the beare at the Bridge-foot fix a clock, good. Sir, I finde my Lords honorable appointments here, and have heard you all this while.

Bel. Now I could wish, and was in hope you had

not.

Al. I will not blame you on your Lords behalfe;
Because you have enough rebuk'd your selfe.
But Sir, if you presume upon the favour
I give your Lord, and therefore to obtaine me,
Cause I am his, you undervalue me
To thinke that I can stoop unto his servant,
Though almost his Companion, you may thinke
After that degradation by degrees,
I may, in time, descend unto his Footman, I'me no cast
Garment of his Lordships yet.

Bel. You have school'd mee fairely, I am humbled,

Lady ___ Going.

Al. Dee heare, dee heare fir, Mr. Bellamine,

One word before you goe.

Pren. What would hee buy Mistris? can you take his money?

Sir dee heare ?

Al. Pray attend you the tother end o' th' Shop,
If I cannot handle a Customer, why dos your Master
trust mee? Could a frowne fright you? Let a smile then
cheare you.

Bel. And that's a heavenly one, As that of Cynthia at Endymion.

Al. Pray leave your Player-like passionate expressions.

And if you love mee, like a Man speake to me.

As I am a Woman; are you filent? if you doubt the length of my mans Eares at that distance, you may whisper what so? But that is a right shop-whisper indeed with Trades-women that are handsome; Is that the most you will give sir? Could I afford it so, doe you thinke I'd make two words w'ye? yet this before you goe — Kisse. Now match it for the price I'le give it you for nothing.

Bel. I shall forget I have a Lord. I must forget him

here.

plainely what you would have mee doe, or what you would doe with mee (I love to dant these young things that love before they can love to the purpose, or speake to't handsomely like a Boy that would faine be shooting at wild-sowle, before hee knowes how to discharge a Birding-piece) I would heare you speake, you have often muttered and fribled some intentions towards me, but I would heare you speake. Come, if you love me lay by the seare of the Lord that sent you, and tell me roundly now, what you would have me doe?

Bel. I would intreat you-

Al. Well : what ?

Bel. That you would be pleas'd-

Al. With what? or to doe what?

Bel. To weare this paire of Silke stockins for me?

Al. Is that all your fute, 'tis granted, with my thanks

to you; Have you no more to fay ?

Bel. Yes, I say you are the beautifull'st of Women; and that my Lord in your enjoyment is the happiest-

Al. Nay thinke not of your Lord, but aske me, fome-

thing.

Bel.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Bel. I would but dare not hope for such a favour, you'l never grant it, my unworthinesse.

Al. How can you tell?

Bel. You will not wrong my Lord, fo as to doe it.

Al. Not in his fight perhaps. What is it ? come.

Bel. It is

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Al. It is then, let it be fo. Go to Schoole child.

Bel. It is—That you would, let me—give you this ring, And grace it with your Finger.

Al. Will that be a wrong to your Lord?

Bel. Yes, to weare any favours, but his own.

Al. Dos he know this?

Bel. No, nor I would not that he should (and given by me) for all the Rubies in Cheapside, where I bought this but now, over the way.

Al. Come fir, I'le dally w'ye no longer, I know what

you would have with me.

Bel. And now you will betray me: I am sham'd then and undone.

Al. No, but I have you o' the hip. 'Tis plaine you would lie with me : deny it if you can.

Bel. O deare, did I fay fo now?

Al. What need you when I know it, you would lie with me, and you shall. Take courage man.

Bel. But, in good earnest, shall I? shall I?

Al. Yes, in good earnest, you'l finde it no trifling businesse, when you come to't once. But fir, upon condition.

Bel. Any condition Lady.

Al. All purpose on't is lost, and all comes out else.

Bel. Name your condition, I'le performe it if it be in the power of my life.

Al. You faw here at your comming a faire Lady.

Bell. I tooke no notice of her.

Al. But the did of you, the is calld the Lady Thrive well.

'A mad Couple well Match'd.

Bel. Sir Oliver Thrivewells Lady ?

Al. The fame, you have known her it feemes.

Bel. Seene her before thee was married.

Al. I will be briefe with you, as you love mee shee loves you as eagerly, but with much more boldnesse, you saw her whisper mee, and how loth shee was to depart, when her eye was upon you.

Bel. I did observe it.

Al. Shee is my noble friend, and the sweetest Lady, I need not set her out. But though you thinke you suffer in your honour, in being an instrument twixt your Lord and mee, with the base blot of Pander sticking on you, (these were your words) I have ingaged my selfe for her to be your Pandaresse; be so, I shall be even with you in businesse if you account it so.

Bel. What dee meane Lady ?

Al. To urge against my selfe, for that sweete Lady, which no Woman else I thinke would doe, that loves you so unfainedly as I. But tis my fate, and the injunction I must lay upon you, to make mee yours. That first you give your selfe to her Embraces; I'le give you means for your accesse to her, and your successe with her, which done, and on your faith affirm'd to mee, 'tis so, I will perpetually bee yours more freely then your Lords.

Bel. You urge this but to try my constancy.

Al. For that I'le satisfie you soon my husband coming we must to night at the Beare—
My Lord writes so.

Enter Saleware.

Sal. And there I will direct you in your progresse.

Ally how dost? Mr. Bellamy how ist? How dos my noble Lord? You are sad methinks. Ha' you overbought any thing here, and so repent your bargaine? Or cannot my wife, and you agree upon't? you must use Mr. Bellamy kindly

A mad Couple well Match'd.

kindly my sweet Ally: hee is our noblest Lords most speciall favorite, and must finde all faire dealing here, as well when I am abroad as at home sweet heart.

Bel. You heare not mee complaine fir, fare you

well. Exit.

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Sal. What an Affinego's this ! He might ha' thank'd mee for my good words, though I meant him no good

will, I hope thou hast overreach'd him indeed.

Al. Thomas your hopes are vaine, Thomas in feating mee here to overreach, or underreach any body. I am weary of this Mechanick course Thomas; and of this courser habit, as I have told you divers and sundry times Thomas, and indeed of you Thomas that confine me to't, but the bound must obey.

Sal. Never the sooner for a hasty word, I hope sweete Ally; Not of me nor of my shop I prethee at seasonable times Love. But for thy habit (though this be decent on a Citizens wife) use thine owne fancy, let it be as Courtly, or as Lady-like as thou pleasest, or my Lords

defires.

Al. Then I am friends agen.

Sal. Troth, and I'le call thee friend, and I prethee, let that be our familiar and common compellation: friend it will found daintily, especially when thou shalt appeare too gallant to be my Wife.

Sa. Then let it be fo friend.

Al. Intruth it shall, and I am very much taken with it. Friend I have found a Customer to day that will take off my rich parcell of broad Bed-lace, that my Lord Paylate bespoke, and left on my hands, for lack of money.

Al. I have fold it already friend, with other Laces at

a good rate.

Sal. And all for ready money friend ?

Al.Yes friend, a hundred pounds, and fomewhat more.

Sal.

Sal. Who would be, or who could live without fuch a friend, in such a shop? This money comes so pat for a present occasion, to stop a gap. It has stopt a gap already friend.

Al. I have dispos'd of the money, the odd hundred pound for apparrell, friend, and other accommodations for my selfe.

Sal. Never the fooner for a hafty word I hope

friend.

Al. I have done it friend, whereby to appeare more Courtly, and Ladilike as you say, to gaine you more custome to your Shop.

Sal. Uuch friend-Is it fo?

Al. And friend you must not be angry, or thinke much

of it, if you respect your profit friend.

Sal. I were no friend but a wretch if I would. No let it goe friend, and——Sapientia mea mihi is my word, I must not grudge at my friend in any thing.

Al. Then friend, let your shop be your own care for

the rest of this day. I have some busines abroad.

Sal. Whither fweet friend?

Al. Is that a friendly question ?

Sal. I am corrected friend, but will you not take a Man to wait upon you?

Al. To watch me, shall I ? and give you account of my

actions? was that spoke like a friend?

Sal. I am agen corrected friend,

Doe your own pleasure, you'l returne to supper.

Al. Yet againe?

Sal. And agen, I am corrected friend:

Al. Neither to supper, nor to bed perhaps.

Sal. Never the fooner for a halty word I hope,

Al. But if I chance to stay, you cannot be a faithfull friend and aske mee where, or in what company, friend-ship you know allowes all liberty.

Exis.

Sal:

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'A mad Couple Well Mateb'd.

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Sal. Sapientia mea mibi. A wity wife, with an imperious will,
Being crost, findes meanes to crosse her Husband still;
And Tradesmen that so match, must not with Gall
Temper their wives, but sweetly by wit-all. Exit.

Enter Carelesse, with two Letters in his hand, and Wat with a Candle, and Wax.

Car. Dos not the World come finely on, Wat, ha? And have not wee convenient commings in already, ha! Shew Gold:

Was. Better then wee know how to have payd, for that's the glory on't.

Car. I need no more insconsing now in Ram alley, nor the Sanctuary of White-fryers, the Forts of Fullers-rents, and Milford-lane, whose walls are dayly batter'd with the curses of bawling creditors. My debts are payd; and here's a stock remayning of Gold, pure Gold harke how sweetly it chincks.

Carless seals his Letters.

Wat. Yes, and 'twill ring the changes shortly.

Car. For necessaries Was, for necessaries it shall change, and Ring all out, and 'twil so long as I have an Unkle, and know to mannage him, let money slie, I can no faster spend then he supply.

Wat. For necessaries sir, but you must not now count Sack and Tobacco, Whores and Fidlers in abundance, necessaries.

Car. Why pray ?

Wat. Because you'l have but little then for extraordinaries, That is to fay in a Gentleman for charitable, and pious works and uies.

Car. The fellow's spoy'ld.

Wat. Not spoy'ld neither: For I would but wave your purpose of slying at all new Game, and neglect your poors whore, who now begins to be so violent for wrongs

wrongs, thee can no longer beare, that thee intends to purfue you with her complaints hither to your Unkles House.

Car. My Unkles house? my house, Is not the first Mornings draught mine?

Wat. With great reason, for you are first dry in the

morning.

Car. Is not the question first ask'd mee, what will you have to breakfast? what will please you for Dinner, and what for Supper? Has not my Unkle let out modnies, and taken Bonds and Morgages in my name? doe not his Tenants crowch to mee, and his servants all call me young Master? And dos not my Unkle take care to marry mee to ten thousand pound, and a thing like a wife?

Wat. You have got a brave possession here, I must needs say; and I applaud your fortune most in this, that your young Aunt the noble Lady here, who you see feard would prove a cruell Stepdame to you, appeares to be more friend to you then your Unkle. 'Tis a most gracious Sun-shine in her.

Car. Shee shall lofe nothing by't. I have thought a

way to requite her.

Wat. But sir, for Mistris Phebe, will you take no or

der for the poore foule?

Car. I do not like your zeasous solicitation, but her's an order for her, in answer of her Malipert Letter you brought me last night. Give it her, and these sive pieces, upon condition that shee never come, write, or send to me againe, till I send to her:

Wat. That's fomewhat hard Sir.

Car. Nay look you Wat, you are a little miltaken in me. I mult give over whoring, for speciall causes thereunto me moving.

Wat. O now I finde you. And 'twere richly worth your

A mad Couple well Match'd.

your patience, if you could winne the Widow by'r, for whom you food in faire election once, untill your last debauchment.

Car. I shall stand fairer for her fir, when I leave wor-

king but a weeke or two, shall I not?

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wat. Yes, if you leave it quite, but to forfake her whom you have brought low, to fall to others, were fuch a thing

Car. Well fir, it may be I will, it may be I wo'nt, what's that to you? carry you the Letter, and the Money, and try

how that will worke with her.

Wat. I'le doe my best, but if shee should exclaime, and bring on her Cosen Mr. Saleware to bee clamo-rous

Car. Her Cozen's a Cuckold, exclaime and clamorous! give me my money againe.

Wat. Nay I am gone sir. Exit

Enter Saveall.

Car. The Rogue's in faction with em; O noble Mr. Saveall, you have most fairely kept your minute with me, I have written my Letter, seald it and all, here to the Widow.

Sav. So early ? that is well.

Car. I have written no lesse then six large Epistles this morning, and sent em now by my Man to be convey'd into the Country to Lords and Knights, with all the news spirituall, and temporall, forraine and domestick that could possibly fall into a private Gentlemans Collection.

Sav. Is it possible?

Car. With such dexterity, that if I would make a Trade on't, I could undoe all the Newes-mongers in Town that live by't.

Sav. It is a most commendable practife in a Gentleman, and it will mature your judgement in the both D CommonCommon-wealth and State affaires, and in thort time invite you unto the chaire of Helme.

Car. When I am once married, and fetled, you shall

fee what an affe 'tis, he believes me.

Sav. How am I comforted in my Meditation for you, and how over-joy'd will your Unkle be at the use you

make of your retirements!

Car. I confesse it is (by reason of my unwontednesse to it) some difficulty for me to write to women; where fore fince you have so nobly undertaken the conveyance of this, let me beseech you to apologize for the rudenes of my stile.

Sav. To the faire bands of the most acomplished in vertue Mistris Anne Crostill, present, I pray with my fervice; The out-side bath no rudenesse on it, and (I doubt it not) shee shall finde within all sweetenesse and ur-

banity.

Car. As you may interpret it to her fir.

Sav. Sir, what I have already faid, and do intend to fay unto her from your Unkle, and my felfe on your behalfe, together with what you have here written, shall (I doubt it not) prepare so faire a way of proceeding for you; That at your visit of her you may fay, veni, visit, vici, she is your own.

Car. And then-a ha, Mr. Saveall !

Sa. Expect your fortune modeftly, and when it comes embrace it with differetion.

Car. Sir, I am edified.

Sa. It is well if you be fo : I will put my undertaking

in action prefently, Pray for my good faccesse.

Car. I dare not tell him now I cannot; but I wish well for the Monies sake; and let the Vintners pray, and all the decay'd Sparks about the Towne, whom I will raise out of ashes into flame againe. Let them pray for my good wokes. O my young Lady aunts grave waiting Woman.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Woman. If thee were not here, and out of this house I should take her for a Bawd now. Bur being hers, and here how much may I millake? all fleth is frayle:

Enter Nurse With Candle cup.

Nar. Not to diffurbe your morning Meditations, my Lady has fent you....

Car. And you have brought me, what sweet Mistris

Clofet ?

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Nuri A part of her Ladiships own breakfalt, it is very cordiall and comfortable to the spirits, I assure you, and delectable to the younger fort, and profitable to the old.

Car. One of Robert Greenes workes, or the mad

Doctor that preaches boyld in't I thinke.

Nur. 'Tis a composition of mine owne Sir, of many excellent decoctions of most wholesome restorative, and

coffly ingredients.

Car. That it was fent by her makes it more excellent, whose bounteous care of me. I must acknowledge exceeds all cost in carving to me, and countenancing me at her Table, in gracing me in presence of the Ladies that come to visit her; in giving charge for decency in all things for my Chamber, my fires thining, my odours burning, my livery ferv'd in, my fast and costly bed preparid and forced with perfum'd linnen --- here's Ambergreece in this now-

Nar. O is it fo doe you finds that?

Car. But though shee is my own Unkles wife, I could E'ne fay 'tis pity a young man had her not.

Nur. What a wag's this?

Car. Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Nor. Shee is a frecte Lady indeed, I can belt speake it

it that have knowne her from the wombe hitherto . A fweete infant thee was borne, and a fweete babe I fwadled it, and a sweete child I nurs'd it, I traynd it up a fweete child. It was in manners a fweet child, at her Booke and Sample a sweet child. I never whipt it but once, and then it was fweete too, and forawl'd but a little, and whimper'd but a little it was fo fweet a child : And so thee grew upwards, and upwards towards wo. man, and a fweet youngling thee was, and fo grew upwards and upwards towards man, and then a fweete Bride thee was, and now a most sweet Lady thee is, (as you fay, and I commend you for it) And fo fhe flands at a flay. For now flee growes no more upwards then upon her Wedding day, not upwards as I would have her powards, here I meane young Gentlemen, could I but fee a sweet babe of hers once by my Master, I could be then content to fleep with my Ancestors.

Car. I had rather see your Gibship hang'd up with Polcatts in a Warren, and your sweet Lady with you, though I confesse that were some pitty. I hope her barrennesse, or his will preserve her from my curse.

Nur. I hope still, and shee hopes still; and I make him of this broth for every morning, and many other good strengthning things (I cannot say for the same purpose) for I shall never see him have an heire by her.

Car. Excellent ! that's best of all.

War. Because you then are heire, say you so? Is that your love to your Aunt?

Car. No I protest Nurse, I meant by the broth, the

botrome was the best of all.

Nur. Then I cry mercy.

Car. Cannot all thy art, and her cost finde helps for my Unkle, think'st thou, to get a child?

Nur. Helpe I what dee meane. He might have helpe

A mad Couple well Match'd.

and helpes enough, were the not too vertuous.

Car. Still thou miltakeft me Nurfe.

Nur. Away wag away, your Aunt loves you too well to thinke fo of her.

Car. Nurse as I hope to inherit any thing here-

Nar. I should but serve you well to tell her your good thought of her.

Car. Nurse, by this good ____peece I thinke no

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Nur. Nay, nay.

Car. Take it I say. And tell her if thou wilt, that I love her so well, that were shee not mine Unkles wife, I would get her an heire my selfe rather then be his.

Nur. Kinde young Master, now I am heartily forry

that I mov'd you.

Car. And for my Unkle were I his heire apparent, I rather wish he might live till all this World were weary of him, and the next affraid to take him,

Then I survive him (Tonuge, a pox punish you for lying)

Now I live well, and merily good Nurse,

Wealth and Estates, bring cares and troubles with em,

Were all young heires of my contented mind,
Parents and Patrons would be better prayd for.

Nur. Good Gentleman.

Nurse Closet. Lady Within - (lofet -

War. O my Lady calls.

Car. Prefent my thanks and best respects unto her.

Nur. I should ha' told you first -- I ha' forgot. My head is naught,

Car. What member half thou good then ?

Nur. My Lady defires you—This talke has put me out—Othis head! My Lady defires you—

Car. Defires thee me Nurfe ?

D 3

Nur.

A mad Comple well March'd.

Nur. Yes fit, fhee defires you.

Car. Refule me if I defire not her as much, for all the is my Unkles leavings.

Nar. My Lady defires you.

Car. And thee shall have me Nurse-And the were ten Unkles wives, and the ten of mine Aunts.

Nar. O this head! may now you will not heare mee, thee defires you to goe abroad in the Coach with her.

Car. Any whither, to Islington, Newington, Padington, Kensington, or any of the City out-leaps (I know em all) for a spire and back agains, tell her I am up and ready for her, and could ha been without her stirrup porredge, though I thanks her for her care. A man can not be too well prepar'd, or provided for so sweete a Lady, in so much distresse. A very Androweda, chain'd to a Rock.

Takes up his Cloak & Swerd.

Nur. What's this you say ? I understand no word of it, I would take your answer right, though I falter'd in my

Ladies message.

Car. The Devills in this overruning Tongue of mine, I could finde in my heart to worme him out with my teeth.

Nar. What must I tell my Lady Sir?

Car. That I am more oblig'd to her Ladiship then I was to my Mother, shee has brought mee a new man into the World, and that my Being and my Life is hers.

Enter Lady.

La. I hope hee's a true convertite, did I fend you to

hold discourse here, Closet?

Nur. Not did I Madam but I could heare this Gentleman a whole day methinks. Her speakes to acknowledgingly of your Ladiships vertue, and goodnesse towards him.

La.

A mad Cample Well Match'd

La. I am beholding to him, will you goe with mee Nephew to the Exchange? I am to buy fome toyes there for the Country, you may get a fancy by'c.

Car. Good, I must weare her favours.

La. Or cannot you forbeare your Rudy to long?

Car. To doe you fervice Madam, under whole commands I build my happinesse.

La. Be not at the distance of complement with mee

good Nephew.

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Car. I would not be thought infolent deare Madam.

Le. Come the Coachman grambles at my ftay, and will be Dinner-time prefently, so the Cooke will be angry too.

Car. You are all tendernesse to your servants Ma-

dam. Exit.

Nur. A sweete Gentleman, and bountifull, if my Lady had been blest with such a Husband, what a place had I had!

ACT III. SCENEI.

Enter Crostill reading a Letter, Saveall.

Crof. Doe you know the contents Mr. Saveall of the familiar Epiftle you have brought me here?

Sav. No Lady, but I guesse it a faire expression of the Writers affection to you, although hee desired mee to crave your pardon for the rudenesse of his stile, it being the first that hee hath composed of that consequence.

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Crof. Ha,ha,ha, I'le trust you fir, with the full know-

ledge of it, pray read it your felfe.

Sav. I finde there is pleased, and my indeavour profperous, for the young Gentleman, I am forry that I delaid a day in the delivering of it.

Crof. Pray read it out fir, for I finde it fo pleasant that

I cou'd heare it a whole day together.

Reades.

Sav. In the first place you shall give mee leave to monder at your impudence (though it be but in your dreames) to have a thought that I ever intended, or can be drawne by persmassion, force, or the power of witch-crast to marry you—

Bleffe mee I fure if hee writ this, the Devill dictated

to him.

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Crof. On fir, that's but his first charge.

Sav. Secondly, I am to tell you, that I am warms in mine Unkles favour. And 'tis not a peece a time, or five peeces for a peece of pleasure can undoe mee; and so I can have change, and scape the captivity of Wedlock.

This could no otherwise be done but by the Devill that ought him the shame.

Crof. What follows I pray, there's the first and second

point paft ? marke his method.

Sav. Thirdly, and lastly, let mee advise you, since you are so hot upon Marriage, though I assure my selfe you love none but mee, (and I thanke you for't) that you frame or dissemble an affection to some one of the City, who is but comparative to your selfe in blood and sortune, and so you may make by-use of me as your striend, and have children like me,

GEORGE CARELESSE.

A mad Couple Well Match d.

Crof. Have you ever heard fo queint a Love Letter?
Sav. Lady, the injury done in it, to your felfe is unanswerable, but my wrong in being his Messenger, I will
make him answer.

Crof. Excuse me Sir, he has done me a favour; I pray informe him so with my great thankes. But for what you conceive a wrong to your selfe, ale your discretion, you have no more to say to me for him at this present, have you sir?

Sav. Not for him but against him, I will un say all that

I fayd before intended for his good. A word blues and

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crof. But i'le not heare you wrong your former love, and judgement of him so, which made so deepe impression here, that I had lock'd his love up as a Jewell in my Breast, and you in striving now to wrest it thence may breake the Cabinet; I rather wish you'l be a friendly meanes to draw his presence hither, that I my self may mildly question him,

Sav. Are you ferious Lady & hand I stat and

Cros. I seare I shall not rest before I see him, but doe not tell him that, lest in this sullen humour, hee force his absence to afflict mee more; I'le hold you in no longer, deale for me as you can, I know you have a guesse at my desire.

I guesse that her desire is to doe some act of Revenge upon him. And (so it be not mortall) it were but Justice in her for so grosse a scorne by him cast upon a well reputed Gentleman. Yet is it observed in her that shee has a violent humour to do, and not to doe things oftentimes wilfully against all good councell or perswasion, shee has the spirit of contradiction in her, and an unalterable resolution upon sodaine intentions, a most incorrigible will shee has that will not bow nor breake. This crosse abusive Letter therefore may doe good upon her, however

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however mischievous hee might intend it. If shee meant well to him before, it may the faster being her on, but it amazes me that hee should write so, bearing his Cokle, and my selfe in hand, that hee so fairely low'd her, and besquent us to negotiate with her for him, should shee forgive it, yet the wrong to us in his vile manners is unpardonable, and so fir, I come to you.

Enter Careloffe.

Car. O Mr. Saveall-

Sab. What mischiese or despight have I e're done you, That could provoke your desperate spleene against mee, To wound mine honour?

Car. What doe you meane good fir ?

Sav. You have employed mee basely, made mee your Carrier of scandall, and scurrility to the hands. Of noblemesse and ventue. Could the Fiend Lust that is in you suffer you to write. No other Sense or Language to a person. Of her faire Name, and Worth, then such as Russians Would send to strumpers? or it being such.

Could not a Porter, or your Pandare there Serve for the lewd conveyance?
What a welcom's that 1

Sav. Yourmight fafer

Ha' fent it fo, and your own right hand with it; Then to have drawn my just revenge upon you. Draws.

Car. Hold I befeech you, and fir, though I lose the Widow by my error (which was indeed but a meere accident) let mee not be so miserable made as to lose you, before you hears a short Examination—

Deliver'd you the Letter which I fent Yesterday to the Damfell that you wot of?

Wat. Yes fir, thee read it, kill it a hundred times,
Then made a bosome Idoll on't,
And sayes you are the noblest Gentleman.
Under

A mad Couple well Match de

Under a Saint that e're tooke care for linner.

Ger. Hell take het for a militaking whore,

Shee has the widows Letter, and the widow hers,

I found it fir, when you judiciously

Said it was Ruffian-like, and Strumpet language.

Wat. How could you erre fo ftrangely ?

Car. O flightly, a ghtly, curse o' my heedless braine?

And then too be trapped with carelesnesse.

When I was so religiously resolved,

Tincline to vertue, and a Marriage life,

Thinking with one hand to cast off my sollies,

And to take hold of vertue with the other,

For sir, (I will confesse my selfe to you)

The Letter you conveyed was in defiance,

A loofe liv'd wanton, intended to a whore,

That impudently hopes an interest in me.

Car. I there was many prints and at a land

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(The Hell confound it on't) my giddines:
I feald both Letters e're I superferib'd 'em,
And so gave each the contrary direction.

Sav. Twas a groffe careleinelle, and if you lofe

A fortune by't, do not blame your friends.

Car. That fortune should favour a whore before
An honest woman. 'Twas the sweetest Letter,
The daintiest winning things———— (the Devids in't)
Shee must not carry't from the widow so.
Fetch mee the Letter agains.

Wat: Do you thinke shee'l part with't fir ?

Car. Cannot you best it out of her fir?

Wat. I cannot cell how to do that.

Car. Thus fir-.-- i'le give you demonstration, you mailicious Rogue, you that conspirst with her to betray me, so good a Master I have beene to thee, and so good a friend to her, i'le recompence you both.

Wat.

wat. You have undone us both, and will discard us now you are warms in your Unkles bosome agen—but—

no

to

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Car. But what you Traitor you?

wat. You put me in good minde, and if I do not some what.

Car. I owe you fomewhat for your last nights absence, too pernicious Villaine that kepst thy selfe out o' the way o' purpose that I should bee drunke, and abuse my self, and the house here all lay o' your absence, There's somewhat more for that.

(Beats him.)

Wat. 'Tis all upon account fir.

Car. Who knowes an honest Servingman that wants a good Master. Exit.

Sa. Was it your mans fault Mr. Careleffe ? if I be not

reveng'd &cc.

Car. No faith, To speak truth he was as much abus'd in it, as you in doing a thing as contrary to his vile conditions, as you did to your noble Name. But I crave onely your pardon, I know not what I doe besides. This crosse blow of chance staggers my reason so

Sa. Well fir, fince I have found the errour, my reason reconciles me to you, and fince it grew out of your equal intent to cast off the evill, as to embrace the good, I will

re-mediate for you to the widow.

Car. But yet shee'l know I have had a whore. Yet then you may say, 'tis such a running Disease among young Gentlemen, that not one of a hundred has scap'd is, that have prov'd stay'd men afterwards, and very sober husbands; As looke you you great desire to beate.

Enter Lady, and Bellamy talking.

Sa. In your Aunts presence, and your Unkles house; Though I were not his friend; could you be so outragious? I muse I see him here though.

A mad Couple well Match'd ...

Car. Cry you mercy fir, are you his friend ?

Sa. I make my felfe so, hee being dependent to my noblest Lord, whom I am bound to honour.

Car. What Lord I pray, that I may honour him

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Sa. The Lord Lovely.

Car. That loves women above wine, wine above wealth, wealth above friend, and friends above himselfe.
There's no scandall in all that fir.

Sa. It goes fo of him indeed, but he loves honor above

all those, and wanty had no consequences

La. Mr. Saveall a word.

Sa. Your fervant Madam.

Car. In the name of flesh, for what dos his Lordship employ that Angle-worme to my Aunt? Hee has had her this hours in private conference, close chamberd up together, not so much as Matron Nurse in the roome with em, 'Tis a fine sleeke thing, and almost pitty to hunt it, but sure I must beat it, as place and time convenient may serve.

La. Pray Mr. Saveall move you my Husband for it, I would not medle in his money matters wil-

lingly.

Sa. Five hundred pound for my Lord upon the men-

tioned fecurity, I will break it to fit Oliver.

Car. Is that the businesse after so much privacy? Ivery prety, my Aunts a woman too, and my Unkle may have as forked a fortune, as any of the City, that lend out money to hedge in Lordships.

La. I am his Lordships servant.

Bel. And I your Lord hips good Madam. And yours Mr. Saveall.

Sa. Iam for your way Mr. Bellamy.

Car. And I fir,and's please you. Exit. Sav. Bel.

La. George Gareleffe, I would speak with you.

Car.

Car. May I not wait upon your Gentleman to the

Gate Madam ?

La. No good George, though I commend your curtelle, yet would I not you should negled your owne dignity.

Car. Umh .-- I am under Government.

La. The young man, if you have modelty will thinke you mock him, if not you'l make him become arrogant, know you not whose man he is?

Car. Notis apparent, this over-flighting of him proclaimes thee loves him, whose follower Madam, and I

know Lords followers, Knights fellows.

La. Not all Lords followers to all Knights Grange.

Ear. To asmany as their faire Ladies will give way to,

La. I understand you not George; fomething troubles you, you are not eight to day.

Car. I am only as I amin your favour Madam.

La. Come I know what perplexes you, and 'tis therefore that I defire to talke with you; I am not angry
with you, but let mee tell you George; although not
openly I tooke notice of the pickle you came home in
latt night, after your Unkle was in Bed; to whom, mervayling at your ablence I excus'd you, as gone at my
request to visit some Ladies with whom you staid Supper,
I told him when you were with your Roucers.

Co. But did you never go ?.

La. Indeed I did, and he was fatisfied.

Car. O my fweet Lady Aunti! I was indeed amongstem, and deeply merry.

La. And drunke as deeply !

Car. I will abuse your goodnesse so no more.

La. Say and hold George, for your own good.

rection.

La. I would you could have frene your felfe, and how your difguise became you, as I was told, I do but friendly tell you of some passages, as they were to mee related, by those whom I have charm'd to speake no more on't. Be secure therefore in your Unkie:

Cur. O my deare heavenly Annt!

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Lu. Furst, at the doore you bount'd like a Giant at the Gate of an inchanted Castle, before which could be opened offence was taken by you at your Sedan-men; for arking money (as appeared afterwards Imore then you brought from the Taverne, and leaving their office fouler by a difference of stomach full, then you found it. In the strife for these sad causes your Sword being seiz'd on, you being unable to use it, were found by my servants at Luggs with your brace of Corps bearers, in the dirt, and their poore hovill Chaire turnd on his ridge in the Kennell.

Car. I'le never be drunk agen.

La. I hope you will fay fo, when you have heard all George; but by the way your late flock being speat, here are ten peeces towards a supply.

Car.O fweet golden Annt 1

Well fir, the firiefe appear'd you were tane in. Then hay is there no Sack i'the house? I'm for you in you Chamber is replid, up you are had, where is the Rogue my man? not seem since Yesterday; Fetch me a wench. Bloss us cries old Simuthe Burler, were have none it should, nor cannot send for any out o' done. Dost-tell me that? is not my Ladies Woman, my Ladies Chamber-maile, the Laundry-maide, the wench under the Cooke, my Ladies Nurse old Winter plane, nor my Lady her selfe within? I know, or will know all the sheethings in the house.

La. But why me pp in your bedroll George?

Car. Pfeigh (Beats bis bead)

La. You remember none o' this !

Car. It is not worth it Madam.

La. Nor how you scar'd Chamber-maid, whom I sent in love to see care taken for you, not dreaming of any ill thought in you, doe you remember how you told her, and what you would give her, when your Unkle died for a small present curtesse? The was faine to saissie you with a false promise to steale to bed to you before foure men could force, or humor you into it.

Car. What an unhallowed Rascall was I!

La. 'Tis well you confider it now. And ftill confider George.

How ill excesse of Wine, Roaring and VVhoring becomes a Gentleman, and how well sobrietie, curtesie, and noble action, and dangers wait upon the one sort, and what safety accompanies the other!

Car. Wine, Roaring and Whoring, I will lay that faying of yours Madam to my heart; but Wine is the great

wheele that fets the rest a whirling.

La. True George, for bad you not first beene sullied with Wine, you would not have abus'd your selfe to ha tumbled in the dirt with your Litter-mules, nor offer'd to seduce my Chamber-maide. Suppose you had overcome her, how could you have come off but with shame to your selfe, and the utter raine of the poore Wench?

Car. Still shee corrects me for my medling with base matters and people, shee is not angry shee sayes, though I call d for her last night i'my drinke, shee gives me mony, I will now understand her, and whereunto all her former favours and her later admonitions are directed, and presently appears a gratefull Nephew.

La. Nay, bee not fad upon it George, as I would win you from your faults, I would have you still be cheerfull. If any thought troubles you, you may be free with

me George.

Car.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Car. O Madam you have made me, and now take me to you.

La. How meane you?

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Car. Freely and wholly, the truest, faithfu'lst servant, and I thinke the ablest that any Lady of your lacks and longings ever bestowd a favour on, though I say'r my self. You'l swear't when you have tri'd me, and't be but hourely for a month together.

La. Is the man found troe ?

Car. I defy Surgeon, or the Potecary can come against mee.

La. Sound i' your senses fir, I meane.

Car. O for blabbing Madam never feare mee, new I am resolv'd to live soberly, and be onely yours. And with such pleasure, with such safety, secretie, and fulnesse, I will so constantly supply you, that you shall not have time to dreame of the defects of your old man.

La. Doe you meane your Unkle, and not know whose

wrong you unnaturally and finfully purfue?

Car. No man living Midam can doe it for him, more naturally and lesse sinfully; I am of the same stells and blood, and bring his youth to your pleasure, how can you thinke old Unkles children are got? or how came up the proverbe, Shee is one of mine Aunts, doe you thinke? You would have a child by him. All your Cawdells and Cock-broaths will never doe it, An old mans generative spirit runs all into braine, and that runs after covetousnesse too, get wealth, not children. Believe it, much Nephews helpe belongs to it, and then the children are not degenerate, I cannot thinke but many Unkles know it, and give way to it, because stranger bloods shall not inherit their Lands, and so sweet Aunt if I live not to inherit his, my son may, in your first born. There will be a sweet comfort to you.

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La. But is all this in earnest ?

Car. In earnest? yes, And I pray so take it, and let it be a bargaine, and now presently in the Chamber, I will make you my first payment for the purchase.

La. Fie, fie, you doe but fay lo ?

Car. That shall be tri'd presently. Come sweet Madam, I finde you are willing, and I sweare I am resolute, and will be as secret as your own woman, if you will not goe I protest i'le carry you.

La. Nay preythee George set me down a little.

Car. Psewgh ____ I need none o' these whesings I.

La. But prathes tell mee, dost thou not all this onely to trie me, or am I a Rogue thinke you, or woulds thou seriously that thine own naturals Unkle, thy bountifull Patron, may thy father on the matter, should suffer such

a wrong, and done by us ?

Car. Harke there againe, Madam have I not proved fufficiently and plainely, that I shall in doing the feate for him doe him the greatest right in the world, in getting him, and you an indubitable heire, and to give him both the comfort, and the glory of it?

La. Was ever such a Reprobate?

Car. And you can doe him no wrong (though you had not a Ladies priviledge) to Cuckeld him, for assure your selfe hee Cuckqueanes you, now come Madam.

La. You speake not on your knowledge.

Car. I never was his Pimpe, but what I have heard, I have heard, Now come Madam.

La. I heard Mr. Saveall protest within these three days that hee thought my Husband the chastest man (of a

Gentleman) that he knows.

Car. O did hee so, Madam, believe it they two have whor'd together, and that Saveall has pimpt for him oftener then you ever lay with my Unkle.

La. What ! fince he married me ?

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Car. What elfe? Saveall is not onely his grave Parafite, but his Pimpe, and has spent my Unkle more in these civill punctuall wayes, then I in all my whole debauches, what did you thinke hee kept him for? O they are a brace of subtle dry Tweakes, come now Madam.

La. What an inhumane Villain's this !

Car. I'le tell you all now upon our inward acquain-

La. You have to stoo much already to have any acquaintance with me at all, nor shall you, unless you prefently recant all that you have, or would have said upon this subject.

Car. Madam-

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La. Stand further and replie not, lesse I call in those that shall fadly silence you. Have you abus'd your Unkle, and the next best friend you have i' the World, in hope thereby to abuse mee most, that was no enemy of yours till now you justly have provok'd me?

Car. I tooke not a right course.

La. Was this the best construction you could make of my love to you or a fit requitall, to make me an incessuous Whore?

Car. Yes, yes, a pox my course was right enough, but I undertooke her at an ill season. Her spruce springall left her but now, i'le tei! her so Madam.

La. Come I perceive you are forry; and that's a part of satisfaction. Therefore for once i'le winke at your transgression, especially before others. Here's one you see.

Enter Closet.

Car. I doe, the Devill blind her.

Nur. Madam-

La, But tempt me so sgaine, and i'le undoe you.

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Car,

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Car. I know how you'l undoe mee witty Madam,

La. Nay be not lad George, discover not your selfe, and you are lafe, for once I tell you.

Car. Shee'l come about I fee.

La. But will you Cozen goe, and doe that for me?

Car. Most readily good Madam, I have your full directions.

La. All Cosen, if you forget not.

Car. I cannot be so negligent in our service Madam, I finde by this fain'd errand shee dares not trust her trollop there, I love her wit now too.

Exit.

La. He is both schoold, and coold I hope. Now Closes

what's your News ?

Clo. Of a Citizen Madam that intreats to speake with your Ladiship.

La. Doe you not know his Name, or Trade?

Clo. Yes, I had both eene now, but I have such a Head.

La. If you have loft 'em by the way pray go back and

fceke 'em, or bring you his businesse.

Clo. I ask'd his businesse 'Madam, and told him hee might trust mee with it without a hand to his booke, but he said it could not be delivered, but by his owne word o' mouth to your Ladiship.

La. What firange matter is it troe? or what Citizen,

is not his Name Salemare ?

Clo. Yes Madam, and he is a (O this head) a-

La. A Silkeman is he not ? Clo. Yes Madam the same.

La. I hope his impudent Wife has not told him all; if thee has, where's his remedy in this Womans Lawcafe?

Clo. There's a Gentleman with him too Madam.

La. Then wee fall have it, Tis his Wife fure, well I

am prepar'd for the incounter. Bid em come up, if they grow violent or too bold with mee, i'le fet my Nephew George upon 'em. 'Tis not his Wife, what Creature is it troe with me, Mr. Saleware?

Enter Salemare, Phebe.

Sal. Craving your pardon Madam, a few words in the behalfe of this poore Kinsewoman of mine, touching a Gentleman, who I heare lives in your House, Mr. George Carelesse, Madam, by whom shee has received much injury.

La. How fir I pray?

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Sal. Pray Madam read this Letter, weepe not, but hold up thy head Cuz, wee will not be dasht, nor basht in a good cause; pray read you Madam.

La. I am now (Lady) in favour with my Unkle, and in faire possibility of a good Estate, deporting my selfe (I intend to doe) a civill Gentleman. To which end (induced as well by reason, as by long continued affections) I tender my selfe to you in the holy condition of Marriage. If you vonchsafe your consent, (which is my most earnest request) I shall not onely declare my selfe a good Husband, but the most bappy,

GEO.CARELESSE.

Sal. Wherein appeares the injury to your Kinswo-

Sal. In flying from his Word, and Deed Madam: He has borne her in hand these two yeares, and use her at his pleasure, detaining her from her choyce of many good fortunes, and at last sends her this to make amends for all, and denies his act the next day, sending his man to take the Letter from her, pretending twas directed to another. But never the sooner for a hasty word Cosen, we will not be dasht nor basht, I warrant thee.

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Lo

La. Here's the direction. To the Lilly white Hands of Mistris Mariana Gymerack, is that your Name Lady?

Phe. I am the forrowfull one that is knowne by it

Madam.

Sal. Never the sooner for a halty word Cosen.

La. I conceive the businesse, and find the error, and my great doubt is over.

Sal. Weepe not I fay.

La. What would you have me doe Mr. Saleware?

Sal. You have discretion Madam, and I made choice of your Ladiship to open this matter unto you, rather then to Sir Oliver himselfe, whom I would not willingly exasperate against his Nephew, you may be pleased in a milder way to temper him, and worke a satisfaction for my Kinsewoman; Sir Oliver and your selfe Madam, are noble Customers to my Shop, and for your sakes I would not deale rigourously with your Kinseman, if a gentle end may be made. But, if you cannot so compound it, the Law lies open, money and friends are to be found, a good cause shall not be sterv'd, I will not be dasht nor basht, Sapientia mea mibi is my word, and so good Madam you know my mind.

La. Tis pity a Gentlewoman should suffer too much, and I like her so well at first sight, that I am easily moved to doe good for her, is shee your Kinsewoman in blood

M :. Saleware, or your wifes ?

Sal. Mine I affure your Ladiship, though my wife can boast as great and noble friends I thank fortune, as the wife of any Tradesman that carries a head in the City, (but that's by the by) yet I came of a better house, and am a Gentleman borne, none disprais'd.

La. Well Mr. Salemare, leave your Kinsewoman with me a little while, you shall not be seene in my act, i'le try

what I can doe for her.

A mad Couple Well & Match'd.

Sal. With all my heart good Madam, and dec heare Marina, This is a noble Lady, beare your felfe discreetly in the businesse, and towards her: you may get a Husphand by't, or at least a composition that may purchase one to sholder you up. But carry it high and worthy of the house I brag of, or—Sapientia mea mibi, stultitia tuatibi, That's my sentence.

Phe. Well fir, you neede not doubt my high Car-

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La. Clofet.

Enter Clofet.

Madam.

La. Take this Gentlewoman to your Chamber, and I charge you let none see her, or take notice of her, but your selfe and me, till I give order.

Exit Closer.

I shall doe something for her doubt not Master Sale-

ware. Exit, Lady.

Sal. I shall be bound to your Ladiship, now to my Shop, to which I thanke my Wife shee has beene a Wildcat these two dayes, which must be borne with as wee are friends. And from my House all Night, and yet no Greene-goose-faire-time; Nor though shee were so absent must I be so unfriendly as to question her, where, or with whom shee was; a new Article this twixt Man and Wife I But Sapientia mea mibi, stultitia sua sibi. Thus it must be where Man and Wife are friends, and will continue so in spight of chance, or high heeld shooes, that will awry sometimes with any Women.

Shee is not yet come home heere. What The Shop Lidies that, and not my Wife there to discover'd, handle her handsomely for her Money? My Alicia, & servants are such Assinegoes! Stay, are mine Bellamy.

eyes perfect ? 'Tis Ihee, 'eis my Friend-

wife, and in the Courtly habit, which so long thee has long'd for. And my Lord Lovelies Gammed with her.

4 His

His Lordship lay not at home to Night, neither at his Lodging. I heard that by the way. I cannot thinke my Lord and shee both sate up all Night to see the Taylors at worke, and to hasten the finishing of those Cloaths, if shee were with him which I would not be so unfriendly to inquire for the worth of a Wife. 'Twas right honorably done of him to send her home as gallantly attended as attir'd, if shee die—a—a—lie with him all Night, which I will not be such a beast to believe although I knew it. I must come on her with a little wit though, for which I will precogitate.

A. Once more your flory, for I am not fatisfied with

thrice being told in

Bel. Can's Woman take fo much delight in hearing of

another Womans pleasure taken?

Al. As it was given by you I can, for I am prepard by it to take pleasure from you, and shall with greedinesse expect it till I bave it.

ed, (and I believe her) her Husband never pleas'd

her fo.

Al. Ocany other man you should ha' put her to that, her Husband's but a Bungler.

Bel. How know you that ?

Al. I doe but gueffe.

Bel. Nay shee swore deeply, and I believ'd her there too, no man besides her husband but my selfe had e're injoy'd her, but let me tell you Lady, as shee was amply pleas'd she may thanke you.

. Al. For fending you, I know thee did and will.

Bel. That was the first respect, but not the greatest:

Al. Indeed !

Bel. In reall deed, I can speak now like an embolden'd Lover.

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A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Al. Well, but what in your Acts of Love ?!

Bel. I had you still in my imagination, and that enabled mee to be more gratefull to her Ladyship, which wrought her thankfulnesse to you, express in a hundred pieces, sent by me, more then I tould before, which are your own shee sayes, since tother morning shee was here with you.

Al. That token confirmes all. Had I the spirit of Witchcraft, when puting upon chance for my Revenge,

to find Reward ! Have you the money ?

Bel. Safe at my Chamber for you.

Al. O you are cunning, lesse I should breake with you you thought to oblige me by't.

Bel. I'le rather run and ferch you twice the fumme,

I conceal'd it onely to give it you unexpectedly.

Al. Sweete Bellamy I am yours, I could be forry now I have loft fo much of thee. This Kiffe, and Name your time

Sal. Would they had done whispering once, that I might enter safe in my manners.

B.l. To morrow night.

Al. Shall you be ready so soone thinke you after your plentifull Lady-feast.

Bel. O with all fulnesse both of Delight and Ap-

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you know my vowes unto my Lord.

Bel. And can you thinke I dare be found your meane, to break'em.

Al. No more my husband comes. Pray Sir returne my thanks unto my Lord for his right noble bounty, and not mine alone, for fo my husband in much duty bound also presents his thanks unto his Lordship.

Sal. Yes, I beseech you fir.

Bel. I am your willing Messenger,

Sal. Hee is my most honored Lord, and has fo many wayes obliged me both by my wife, and in mine owner particular that—

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Bel. 1 take my leave. Exit.

Sal. Still this is an Assinego. I can never get him to stand a Conference, or a Complement with mee. But Sapientia mea mihi, what was that friend you made mee send thanks for to his Lordship, what new favour has hee done us, besides his councell—These Clothes, the cost was mine you told mee, out of the odd hundred pound you tooke, what late Honour has hee done us?

Al. If not enough I know Friend? will you ever trans

greffe in your impertment inquisitions?

Sal. I cry you mercy friend, I am corrected justly.

Al. Will you never be governd by my judgement, and receive that onely fit for you to understand, which I deliver to you undemanded? Doe not I know the weight of your floore thinks you? Or doe it you on purpose to infringe friendship, or breake the peace you live in?

Sal. Never the fooner for a hafty word. I hope

Al. Did you not Covenent with mee that I should weare what I pleased, and what my Lord lik'd, that I should be as Lady-like as I would, or as my Lord desir'd; that I should come, and go at mine own pleasure, or as my Lord requir'd; and that we should be alwayes friends and call so, not after the sillie manner of Citizen and Wife, but in the high courtly way?

Sal. All this, and what you please sweets Courtly-friend I grant as I love Court-ship, to becomes thee

bravely.

Al. O dos it fo ?

Sal. And I am highly honor'd; And shall grow fat by

any the envy of my repining Neighbours, that cannot main raine their Wives fo like Court-Ladies, fome perhaps (not knowing wee are friends) will fay thee's but Tons Salewares Wife, and thee comes by this Gallantry the Lord knowes how or fo. But Sapientia mea miki let the Affinegos prate while others shall admire thee, fitting in thy Shop more glorious, then the Maiden-head in the Mercers armes, and fay there is the Nonparrell, the Paregon of the Cities the Flower-de-luce of Cheapfide, the Shop Court-ladie, or the Courtshop Mistris, ha' my sweet Courtlie friend ? vands a monthly than a work and base and

Al. How do you talke? As if you meant to inftructem to abule me. mod is how aconos mist

Sal. Sapientia mea mibi. and mon and and and add to a

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Al. To prevent that I will remove out of their walke. and keepe shop no more. I have a

Sal. Never the leffe for a hafty word I hope Friend.

Al. Fie, 'tis uncourtly, and now i'le tell you Friend, maskd, what I have done for you besides in my late abfence, and all under one. Logs with the Lines been nevi

Sal. Under one I yes, I could tell her under whom if I

Al. What's that you fay Friend? mee thinkes you mutter.

Sal. No Friend, I was gueffing what that other thing might bee that you have done for mee, all under one. You have taken the House i'le warrant, that my Lord-lik'd fo.

Al. By my Lords favour and direction I have taken it. And I will furnish it so Courtly you'l admire.

Sal. Must I then give up Shop, or lie so far remote?

Al. No you must keepe your Shop Friend, and lie here if you please.

Sal. And not with you but there ?

21. No not with me at all Friend, that were most und

Sal. But I shall have a Chamber in your house, and next to yours. Then in my Gowne and Slippers Friend at Mid-

night or the first Cock.

honourable offices with my Lord, as by obtaining futes for you, for which you must looke out, and finde what you may fiely beg out of his power, and by courtly favour. But keepe your Shop still Friend, and my Lord will bring and send you such custome, that your Neighbours shall envy your wealth, and not your Wife; you shall have such commings in abroad and at home, that you shall be the first head nominated if the next Sheriffe season, but I with my Lord will keepe you from pricking. Bee you a Cittizen still Friend, it is enough I am Courtly.

Sal. Here's a new Courthe humour, I fee no remedy, unlesse I run my selfe out of credit, defie the life of a Cit;

tizen, and turn Courtly too.

Friend ? doe you not mutter now

Sal. No, not a fillable Friend, but may not I give up

Shop and turne Courtly too Friend?

Al. As you respect my Lord, and your own profit, you must be a Cittizen still, and I am no more a Cittizens Wise, and shee must be a Cittizens Wise, that wust doe all in all with my Lord Friends. Though my Lord loves the Clothes of the Court, hee loves the diet of the City best Friend, what ever I weare outwardly hee must finde me Cittizens Wise, which Friend, O hee's a sweet Lord.

Sal. Well it shall be then as the sweete Lord will have it, Sapientia mea mihi. Excunt omner.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Lovely, Crostill, Bellamy.

Lo. I Ady, 'tis true hee is a bashfull Lover,

Unskill'd to court a Widow, has not yet,

The Act methodicall to sweare he loves you,

Must and will have you, nor the moving boldnesse

To stirre your blood by putting of you to't,

Or shewing you how tis, before the Priest

Declares it lawfull. But he has love and sweetnesse,

Which you will find with full and rich content;

And look (look here) what a long, middle finger he has,

Which with thin Jawes, and Roman Nose,

Are never fayling signes of Widowes joyes.

Crof. Your Lordship is dispos'd to mirth;

Lo. It is

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My care to put you in a course of mirth,

Nay of felicity.

Cros. In marrying of that stripling!

Lo. Do not thinke si ghtly of him, tho'he appeares

Modest and bashfully, if I have any judgement,

Hee's a fit match for you. His outward fortune

For his estate, I will make good to him,

And for his inward vertue never doubt

Hee's make that good to you; However still

He holds his much commended Modesty.

Cros. My Lord you much commend his modestie,

And bashfulnesse, urging your considence

Of his strange inward hid abilities

(I hope your Lordships pardon Jean you tell,

If

A mad Couple well March d.

If hee has with that bashfull modesty
Got any of his Mothers Maides with child?
Or of his Fathers Tenants Wifes, or Daughters?
I would have some assurance.

Lo. Then i'le tell you.

These Widowes love to heare of manly acts, And choose their husbands by their backs, and faces.

Crof. My Lord you faid youl'd tell me.

Lo. Yes, but I would not have you cunningly. To fift discoveries from me to his wrong.

Cref. I am loth to speake so plainely to you my Lord, But by the worst that you can speake of him

I may the better like him.

Lo. That's her humor; Then hearks you Widow; to avoid his blushes, Suppose I tell hes has got a bastard.

Crof. You may as well suppose i'le fay 'twas well.

Lo. What fay you to two or three !

Crof. The more the merrier.

Lo. He has no lesse then five old Gentlemens Young Wives with child this Moone, but got all in One weeke.

Crof. Indeed !

Lo. Yes, in good deed, and lufty.

Crof. Good deed call you it, to get other Mens Children?

Lo. Suppose they have the husbands consents.

Crof. I suppose they are wittalls then.

Le. No they are wiscalls, and 'cis a thing in much request among landed men, when old and wanting issue of their owne, to keepe out riotous Kindred from inheritance, who else would turne the Land out of the Name.

Cros. An excellent policie ! Lo. You know the Lady Thrivewell.

Cers. And her old husband, and his riotous, Kinseman too.

Lo. You will heare more hereafter, but now to him agen, for whom I am spokesman.

Crof. In a strange way me thinks.

Lo. Hee is fent for farre and neere on those occasions, hee is of so sweete a Composure, and such sure taking metrall, that hee employes my care to have him well bestowd before he begins to walt.

Cros: Ist possible hee has done so much, and sayes so

little ?

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n,

Lo. The deepest waters are most filent, But he can speake, and well to Bellumy.

Bel. My Lord.

Lo. I have made your love knowne to this Lady.

Bel. My love my Lord ?

Lo. And have begun your fuit; follow't your felfe.

Bel. My fuit my Lord to her? I never mov'd your Lordship to't, Tho' I presume the may be a happy fortune to one of my condition; a poore and younger brother; onely made rich and happy in your Lordships service, and

over-flowing favours.

Lo. Which i'le take off o' you if you flight my care in seeking your preferment to this Lady, of beauty equals with her faire estate, in both which shee is great, and her stchievement will be the Crowne, and the continuance of all my favours to you, you are lost if you pursue it not, I would thy old Unkle Bellamy saw thy Bashfulnesse.

Cros. Your Lordshipseemes now to wooe for me, not him, however I am bound in thanks to your noblenesses, in your faire proportion, I hope, I shall not be so poore to require an advocate, when I shall yeild to have a husband. But your mirth becomes your honor, and the young gentlemans reservednes him, Ha, ha, ha.

Lo

Lo. How meane you Mistris Crossill?

Crof. I doe commend your mirth my Lord, for the lufty fraine you spoke him in, that he had yet five children in one weeke, wherein I may presume you thought you had mov'd to my liking, ha, ha, ha—

Lo. I am glad I have made you merry, But you will

wish if you reject him-

Crof. If I reject one that tenders not himselfe ! yet I commend his caution.

Lo. As how I pray ?

Cros. As thinking I am one of your cast peeces
(Knowing how well your Lordship loves the game)
And now would put mee on him,
But you misprise mee sinfully sweet Youth
In such a thought, how e're you should not scorne
To ride in your Lords cast boots, though you be Gentleman of's house.

Lo. Come now he shall have none of you.

Cros. I'le heare him say he will not first, by your Lord. ships leave.

Lo. Spirit of contradiction !

Cros. Stay fir, would you be content to have me?

Bel. You heard my Lord fay I should not.

Crof. But fay he fay agen you shall, speake, will you have mee?

Lo. Say no (I finde her now) that is the way to win her.

Crof. Without instructions good my Lord.

Bel. Lady I finde so much your scorn already,
That to be wedded to't, I should dispaire
(My much unworthinesse consider'd) to convert it
Ever to love, and 'cis your love, before
Your Person or Estate, that my affection
Ought to direct mee to.
In answer therefore, to your will, you have mee,

A mad Couple Well March'd.

I must say no, till I perceive some signe.

Crof. I now he speakes!

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Some fignes of love in me? How would you have it?

Bel. No; I would feeke it zealoufly, but my Lord

Is off on'e now, and I may lose his favour.

Crof. Is your love limited by his favour then ?

Bel. Not limited : but (as it is as yet,

But in its infancy) a little checkt,

Though it still growes, and may extend beyond

All limitation to fo faire an object

As is your felfe : But ftill my own demerit

Curbs my ambition more then love emboldens.

Crof. He speakes within me now.

Enter Saveall, Careleffe.

Sa. Stay, let us retire. Here is the Lord Lovely.

Car. B: he a Lord of Lords i'le not retire a foot.

Lo. What fervants Mistris Crossill doe you keep,

To let intruders in?

O Mr. Saveall! Carles falutes

Sa. The humblest of your Lordships servants. (Crostill,

Lo. What Gentlemen is that you bring with & puts by you? (Bellamy.

Sa. It is the Nephew of the good Knight Sir Oliver Thrivewell, of which Sir Oliver, I have procured unto your Lordship the sum which you desired by your servant Mr. Bellamy.

Lo. For that I thanke him and you, but I could with

you had not brought that Nephew hither now.

Sa. Certes my Lord I am forry.

Lo. My reason is, I have enter'd Bellamy a saitor to the Widow.

Sa. He alfo comes a fuiter.

Lo. And is in deepe discourse with her already,

Tle

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Lo. How meane you Mistris Crofill?

Crof. I doe commend your mirth my Lord, for the lufty fraine you spoke him in, that he had yet five children in one weeke, wherein I may presume you thought you had mov'd to my liking, ha, ha, ha—

Lo. I am glad I have made you merry, But you will

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Crof. If I reject one that tenders not himselfe! yet I commend his caution.

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That to be wedded to't, I should dispaire
(My much unworthinesse considered) to convert it
Ever to love, and 'cis your love, before
Your Person or Estate, that my affection
Ought to direct mee to.
In answer therefore, to your will, you have mee,

A mad Couple Well March d.

I must say no, till I perceive some signe Of love in you towards me.

Crof. I now he speakes!

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Some fignes of love in the? How would you have it? Must I declare it to you before you seeke it?

Bel. No: I would feeke it zealoufly, but my Lord Is off on't now, and I may lofe his favour.

Crof. Is your love limited by his favour then ?

Bel. Not limited : but (as it is as yet,

But in its infancy) a little checkt,

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To let intruders in?

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Carles Salutes

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Sa. Certes my Lord I am forry.

Lo. My reason is, I have enter'd Bellamy a saitor to the Widow.

Sa. He also comes a suiter.

Lo. And is in deepe discourse with her already,

T'le

T'le fee faire play.

Car. But you shall heare mee Widow, and that to

the point and purpose.

La, Lady at my requelt, doe this Gentleman (who made the first approach) the favour to be heard, and answerd first.

Car. As his approach was first my Lord, shee has heard him first already, and my request is to be heard now, and then let her answer both him, or me, or neither, what care I?

Lo. Your Name is Careleffe I take it.

Car. I came to talke with this Gentlewoman.

Crof. Pray my Lord forbeare him, and let him speake, what do you say sir ?

Car. I say I love you, doe resolve to marry you, and then to use you as I lift.

Cros. I say I love you, doe resolve to marry you, and then to use you as I list. — To Bell.

Bell. This to mee Lady? i'le take you at your word.

Crof. Stay, I doe but tell you what he fayes.

Car. Take her at her word againe fir, and I shall take you by the luggs. I say againe you shall have none but me.

Crof. I say again, you shall have none but me --- To Bel.

Car. What, doe you soole mee, or him, your selfe,
or all?

Crof. Pray fir how old are you ?

Car. Are you good at that, pray fir, how old are you?—To Bel.

Lo. You presse beyond your priviledge, which is only to speake to the Gentlewoman.

Car. My Lord I am a Gentleman.

Lo. You may tell her fo.

Sa. Lee we beleech your Lordship. Take him afide.

Car:

A med Couple well Matched.

Car. How can you use a Gentlemen that loves vou Dearer then Life, and quely bends his fludy By all meanes to deferve you, one that (can not?) Will not while there are wayes to die, live out of Your favour, with fo much despightfull scorne, That when he speakes his foul to you through his lips, You make his Language yours, and give't a Boy?

Crof. What Gentleman's that you fpeake of ?

Car. The man that speakes it I am he.

Crof. All this fir in effect, and more of my affection,

can I speake to you.

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Car. Uns, but you shall not, you mistake the person to whom you are, or ought to direct your affection, you miltake strangely.

Crof. No more then once a Lover, or at least, A bold pretender, having in civil language Exprest in writing his affection To a chaft Mistris seal'd, and directed it, And on the contrary, courted his vertuous friend in bro. thell language:

To a lewd strumpet. Have I hit you fir ?

Car. What can I fay now ! Slife if that anger you after the errour found, and confest, i'le write worse to you, and in earneft.

Crof. Mr. Bellawy fome other time I shall be glad to

fee you.

Car. Shee meanes that to mee now, but i'le take no notice; i'le finde as good a Widow in a Taverne Chim-

ney, O shee's a dainty Widow !

Crof. Hee lookes with fcorne at mee, I must not lose him, yet dare not stay, for feare I tell him so. I humbly crave your pardon good my Lord, For my ill manners, and abrupt departure; The cause is urgent, and I befeech your mercy, Question it not.

Lo.

Lo. Let your will guide you.

Crof. Mr. Saveall I thanke you for my Suitor.

Car. Nay but Lady.

Crof. Yes you shall controwle mee in my owne House. Exit.

Car. Yes, yes, I meane so too, but you shall wooe mee hard first.

Lo. 'Tis a mad Widow, which of these two now think you has the Better on't?

Sa. I thinke he shall in the end have the best my Lord,

that can fight her molt.

Lo. 'Tis my opinion too, and heare mee - Aside:

Car. Sir, I have seene you but twice, and it has beene at places where I cannot allow of your resorts, first at my Aunts, and now here at my Widowes.

Bel. Your Widow fir 1 I thought shee had beene the

Widow of one deceas'd.

Car. Thou art a witty, pretty Child. But doe you here use your wit, out of the smell-reach of your Lords persum'd Gloves, and I shall take you by the Nose.

Bel. Forbeare fir, I have a Handkercher.

Car. And let me finde you there no more, nor here I charge you.

Bel. I heare your charge fir, but you must leave it to

my discretion to obey it, or not.

Car. Truft to your discretion!

Lo. And so commend mee to my Lady Thrivewell.

Come Bellamy away, what's your discourse?

Bel. All faire and friendly my Lord.

Car. Very good.

Lo. So should it be with Rivalls, fare you well Mr. Carelesse.

Car. Your Lordships with a whew.

Sav. Will you walke homewards?

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Car. Excuse me fir I pray.

Sav. It will not be convenient to returne this day unto the Widow.

Car. Feare it not fir, I like her not fo well now.

Sa. Doe your pleasure. Exit.

Car. Ha' you groffe tricks Miltris Croffill? well I will goe drinke your Crotchets out of my Pate, then home, and doe that which mine Aunt and I must only know. This is her Night of Grace, if thee keepe touch with Excunt Omnes. me.

ACT IV. SCENEII.

Enter Lady, Phebe, Clofet.

La. IN truth your story is pittifull, but your own folly has brought your scourge upon you.

Phe. Twas through the blindnesse of my love, and my credulity Madam, wrought by his strong Temp.

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La. Well, for this once i'le straine a point of honour for you, chiefly indeed in answer of his rude unnaturall presumption in attempting mee. That a Villaine can still be so barbaroully luftfull I If in this way I fit him not, and cause him to defift his beaftly purpose, I will discover all to his undoing. Closes you know my minde, and ful directions for the conveyance of our defigne.

Clo. Yes Madam, doubt not. Though I have but a naughty head at most, other matters, I dare not trust it

for a fare one at fuch conveyances.

La. I prefume to further the matter, hee'l come home silment

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Co. Then he may forget what he so much expected for sleepe away his expectation.

The No, hee will then be the more vehement till his

defire be over.

La. You know his humour best it scemes, away, away, my huband comes. Exit Charles.

Enter Thrivewell and Wat.

The. Well Was, for this discovery i'le make thy ward worth ten such masters services.

Thr. Sweet heart I have a fuit to you -But first what

Woman's that with Nurse !

La. A Kinswoman of hers whom shee would preferre to mee, but I have answer'd her, I will not charge your purse with more attendants; onely I have given her leave to entertaine, and lodge her this night.

Thr. That's my good Girle.

La. Now what's your suite sir, (as you are pleas'd to call it) which I would have to be your free command?

Thr. 'Tis for my absence from thee, to accompany Mr. Saveall, to bring a deare friend on his way to Graves-

end to night, who is fodainly to depart the Land.

La. These sodaine departures of friends out of the Lind, are so frequent, and that I may believe you intend really, and no fained excuse; now will I thinke as long as you have good and substantial Made-worke at home, that you will seeke abroad for any more light sale ware.

Thr. No more o'that Sweet heart, farewell, expect me

early in the morning. Exit.

La. I am glad of his absence to night, selt there should happen some cumbultion in the house by his annuly Nephew, in case her should discover my deceipt in beguiling him with his own wench instead of me, I do even tremble

would offer to thinke upon the unnatural! Villaine, that would offer to wrong his Unkle. I thought I had school'd him sufficiently, and beaten him off at his first attempt, and hee to assaile me agains with more forcible temptations urging me to a promise.

Sa. Vent en Affire Clofer, Still ne und . . 2

Clo. The young Gentleman is come in Madam, and as you forefaw very high flowne, but not fo drunke as to forget your promise ! Hee's going to bed in expectation of your approach.

La And have you put his Damfell into her night-

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Clo. Most Lady-like I affure you Madam. de bed

La. And let her be fure to feale from him befote Day.

Clo. Yes, with all filence Madam, the has promifed. Ex.

La. May Ladies that shall heare this story told, were Judge mildly of my act since her's so bold.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Saleware, Bellamy.

Sa. Nay but looken ou Mr. Bellumy, it is not I protest that I am fealous, I make this inquiry for my wife. I jealous? I am Afinego then, I am as considere of my wife, as that the is in this house, how ere you deny her to me.

Bel. Why Lady, you are not jealous now ! If you

were not, you would believe me the is not here.

Sa. Without equivocation, Mr. Bellamy, shee is not here indeed, under your foot, but shee's here in the house, and under some body for ought any body knows; but my selfe, that doe confide in her as I say, and will

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know.

know no such matter; And so my Lords will be done with her, I hope I shall see h r well to morrow, and at her own house.

Bel. Can fuch language proceed out of any but a

icalous mouth?

Sa. What an Affinego's this ! I say againe, I doe confide in her, nor will I be dasht, or basht at what any man sayes of, or against her; And therefore me thinks tis very strange that you should deny her to me, that comes not to molest her.

Bel. There you are againe. But fince no denyall will ferve your turne, indeed thee is here in this house, and in

bed by this time.

Ma Away, away, you mock if aith, you are a wag, shee's no more here then I am, if shee were here can I thinke you would tell?

B. I. How came you to thinke, or dreame fine was in

this house at all ?

Sa. I neither thought it, or dreamt it. I but fir, a waterman brought me a Letter in haft from one Mr. Anomimus, intim iting that my Ally was with a private friend at this house, and to lie here all night (a very likely matter) what private friend has shee but my Lord, and that in a right honorable way, I conside in em both for that; but at this house is such a thing my Lord having divers Lodgings, and shee a house of her own at his dispose and command, that is such a thing to be thought or dreamt on!

Bel. Why came you to inquire then of fuch a thing?

Sa, Why sir, this Anonimus writ that I should come hastily hither, and aske to speake with you Mr. Bellamy, and I should know further; hither I came, here I finde you, you deny shee is here, and what doe I inquire any further?

Bel. You heare mee fay agen thee is here.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Sa. Goe you are a wag agen, thee here ? is my Lord here? or any private friend?alas, alas you are too young Mr. Bellamy, and may as well perswade mee I am to floor with wonder, and anazyment at the nestolesi

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Rel. Well fir to put you out of all jealoufie and doubt (if you be in any) I was the Anonimus that fent you the Letter to draw you hither, and declare my felse your friend, which shall instantly be manifest to you, if now you have a minde to lie with your own wife before any other man.

Sa. Then thee is here indeed belike,

Bel. Pray come with me into the next Chamber.

Sa. This is some waggery plotted by my wife, I fmell it. Exit.

The Bed put forth, Alicia in it. Enter Bellamy Salemare, with Light.

Bel. But you must be fure to fay when shee discovers you, that you came of your owne accord, unlent for, as inspir'd or possest by some Dreame or Vision, to finde her here. M begig't a dieblet yen bo bat ligdt I ... ?.

Sa. Well, if this be not my wifes waggery in a maine proof of her chasticy, I am not here. I will doe so sir,

Bel. So then, obscure your selfe a while, while I approach her. I brow what a roll tomob) att reven and

Al. Who's there ? and a saw you and a small E. I.M.

Bel. 'Tis I, your fervant Lady.'
Al. Sweet Bellamy, why come you not to Bed 200

Sa. Good. gerif benen be good avzil blogell zichoabel Al. Dos the love that was so hot, and the desire that was so fervent, begin to coole in you?

Sa. Good agen, as if hee an Assinego had ever made

love to her fine waggery!
Al. Has my meere consent to satisfie you, cloy'd you ?

Sa. Confent to my Lords man, a likely matter!

Al.

Al. Or did you court me to a promise onely to try my

fidelity to your Lord, and then betray mea

Bel. Deare Lady thinks not so, but that I am struck into stone with wonder, and amazement at the most unexpected accident that ever cross a Lover.

Sa. Dainty waggery this, what little mad Rogues are

thefe to plot this to make me jeulous?

21. Pray, ate you ferious? what is the accident?

Bel. I will not be fo croft, but kill him rather. To injoy fuch a Mistris, who would not kill a horn'd beast? yet blood is such a horror

Sa. Very pretty. 513 ean ou saw smoot

Al. Will you not tell mee ?

Bel. Speak lower gentle Lady.

Al. Why prithee, who can heare us ?

Bel. I know not by what Magick your jealous husband has made discovery of our being here, he wrought fure with the Devill!

Al. I am undone then. He will cell my Lord.

Sa. I shall undoe my felfe then Friend. No, Sapientia mra mihi. Be not dasht nor basht for that good Friend, if there were any fuch matter : but this is waggery , fine waggery plotted betwitt you, to tempt my jealoufie. but never the sooner for a hasty word I warrant you Mr. Bellamy that my Wife is here I thank you: But how I came to know it you shall never know from me ; you fent not for mee, I am fure you wete not the Anonimus. Indeed it should have been Anonima Friend-wife : for it was thy act I dare liveare : However you doe not heare mee fay I was fent, or writ for at all, more then by a Dreame or Vision : But here I am and meane to remaine to night; I hope the house can afford you another Bed in't Mr. Bellamy, and you to leave mee to my owne Friend-wife, I like the lodging most curiously fweete Friend, and I prethee, lets try heartily what luck

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

little one like thee.

Bel. The leave you to your wither, is good highe to

Al. Pray fir a word first, hurband be farcher

Sa. Faces about Tom Salemon, and march focwards.

Al. You told mee fir, of a hundred pound that your fweete Lady Thrivewell fent me is book a Law T.

Beh Twertet twe it for your ty if from bid

it, has thee, and to mock my expectation of that, and you t why have you foold me thus?

Bel. I rather should suspect your craft in this prevention: but love surbids me, and I must conclude, it is witch-

Sa. Mere the lette for a harry w that wo not alle the offend and

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Al. Come let's kiffe friends, and (fweet) to morrow night I will prevent his Witchtraft, in the full enjoyment of our free pleasures the you true to me.

Bel. May all that's Man in me forfake me elfe.

Al. Another kiffe and then good night, wing ?

Sa. Are you still whispering? no matter, let'em whiswer.

Bet. Good night. Exit.

Al. Now may the spirits of all injur'd women, be added to mine owner, for my revenge, which I this night will dreame of slighted and mock'd, hee and his like shall know,

That when a yeilding woman is to croft,

All thoughts but of revenge with her are lolt.

Sa. O hee's gone — Ally, Friend I would fay, And now I prither tell mow how, or why thou cam'ft hither.

forcer, but a rouse more, vanidoring uov a rud, aspect

Sa. Yes faith, I were no friend elfe. I bluod

Al. Twas but to try if I could make thee jealous.

Sa

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Sa. In waggery ! did not I fay fo I when doe my pro-

Al. But what brought you hither thinke you?

Sa. A Letter from one Anonimus, but i'le eate Spiders, and breake if you fent it not.

Al. Give me the Letter.

Sal. Where is it ? facks I ha' loft it. a blos wo'y

Al. 'Twas I indeed that fent it.

Sa. Did not I say so too ? and that it should ha' been Anonima, Sapientia mea mihi, when doe my prophecies faile? i'le to bed instantly while the prophetick spirit is in mee, and get a small Prophet or a South-sayer.

Al. No, i'le have no bed-fellew to night.

Sa. Nere the leffe for a hafty word, I hope, Friend.

Al. I am at a word for that.

Sa. Tleslieupon thy feet then.

Al. Well, you may draw the Curtaines, and fleepe by me. who are alstronome of mild standals vald

Sa. Sapientia mea mibi, faltitia tua tibi.

Puts in the bed, Exit.

ACTIV. SCENE IV.

Phebe passes over the stage in night attire, Carelesse followes her as in the darke.

Madam, Madam, sweet Madam, 'twill not be day these three houres, stay but three minuits longer, but a touch more, she's whipt into her Chamber. Could I but finde the Dore—I know my Unkle's from home—O shee returnes with light; that's well.

Enter

Amad Couple well Match d.

Men and bas Enter Lady, a light. an four . . .

La. What aile you ! Are you mad ?

Car. Would not any man be mad for losing such a Bed-fellow? sweet Madam, let us retire without any noise.

La. What an infatiate beaft are you ? would you un-

doe for ever both me and your felfe?

Car. Not with one doe more I wasrant you, come away Madam, Madam, fomebody knocks mainly at the gate; and I believe it is my Master return'd before his time !

Enter Closet.

La. I cannot thinke 'tis he way of he tay on Classe

Car. 'Tis the Rogue my man I warrant drunke, and has forgot I turnd him away, but he shall spoyl no sport. Come away Madam.

La. Closet, goe your wayes downe, and hearke before

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Clo. — I will Madam - Exit.

Car. So now come Madam, I commend you in the charge you have given your watch-woman.

La. What charge doe you guesse?

Car. Why to tell my Unkle (if he be come) that hee must not come neare you, that you have had no rest to Night till just now you are fallen asseepe, and so forth.

La. Goe you are a wicked fellow; I am forry for any the least favour I have done thee, and doe thou dare to attempt me once more, i'le ha' thee turnd headlong out

of my dores.

Car. I have got her with child to night, with a sparke of mine owne spirit, and longs already to doe me mischiefe. The boy will be like mee, therefore 'tis pity to knock't o'the head: But come Madam tother crash and good night, must I drag you to't?

La.

La. Touch mee but with a finger, and I le raise the House.

Car. You dare not fure, and now take heed you ver me not, have you not been my whore?

La. You dare not say so, for spoyling your fortune.

Car. Faith but I dare, and if you will not obey me in a course of further pleasure to night, setch me a hundred peeces to take a course abroad withall, doe yee looke? I'le make you setch me hundred after hundred Huswise, when I want it, or shall be pleas'd to call for't. All comes out else, the gates of your same flies open Lady, I will proclaime our Act.

La. Dare you forfit your own Reputation fo?

Car. I shall gaine Reputation by's in the company I keeps abroad, and if the Cuckold my Unkle come to the knowledge of it at home, I shall possesse him that you suffully tempted me to it.

La. Canst thou be so villanously impudent todestroy

thine own forrune to ruine me?

Car. You may conceale all then, and so will I, and mend my fortune by yours, I will live bravely upon your fortune, and the heire which I have got to Night shall inherit it, my Unkles estate. And therefore indeed I would have all conceald; for my childs good, or rather for mine owne : for it shall goe hard if I put him not into a course in his minority to consume the estate upon me before he come to age.

La. I am undone.

Car. And O that ever I did it!

La. Thou Villaine, hast undone me.

Can. Come i'le doe you agen, and then all's whole agen; Y'are both undone, O you prodigious monsters
That have betwizt you made me monster too!
What's to be done, but that I kill you both,
Then fall upon my fword.

Enter

'A mad Couple Well (Atach'd.

Enter Thrivewell Saveall.

Sav. Sir, you refume the temper of humanity, And let the Law distinguish you from them, You neither are to be their Executioner, Nor to fall with them.

Thr. Life to me is torment.

Car. O the Devil, what a case am I in now!

La. Pray heare me fir ?

Thr. Can more be faid to aggravate thy flame, Or my affiction then I have heard already?

Sa. Les me intrest you heare her.

La. What shame did you,or what affiction I Suffer, when you discoverd unto me Your bargaine of a hundred pound in Salemare, You understand me. How was life a torment To me then think you?

Thr. Did you not vow forgements then? and thus, You freely would forgive my act? and thus Now to revenge it on me to my ruine,

And your own endlesse infamy? O 'tis horrid.

La. 'Tis no revenge at all, onely a shew
To startle you, or try your manly temper,
And so neare to be even with yee as to let you know,
what some wife might perhaps ha' done being so mov'd,
It was my plot indeed to straine you hither to this false
sire discovery, for which i'le give you reasons.

Thr. O groffe diffimulation.

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La. Mr. Saveall, you have done many faire offices for his Nephew, doe this for me, intreat him to a Conference a few minutes in my Chamber; if I cleare not my felfe in his and your opinion, and that by witnesses, he me be found the shame of all my Sex.

Sa. Sir, my councells have been prevalent with your

judgement, let me perswade you.

Thr. But I will have that friend thruft out of doce first.

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

La. I would not that you should; nor give a looke, or word to him till you have heard me; Then exercise your Justice.

Sav. Sir be induc'd to it. Thr. You have prevayl'd.

La. Goe to your Bed agen George, and fleepe, be not

affraid of Bug-beares. Exit.

Car. Hows this? Shee's come about agen, and has patch'd all up already. I hope shee's worke mine Unkle to reward mee for my Night-worke, and bring him in time to hold my stirrop while his George mounts her; Shee's a delicate well-going beast! I know but one to match her in a course, just the same pace and speede as if I had onely had the breaking, and managing of her my selfe, but the marke goes out of Phebes mouth now; and i'le play my Aunt against all the Town. But how shee thought to fright mee with villaine and impudent. And now goe to bed George, ha, ha, ha, I find her drift. No wit like womens at a sodaine shift.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Enter Old Bellamy, Lovely.

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CIR

Bellamy thou art welcome, and for thy Nephew I must ever thanke thee, he is my best

companion.

Old Bel. O my good Lord without boast be it spoken, I have ever beene right and straight to your honour, and never did you an ill office in Man, Woman, or Child, what I have said of em they have proved at first, or I have wrought em to at last. But what doe I speake on'r, I have

have ever beene for your Lordship, all things I have sworne for you, I have fought for you, I have brok'd for you, I have pimpt for you, but what doe I speake on't?

Lo. You need not Bellamy; for I know all.

ol. B.Oh the Gentlemens Wives, and Farmers Daughters that I have presented to you in your Summer Progresses, and winter Journeys about the Countries. But what doe I speake on't

Lo. Because thou lov'it to champ upon the bit to please thy old coltish tooth still, thou lov'st the memory of the former sweets which now thou canst not

relish.

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Ol. B. And here i' the City, I have pledg'd more of your several Mistresses, then in my conscience there be honest Women in't. But what doe I speake on't?

Lo. I never had fo many man.

Ol.B. Or if you had, what doe I speake on't? and in my conscience agen, I have drunke more to your Lordships health in my dayes, then any Wine-cellar in the City at this day, containes of Spanish French, and Rhenish; but what doe I speake of that either?

Le. True Bellamy, fall then upon some other

subject.

Ol.B. Yes, my good Lord, and I pray your Lordship tell mee, dos not my Nephew drinke and wench pretty handsomely? I would faine have him take after me, and not his drunken father.

Lo. How well hee shifts his subject, wicked old fel-

low !

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Ol. B. Dos he not begin to fall to yet?

Lo. Not he.

0/ B. Not a bit nor a soope? dos hee doe nothing by tample? or has your Lordship left it? or dos he carry it.

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Lo.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Lo. Discreetly and Virgin-like.

Ol.B. Pretty commendation for a young Courtier.

Lo. I would for my deserved love to him have put him upon a faire young Widow of a great fortune, but could not make him looks upon her like a suitor.

Ol. B. Just such a bash ull puppy was my brother, his Farher; I wonder how my Mother came by him; My Father was right, and she was right, and I have beene right, but what doe I speake on't?

Lo. True Bellamy, speake of somewhat elfe.

Ol.B. The Boy will nere grow up to me, I thought to have left him fomewhat, I must discard him.

Lo. If you do, he is in me provided for.

Ol. B. What can your Lordship love him for ?

Lo. Come i'le tell thee, and be comforted. Hee has fomething of shee in him. Hee will pimpe most conveniently.

Ol.B. That's fomething indeed.

Lo. And for his modelty which is a rare benefit of nature in him, I dare trust him with a Mistrisse, as I would an Eunuch.

Ol. B. Benefit! A defect I feare, yet I may hope in time fome Mistris of your Lordships may tempt, and bring him forwards.

Lo. No I am confident-Now your news.

Enter Page, Whisper.

Good Bellamy walke in the Gallery a while.

Ol.B. Some Mistris is comming to him, but what doe
I speake on't?

Exit.

Goe bid her come in.

Exit. Page.

What brings her fo unfeafonably ?

Enter Alicia, Salemare.

Al. Stay you at distance yet a while Friend, till I call you.

Sal.

A mad Cosple well Match d.

Sal. Faces about Tom Saleware. Exie.

Lo. How now ! How is it with my love ? Ha! How comes a trouble on this Face, where my delights are ever wont to Revel! ?

Al. Omy Lord-

Lo. Say who has injur'd thee? Has thy husband taken up the uncivill boldnesse to abuse thee? or be it any other man, it shall be death, or an undoing to him.

Al. My Lord, I am wrong'd, but would be loth to ingage your noble person in my quarrell, some servant of

yours may do it.

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Lo. Of what condition is thy wrong? tell mee; and who of my Servants thou wouldst have to right thee?

Al. I would have Bellamy, how thinke you? is hee faithfull to you?

Lo: How canst thou question it? Has he not ever been so?

Al. Your Lordship has well trusted him I know.

Lo. I doe not know the man, I trust, or love fo well.

Al: But would your Lordship part with any Jewell, or choyce thing you love, and have intended onely for your own particular use, to him, or let him be your own partner in it?

Lo. Troth I thinke I should; onely thy selfe excepted, but what's thy wrong I prithee, or wherein should Bella-

my right thee?

Al. Bellamy has wrong'd mee to thinke me so unworthy as to be tempted to his lust; Bellamy has wrong'd your honour in that ambitious attempt.

Le. Theu amazest me.

Al. And Bellamy must right me, and your honour; or you must cast off him or me.

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Lo.

Lo. Give mee at least some circumstance to make this probable.

Al. Must not I be believ'd?you shall have instance then

to make it truth, Friend Thomas.

Pray verifie unto my Lord the discovery you made last night of me, and Mr. Bellamy.

Enter Saleware.

Sal. 'Twas thus my Lord an't like your Lordship, my wife was forth at evening ant like your Lordship, as shee may have often beene ant like your Lordship, and may be as oft agen ant like your Lordship.

Lo. Well pray thee on.

Sal. Forth thee was ant like your Lordship, I staid supper, and almost bed time for her ant like your Lordship; And had even given her over for all night ant like your Lordship, as I may of any night ant like your Lordship.

Lo. On I pray thee.

Sal. Yes ant like your Lordship upon some private notice given to me an't like your Lordship, that she was at a private lodging ant like your Lordship, with a private friend ant like your Lordship, over I went, and found her abed ant like your Lordship, and Mr. Bellamy even ready to go to bed to her ant like your Lordship.

Lo. Is this true ?

Sa. As true as your Lordship lives ant like your Lordship.

Lo. How could you be betrayd fo?

there as by your appointment, and for your own pleafure; but when 'twas late, and that your Lordship came not, thinking hee had an advantageous opportunity, hee soone discovers his love to me, and his treachery to your Lordship; I being in a strait onely Asido. (finding happy meanes to send for my husband

to

'A mad Couple Well & Match'd.

to prevent him) made him a false promise being secure in my husband; and what had follow'd your Lordship understands.

Lo. I'le nere trust man can blush and weepe agen.

Sa. Infooth ant like your Lordship I thought all had been but waggery ant like your Lordship, to tempt mee unto jealousy, and my wife knowing well enough that I was by bade Sweet Bellamy come to Bed.O Wag!

Lo. What messenger brought you the notice Mr. Sale-

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Sa. A waterman my Lord, and like your Lordship, here's the letter, and like your Lordship.

Al. You told me you had loft it, when I ask'd fort to

burne it.

Sa. I thought I had Friend, but I found it now, and given it my Lord before I was aware Friend.

Al. Hell take that Letter.

Sa. Now abotts on't for mee, if thou beeft angry Friend.

Al. You had better ha swallow'd it full of Ratsbane. Sa. Nere the sooner for a hasty word I hope Friend.

Reades.

Lo. Mr. Saleware, if you will avoyd a new addition of hornes, come with this bearer over into Montagues close, where you shall finde your Wife with a private Friend, at a private lodging; Hast thither, and a ke for one Bellamy.

Anonimus.

What Ridles this? This is Bellamies owne hand, I know it, why should hee send to prevent himselfe? or how could shee write his Character? This Woman is not

right.

Al. Doe you note my art my Lord, to write as in a Mans Name, when I wrought it my felf?

Sa. And did not I tell you Friend, it should ha' been Anonima? Sapientia mea mihi.

G 3 Lo.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Lo. Within there call Bellamy.

Enter Page,

Pa. Hee's not within my Lord, and has not beene to night.

Al. His absence is another circumstance to a probabi-

lity my Lord.

But hee was seene this morning to goe in at Sir Anthony Thrive Wels.

Lo. Goe let my Coach be ready presently. Exit.Pa. He should receive 5001. there for me, I trust he will not

furnish himselfe with it for a flight,

Al. My Lord I gave you an inkling of a familiarity betwixt him and the Lady ThriveWell, he has fince declar'd their act of lust to me, and urg'd it for an instance to my yeilding.

Lo. Can you affirme this?

Al. Yes, to his face and hers.

Enter Saveall.

Lo. O Mr. Saveall! welcome.

Sa. My Lord your servant Bellamy is receaving your money at Sir Anthony Thrive Wells.

Le. I thanke you.

Sav. But my Lord, there is fallen an unhappy accident betweene Sir Anthony, his Lady and his Nephew, in which your servant Bellamy also is concern'd; And your Lordship is smuch, and most humbly belought by the Lady to heare, and examine the difference.

Enter Old Bellamy.

Lo. I was preparing thither. Oh Mr. Bellamy, you have not eavefdropt, have you?

Old Bel. Will you pardon me my Lord?

Lo. Yes if thou halt.

Old Bel. I have my Lord, and am overjoyd to heare fo well of my Nephew.

Lo.

A mad Couple well Match'd.

Lo. You may heare more anon, come all along with me. Ex. Omnet.

old Bel. I may heare more anon, your Lordship tho' knowes not of what so well as I doe know. Exit.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter Thrivewell, Carelesse, Lady, Phebe, Gloset, Wat.

Thr. I Need not cast thee off, or bid thee goe
Now, and for ever from me, thine own shame
Will force thee hence.

Car. You are deceiv'd in that.

Thr. What is thine own take with thee, here 'tis all Phebe. Thou ever getft, or canft expect from me.

Car. Shee was mine own before your wife became our

coupler, in English plaine our Bawd.

Thr. Use no uncivill Language while you are well.

Car. For which you have your witnesses, this false Traytor, that brought you on.

La. By my direction George.

Wat. No Traytor neither since you left to be my Master, wounded and turnd me off.

Car. And this darke Lanthorne here, this old deception vifus, That juggled the wrong party into my Bed.

Clo. Ha, ha,ha.

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Car. Doe you grin Grim Malkin? But sweete Magdam, if your fine Springall Bellamy had lien there in my flead she would has brought the right party; your Ladiships Lilly white selfe.

G 4

Thr.

Thr. How's that ?

La. No more o' that good George.

Car. Nay, it shall out, fince you have wrought my ruine, I will be the destruction of you all; And therefore now heare mee O Knight, and first resolve to make me rich in my reward, for wonders i'le unfold.

Thr. Canft thou expect reward from mee for any

i

thing that can by thee be utterd?

Car, Reward? why not? why should not you reward my good Offices as well as punish my ill? I must and will rely upon you for all the good that can befall mee; or if I must expect no surther from you, i'le give't you gratis, And if you be any thing but a Wittall heare mee.

La. What doe you meane ?

Car. To let you out livelyer, then all your paintings: of dec heare, will you give mee a hundred pound a quarter for my filence?

La. Not a penny; if you feeke my undoing, heaven

forgive you.

Thr. What (Villaine) canst thou speake to her pre-

judice?

Car. That which (if you are no Wittall) you'l be leath to hear, but you shall have ir.

Thr. Darft thou talke fo?

Car. And fince you hold my attempt at her, so haynous, you may be pleas'd to know I was incited to't by example of him I nam'd, that smooth Fac'd Bellamy.

Thr. Darft thou accuse her with him ?

Car. You may aske her bolfter there,her Madam Nurse old Mother Cock broth.

Clo. Q me.

Car, 1, Q you aske her fir, what shee did with him, or he with her, in their two houres privacy in her chamber, when

A mad Couple well Match'd.

when hee came to take up five hundred pound for his Lord, There was a sweet taking up, fir shee confessed all to me, and on purpose, I dare be sworn to embolden mee in my attempt to her Ladyship.

Clas I confesse ?

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er, en Thr. What did thee confesse?

Car. That hee made use of your Bed with your wife, what language shall I utter't in? you were best see it done before you believe it.

Thr. O me most miserable if this be true!

Car. Well, there's for them two.

La. Goe Closet till I call you. Exit Clo.

Car. Now for that Rogue (because I must expect no further good of you, but this which is mine owne you say) i'le say him open to you, you remember how once I ingratiated my selfe to you by rescuing you from a Robbery and Murder (as you supposed) for which you took me into favour—

Thr. Yes, and have wish'd a thousand times since, that I had lost the thousand pound I had about me then, and tane some wounds for't in exchange rather then by that rescue to have taken thy Viperous selfe into my bosome.

Car. This Rogus plotted that businesse, 'twas a mere trick of his invention. The supposed Theeves were his companions, and wrought by him only to scare you and run away when wee came to your succour, onely to indeare mee to you. There was no hurt meant, but the slap I gave him over the Pate to colour the businesse, with little blood, I wish now I had cleft his braines.

Thr. Your wish tho' against your will is a good reward to him, for I love him the better for his wit in that plot, and care of his then Master.

Car. Doe you so sir? Then 'twas mine own invention, let him deny't if he can.

Wat.

Wat. Indeed the plot was his fir, I onely found the

Thr. I cannot condemne the conceipt however; and am fomething taken with the wit on't, would all the refi were no worfe.

Car. And now I have utterd my whole mind fir, and you declard I must expect no further good of you, come away Phib, I have injur'd thee long, i'le make thee now amends for all; i'le marry thee, and fell Tobacco with thee.

La. Let him not go fir, I befeech you in this desperate way, nor till I answer to his acculation.

Thr. Sir you shall stay, and make your selfe good be-

fore authority, or cleare my wife.

Car. You'l have your house then known to have beene

a bawdy-house ?

Thr. The Courts of Princes and Religious Houses May so have been abus'd.

Car. Under fuch Governesses.

Thr. You'l anon be filent, what's the matter? wee are bufy.

Enter Closet.

Ser. Mistris Crostill, Madam is come in great hast to visit you, and a Kinseman of your Ladiships with her.

Thr. At fuch a time ? excuse your felfe.

Ser. They are here fir, enterd against all relistance.

Enter . Croftill, Fitzgerrard.

La. Mistris Crostill! you have much honord me-Cozen Fitzgerrard! welcome.

Fit. I have a private fute to you Madam.

La. Pray Mr. Thrivowell entertaine the Lady.

Car. Another sprunt youth.

Crof. Sir, I perceave some discontent here, I hope your. Nephew has not agains displeas'd you?

Thr. He is a villaine, feekes my utter ruine.

Crof.

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'A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Crof. Pray say not so, for feare you force mee love him.

Thr. You are undone for ever if you doe?

Crof. Doe not say so, for feare I say to him,
The thought of him already breakes my sleeps,
I could not rest to night for thinking of him,
Which made my early hast to unload my minde,
Presuming that your judgement may excuse;
A simple Womans weaknesse, what is shee
That hee courts so?

Thr. I tell you, thee's a Whore with Child by him, laves claime to him, and I think hee'l marry her.

Crof. Still you speake better of him, and my love must

not fee him fo loft, fir let me speake with you.

Car. Me Lady? I am busy; I am busy.

Crof. What mettall am I of his scorne's a Load-stone; No Courtship like his carelesnesse to mee; And all dispraise speakes for him, Sir I will speake with you.

Car. I blufh for you, what would you fay now, were

it not too late?

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Crof. Nay onely to your eare.

Car. Stand off a while Phib. Goes afide.

Fit. His Lordship Madam shall give mee accompt

To each particular,

La. You shall doe well to put it to him Cosen—Husband, I overheard you, and commend you, That the you cast your Nephew from all hopes Of good from you, you will not yet destroy His fortunes other wayes.

Thr. How doe you meane?

La. For that I finde by your reviling him
You more inflame that croffe phantaftick Widow
With eager love to cast her selfe upon him.

Thr. Had I thought fo, I had spoke well of him

Against

Against my conscience.

La. No, let me intreat you.

Be that way charitable, and speake worse;

The worfe the better.

Car. Tempt me not good Lady,
To your own prejudice, your destruction;
I am one you cannot live and lie withall
A fortnight you, alas y'are but a grissell.
Weake picking meat; Here's one will hold me tack,
Seaven constant ordinaries every night,
Noonings, and intermealiary Lunchings,
At freedome every day, hold belly hold,
The Cupboord never shut.

Crof. I underftand you not.

Car. Nor mind me Lady; Twill be better for you.
You had a thin chin'd husband, plaid at Doublets with ye,
And that perhaps, but twife or thrice a weeke,
You are incapable of better Game,
Here's one shall hold me Tick tack night by night,
And neither of us guilty of a Why-not,
Shee's bred up to my hand, and knowes her play.

Crof. Can you so slight me?

Car. Slight? I honour you.
In caring for you to preserve your life,
And your estate, which I confesse my selfe
Unworthy of: besides I am ingaged
To doe a poore soule right for my issues sake
Shee goes withall.

Crof. But fay on composition shee acquit you.

Car. O but conscience is conscience. Cros. I'le die or have him presently.

Can you refule me for a prolitute whore?

Car. Take heed what you fay, i'le shake your estate, If you dare call her whore fore witnesses.

Crof. Call all the World to hear me Madam,

Sir

Sir Anthony and the rest, be all my witnesses; Give me your hand sir, here before you all I plight my faith upon this Gentleman, He is my Husband, and I am his Wife.

Thr. You are then undone.

Cros. I care not sir, for your ill will: no more shall hee.

Car. Are you catch'd Widow? Futre, for Unkles

Crof. Why answer you not me, in troth plight?

Car. I doe, but yet I tell you againe conscience is con-

The Woman's not compounded with.

Crof. I'le give her a brace of hundred pounds.

Phe. The Woman will not take it.

Wat. The Woman shall take it, for now know sir, I love you not so ill as to undoe you. This Woman has beene mine as much as yours, shee has done as much with mee for Offices, and Service I have done for her, as shee has done with you for Love and Money, let her deny't.

Car. I have lately suspected so.

Wat. And if her Friends will make her brace of hun-

dreds a leash i'le marry, and honestifie her.

La. Honest Wat in good earnest ! Gentlewoman with your hand give him your consent, and i'le supply you with the od hundred pound, for Wats love to his Master,

Thr. Will you ?

ye,

La. Yes, and with your allowance; it shall be in lieu of the hundred I tooke in Commodity of her Kinswoman Mistris Salemare, which would never thrive with mee (as it may properly with them) as 'twas the price of lust you know it was, and how untowardly things have chanc'd amongst us since it was so; And now that

I have declin'd it, you shall fee how sweet'y all will be reconcil'd.

Thr. Doe as you please.

La. Goe get you to the Priest presently, and bring him hither for thy Master, Wat. Exit Wat. Phr.

Enter Lord Lovely, Old Bellumy, Saveall, Salemare, Alicia.

Lov. Madam you fent for mee, though I had former

cause to require a conference with you.

La. My cause my Lord, is almost ended among our selves. Pray let your former therefore be determin'd first, your Lordship may be pleas'd to sit.

Lo. I defire first by good Sir Anthony's patience, Madam a word with you in absence of all the rest, except this

Gentlewoman.

Thr. With all respect my Lord.

La. No you shall stay, and all the rest, speake openly my Lord, I doe befeech you.

Lo. My modelty forbids.

La. I'le speake it for you then; Good my Lord sit judge, This Woman comes to accuse me of incontinency

with your fervant Bellamy, is it not fo?

Old Bel. I marry dos shee Madam to make her word good to my Lord that he would have lien with her too; And sayes that Bellowy affirm'd to her that he did, I marry did he with your Ladiship.

La. Ha, ha, he, I have a Nephew here affirm'd as

much.

Enter Was whispers.

Thr. I feare I shall be wretched.

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'A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Sav. You are wretched in your feare, note your Wifes confidence; Can Guilt looks with that Face?

Lov. I underftand that Bellamy is in your house.

La. Forth comming my good Lord. Good Master Bellamy, fetch your Nephew, you'l finde him in my Chamber. Exit.

Fitz. And in this respect you shall give me leave

My Lord to call your honour into question.

Lov. Y'are very round with mee Mr. Fitzgerrard, What is your question?

Fitz. Where is my Sifter Amie?

Lov. Aske you mee?

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Fitz. Yes, and in honour y'are to answer me, It is too evident, your courtship wonne Her. Virgin honour.

Lev. Then I forc'd her not.

Fiz. The blame of that lay therefore on her selfe; That losse I seeke not after: but I aske Her life and being (if shee live or be) Of you my Lord, since it is manifest, Shee left her friends, and Country shortly after Her folly had betrayd her into shame, To be at your dispose, as wee presume She is since in her two yeares absence; we have sought all other wayes in vaine; you shall Do therefore well my Lord to render her, Or give me leave to urge you tan accompt Of what's become of her.

Lov. You cannot fure

Compell mee fir.

Fitz. To hazard of my life I will my Lord.

Lov. That shee is lost I am grieved; But for your stout demand i'le answer you at Weapons, time and place convenient.

Old

A mad Couple Well Match'd.

Enter Old Bellamy, and Bellamy in a Womans habit, Closet.

old Bel. I'le end your difference Cosen Fitzgerran here is your Sister Amie my Lord, here is your serva Bellamy, whom I preferr'd to you as my Nephew, the a Go-betwixt you and Mistresses, which quality now abhorre, as I could wish your Lordship wou leave—Wenching for this inconstant Womans salt that would be prostitute unto your servant. I was slat bargaine, and but a flat one, but for the non-performance her husband may thanke their party of Sex, to his wifes want of desire.

Sal. Nere the sooner for a hasty word I hope.

Old Bel. What further end thee had to ferve your Lord

thip the may relate her felfe.

Bel. Loft to my felfe, and friends being made unfit In any other Region to appears,
And more unable to live other, where;
Then in the prefence of my loved Lord
Although not as my felfe) I did assume
That Masculine boldnesse, so to let you know
My Lord, that I more fully could subsist
By the meere sight of you, and so containe
My felfe, then she your more respected Mistris
Could in the rich and plentifull enjoyments
Of your most reall, and essential favours.

Lov. Sweet let us speake aside.

Sal. What ayles my Friend? is not all this now but!
plot to make me jealous?

Al. I am discover'd and undone. chafes.

Sal. Nere the sooner for a hasty word I hope Friend: Come leave your waggery, is not all this but a plot now to make me jealous?

La. Your Plot good Miltris Saleware would not

hold.

Sal.

A mad Couple well Marchd.

Sal. Nor thall it hold good Madam, I cannot be jea-Tous Sapientia mea mibil I would have a dell . .

La. Yet the young Gentleman (fuch as you fee he is) has lien with mee of old, before I was married doe not looke fo difmaydly, I will not detect you with my husband for a hundred pound

Sal. Nor will I be jealous for a thouland Madam, your plot's too weake Facks, but where's my injur'd Kinfwo. Wet. And Plate if then breft not bes mabiM.nam!

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La. O Phebe Gin crack ! There is by this time righted, that is Married.

Sa. Sapientia mea mibi, agen then for that, that was

my plot, and it held Madam.

Lov. My deare deare Amie, and my Bellamy, I doe commend your vow of future chaftity, Vowing the same my selfe, and here before Your Brother, and these friends to help your marriage I freely give you two hundred pounds a yeare During your life.

Sav. Now doe you note the effect of all Sir An-

thony ?

Thr. I doe with my much joy.

Lov. And Mistris Salemare, for your falschood (Which I forgive, because you are a Woman) I quit familiarity with you, and advise you To love your husband, giving him no cause Of feare or jealoufy.

Ali. Your Lordship councells well.

Sal. Hang feares and jealousies, I would there were no greater in the Kingdome, then in Tom Salewares Coxcombe; But by your favour friend, we will be friends no more, but loving man and wife henceforward.

Musick. Ali. That shall be as you please.

Enter Carele Se, Groftill, Wat, Phebe.

La. See new Married couples, please your Lordshi top to take notice ? Lov. Salutes the Brides.

Car. Unkle and Madam, I am come to call you to my house to Dinner, and your Lordship if you please, and all the rest here, I want one, my Rivall Bellamy, where is he? wee'l be all friends to day; and at night sweete heart,—at night, at night, at night—

Wee'l get the Boy that shall become a Knight

Crof. You promife luftily.

wat. And Phebe if thou beeft not better provided already, if I get not thee with Squire, let me turne clown.

Car. But where's this Bellamy, what new Ladies that?
Old Bel. This new Lady fir, is that Bellamy you inquire
for.

Sav. The fame Gentleman that you accus'd your

Clo. That I confesse had line with her.

I thought fo; would I have tax'd'her thinks you, but with a Woman? pray Mr. Bellamy let me falute your lips. and good Unkle now wee are Neighbours, and both good House-keepers, let us not be strangers to one another.

Thr. Well fir, as I shall finde you by your wifes report

I shall be still your Unkle.

Car. I shall be his heire in spight o' the Devill, and all

his workes and mine.

Lov. Come Madam, I finde here's Musick, let's leade the Brides a Dance to stirre their appetites to Dinner. Dannee.

As you in honour are the greatest Guest.
You have full power to welcome all the rest.



EPILOGUE.

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If not,'tis more then I did promise to you. (you,
'I is your own fault, for it is you, not wee

Make a Play good or bad; and if this be
Not answerable to your expettation

Tee are the free-borne People of this Nation,
And have the power to censure Worth and Wit,
But wee must suffer for what you commit.

Tet wee're resolv'd to beare your gentle Hands,
And if you will tie in in any Bands,

Let us be bound to serve you, and that's thue,

To tell you truth, as long as you serve in.

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THE

NOVELLA

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COMEDIE.

Acted at the Black-Friers, by his Majesties Servants,

Anno 1632.

WRITTEN
By
RICHARD BROME.

MART. Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

LONDON.

Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and THO, DRING, and are to be fold at their Shops in Fleet-street, 1653.

. . L. O.M. Philips The second of the second secon

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AZVIII SUTIZ



The Persons of the Play.

Antaloni ZTwo Senators. Guadagni Fabritio, Sonne to Pantaloni. Pife, His Friend. Francisco, Lover of Flavia. Horatio, His Friend-Nanulo, 2 Astutta, Servants to Guadagni. Nicolo, Servant to Pantaloni. Victoria --- The Novella. Jacconetta, Servant to Victoria. Flavia, Daughter to Guadagni. Paulo, --- By-named Burgio. Swatzenburgh. Cheginno, Two Lawyers. Profpero, S Pedler, Woman. Zaffi, an Officer.

The Sceane Venice.

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PROLOGUE.

C Hould I not freake a Prologue, and appeare In a farch'd formall Beard and Cloake, I fears, Some of this Auditory Would be vext, And jay this is a Sermon without a Text. Some thinke it fo e Centiall, that they fay Nor fogle, nor Prologue, there can be no Play. Our Author's unprovided, and deth vow, What e're I say must stand for Prologue now; Then have at wit for once, why mayn't I be Inspir'd with wit, and sence extempere? But first I'le tell you, that I had commission From him to tell you that hee'l not petition To be dubb'd Poet, for be holds it fit, That nought should make a man a wit, but wit, Hee'll 'bide his triall, and submits his canse To you the fury, so you'l judge by Lawes. If Pride or Ignorance should rule, he feares An unfaire tryall, 'cause not try'd by's Peeres. Faith be your selves a while, and pass your vote On What you understand, and doe not dete On things bove nature or intelligence; All we pretend to is but Mirth and Sence. And be that lookes for more, must ee ne goe seeke Those Poet Bownces that write English Greeke. Our Author aimes only to gaine you laughter, Which if you won't bee'l laugh at you bereafter.



NOVELLA

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Pifo, Fabritio.

Pi. Ome, I protest èle have you home againe,
And tell all to your Father, if you goe not
More chearfully on about this businesse.

Fab. O Piso I dearest (dearest?) only Friend,
That Name of Father tis, that checks my blood,
And strikes a filiall Reverence through my Soule;
Layes load upon my loynes, clogging my steps,
And like an armed Angell warnes me back.

Pi. So, fo, he runs away to proper purpose
That beares his Hue and Cry in's conscience.

Fab. It is not yet day-light; night will conceale My fecret purposes, I will returne.

Pi. Do so; and damne thee blacker then the night, Thee and thy Father too for company Expresse your filiall Reverence so, doe so.

Fab. Deare Pifo peace.

Post thou not fly from him to fave his Soule ?

His and thine own to boot? will not thy stay (Seay not to answer mel) ruine your Family; Cut off all hope of Blessing, if not Being Of your Posterity? and all this by obaying A wilfull Father in a lawlesse Marriage; More fatall (I foresee't) then ere our State Of Venice yot produc'd example for.

Fab. O now thou tear'st my very bowells Pife, Should I consent (as I dare not deny My over-hasty Father) to this match, I should submit my selfe the most persidious, That ever shadow'd Treachery with Love.

No, my Victoria, sooner shall this steele Remove thy hindrance from a second choyce, Then I give word or thought, but to be thine.

Pi. Why flie we not to Rome then, where you left her, And shun the danger of your Fathers Plot, Which would not only force you break your Faith With chast Victoria, but to wed another, Whose faith is given already to another? Double damnation! Twere a way indeed To make your childen bastards o' both sides.

Fab. Can there no way be found to shun the danger Of this so hastily intended Marriage,
But by my slight, and the most certains losse
Of mine interitance?

Pi. That would be thought on.

Musick, and divers Gentlemen passe to and fro with lights, at last Enter Pantaloni, lighted by Nicolo, with darke Lanthorns.

Pi. Some Night-walkers, that throw Balls at their Mistresses, well of all Citties Under the universall raigne of venery, This is the civil st lin what sweet tranquillity,

The

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The subjects passe by and salute each other!
Stay what grave beast, what reverend Gib is that?
(I'th' name of darknesse Jdropt out of a gutter?
O age what are thou come to!

Fab. Pray forbeare.

Pi. Looke there Fabritio, Venus can it be ?

Feb. Come y'are deceav'd.

Pi. Nay now I know I am not, For by that little loving glimple of light That leads him on, Fabritio, tis thy Father.

Fab. I pray thee peace.

Pi. What will this City come to?
A young man shall not shortly venture to
A vaulting Schoole for feare he jumpe in the
Same sadle with his Father, to the danger
Of his old bones.

Enter Francisco, and Horatio.
Stay here comes more. This is

Some special haunt! fure tis the habitation Of the Novella lately come to Town, Which drawes the admiration of all The Rampant Gallantry about the City!

Fab. They fay thee's yet a Virgine.

Pi. And is like

So to continue, still shee prove stale fish, At the rate shee's stamp'd for: for she has set Such a large price upon her new nothing, That Venery and Prodigality are at ods About her, it seemes thy Father could not bargaine.

Fab. Fie !'twas not he.

Pi. Not hee! peace and stand close.

Fran. Is thee fo rare a Creature, this Novella?

Ho. Rare? above excellent (man) it is unpossible For a Painter to flatter her, or a Poet to bely her In ayming to augment her beauty: For

I faw her that can judge: Pi. Now if a man

Were to unkennell the handfomest shee Fox In Venice, let him follow these doggs. Sure Shee is earth'd hereabouts. They have the sent,

Fran. You have not feene her often?

Hor. Onely thrice

At Church, That's once for every day, that thee Has beautified this City.

Pi. What rare helpe

May this be to devotion, that he speaks of 1

Fran. And all this Beanty, and this seeming vertue
Offer'd to sale ?

Pi. I thought 'twas fuch a pecce,

Hor. Thence only springs the knowledge of her worth Marke but the price shee's cry'd at : two thousand Duccats

For her Maydenhead, and one moneths fociety,
Pi. What a way, now, would that money reach

In Buttock-beefe.

Her. Shee is indeed for beauty,
Person, and Price, sit onely for a Prince:
I cannot thinke a lesse man then the Dake
Himselse must beare her; and indeed twere pitty
That shee should sinne at lesse advantage.

Fran. Why do we then make way to visit her

By our expence in Mulick?

Pi. A wary whore-mafter: I like him well: A penneyworth for a penny would be look'd for.

Her. Why Francisco? Why? Pi. Francisco! is it hee?

Hor. Although her price be such to be sold for In ready money, shee is yet allow'd To give herselfe for love if thee be pleas'd. Who knowes how well shee may affect a man

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(As here and there a Woman may by chance)
Onely for verime? That's worth our adventure,
But I wish rather we could purchase her
At the set price betwixt us for a twelvemonth
Our friendship should not suffer us to grudge
At one anothers good turnes.

Pi. There's love in couples,
What whelpes are these? fure this Francisco is
The late forsaken lover, betroth'd to Flavia
Whom now thy Father would so violently
Force thee to marry.

Fab. Would he had her Pifo.

Pi. O here they pisch, Rand close, wee'l heare their Musick.

Song.

Hor. Come fad Francisco, wee'l to morrow see
This Miracle of nature, whose meere fight
Will wipe away the injury thou sufferd'st
In Flavia; and make thee quite forget her.

Pi. Tis he, and I will fpeake to him.

Hor. Good forbeare.

d

Pi. Francisco must not so forget his Flavia.

Hor. What are you ?

Pi. Men, that would have you be fo, And not to wanton out your hol y vowes Dancing your felfes to th'Devill.

Fran. VVhat doe you meane?

Pi. I meane, Francisco, you too much forget

The love you bore to Flavia, thee to you,

Her. Shee has forfaken him, and is bestow'd (Forc'd by the torrent of her fathers will) On young Fabritio, Pantalenies Sonne.

Pi. Here ftands the man denies it, fpeake Fabritio.

Fab. Not that I undervalue Flavius worth, But not to violate her faith by breach

OF

Drawes

Of mine, were all this figniory her dowry

(Here is my hand Francisco,) i'le not wed her.

Fran. I must embrace you fir.

Hor. And Gentlemen.

My Lodging is not fame, please you retire,
And there repose your selfes until the light
That now is near at hand, shall point you forth
A way to future comfort; you shall finde

Good wine and welcome, please you to accept it

Pi. Your offer fir is large: yet let fine aske
If we may rest securely for a day;
Lurke close and private, till the appointed houre
For this forced Marriage be over-slipped,
In case that our necessity may require it?

Hor. I understand you, Take mine honor of it.

Pi. Be cheard Fabritio, thou shalt not to Rome, VVe may prevent thy danger nearer home.

Now night we thanks, and follow thee away

(As being thy servants) from th' approach day.

Hor. You conclude well, lovers and fprights are Night-walkers, warn'd away by th'morning Starre. Ex

ACT I. SCENEII.

Enter Guadagni in his Study.

A Taper, Baggs, Books, GE.

Gua. WHilest yet the Leaden finger'd god of fleek
Keeps close the eye-lids of phantastick youth,
Feeding their acry fencies with light dreames,

Of wanton pleasures ; giddy, vaine delights,

The ever watchfull cares of aged Parents
Throw ope the gates and windowes of loft rest,
Making our midnight noone, to guard and order
The wholsome fruits of our continual labour.
VVholsome and happy off-springs of my paines
Thus I salute you and implore your safty,
And thus that you may rest, grow and increase
Mine eyes prevent the breakers of your peace.
But see the morning hastens to relieve me!
Day spreads apace, and warmes the provident hand
Doe out the uselesse taper. Hoe I what hoe!

Enter Nanulo, Assura.

Nanulo! Aftutta! is it midnight with you?

Nan. Your fervants are all here and ready fir.

Gua. About about, you drowfy headed drones,

VVhere is my Daugher ?

Ex

The

Aft. Up and ready too fir.

Gua. Sirrah hafte you to Pantalonies house.

Nan. The rich Magnifico?

Gua. VVho elle, you Rat?

Tell him I doe attend his comming hither, To expedite the worke we have in hand.

Nan. It shall be done sir, please you give me passage. Gua. Here take the Keys; lock the dore after him

Then call my Daughter to me.

Aft. See shee's here fir.

Gua. Flavia my Girle, see how my early care

Provides for thee, The toyle of many yeares

By dayly travaile, and my nightly watches

Lies here in readinesse to build thy forune.

And take it willingly, since thou consents

To match unto my will; whereby this Coyne,

Thy selfe, and both our joyes may finde increase.

I can no less then thanke thes Flavia, Although I must confesse, my sute was long,

And

And grievous to me, ere thy childish will Yeilded to my appointment of a husband: For whom (with no small joy I speak't) thou didst Cast off indeed the off-scum of his blood. The poore, degenerate in fortune, fellow, I scorne to name him.

Fla. Alas my Francisco

Gua. By which thou gain'st the Nonpareil of heires. In all this wealthy City.

Fla. Sir tis not

The Riddance of the one, to gaine the other,
Both which are equal bleffings unto me
Can ad unto my present happinesse
More, then the thought of your paternal wisdoms,
VVhose provident care was author of this good:
Chiefly to you I therefore wish the comfort.

Gua. It will be so: I finde it my deare child For though thy joy I know will be abundant Mine must exceed, that includes thine with it. VVhy smil'st thou Flavia? to think how deare Thy Hymeneall day, to morow is?

Fla. No I could weepe for that.

Gua. How! ha! whats that?
This money's mine againe, and thou art not
If thou dost wish one dayes procrassination,
Degenerate bras, changeling.

Fla. Deare Father-Father-

Gua. Th'aft seene thy last of happinesse: all content From this black minute, and thy selfe are strangers.

Fla. Sir, I befeech you heare me-

Gu. Get you in The Item of Ite

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The Novella.

Fla. Sir, - deare sir-

Gua. My selfe will be your Keeper, Cook, and Carver.

Fla Indeed you will be forry.

Gua. Sorry ! for what?

Fla. For the mistake you run away withall.

Gua. Didft thou not fay thou wept'ft, because to mor-

row was come fo nigh?

Fla. So nigh and yet not come fir,

Fearing how many dangerous houres are thither.

Gua. Ha II beginne to be now forry indeed.

Fla. Loves Minutes, sir, are dayes, and houres are years,

When each protracted, multiplies our feares.

Gua. Now I am forry with all my heart; and here's a

Thousand checqines to expiate my trespasse.

But do not let thy husband know of them

Till he redeeme a fault to their full value,

Oh mine own Girle, my honey, honey Girle:

Fla. Was not I fir applauding of your wisdome,

And giving you the glory of my comfort

In this approved match?

Gua. Thou didft, thou didft,

With teares of joy I must confesse thou didst.

Fla. Had you but heard me out, I had magnified

My fortune, fprung out of your providence.

Gua. Speake yet, and I will heare attentively.

Fla. First then, how first your admirable wildome

Weighing how I had fetled my affection

Upon Francisco excellent in parts,

Of noble blood, how ever low in fortune,

You gave your free consent (knowing your estate

To be a portion fitter to restore him

Unto the dignity of his Ancestors,

Then to be added to anothers Muck-hi)

That I should be his wife-

14.

Gua. What's this you fay ?

Fla. Nay deare fir flie not off.

Gua. Well, on then, on.

Fla. I say you gave consent, that I should be Wife to that noble Gentleman (pray sit still sir) As you had foreseene my future happines Only in him consisted—fir untill This wealthy heire, young Fabritio, Your Neighbour Trades mans Son, of great estate, Was by his father tender'd unto you For me a husband, then unseene by mee:

But since I must confesse a proper man, Worthy a fitter Wife—

Gua. Sweet Modefty.

Fla. But that your wisdome needs will have it so, By reason that his heapes may purchase honour, Which to there wants can never wash away, But farewell him: I must looke this way now; And crown your wisdome with this closing point, That whereas I betroth'd was to Francisco, And Pantalonies Sonne unto another, (A Lady as tis justified at Rome)
You force me on this man, the sittest husband On whom to make my party good hereafter, Who shall not dare to upbraide my breach of faith.

Gua. And ist not a found policy my Flavia? A Bill But now no more; old Pantaloni comes, rings. I take it. How now! dos he not come?

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Signor Pantaloni, sir, increats you Meet him on the Rialto instantly,
That you may goe to the Advocates together.
Gua. It is my Flavia interchangeably

To seale your Marriage covenants; make thee happy, Looke to my house and havings; keepe all safe, I shall be absent most part of this day. Be carefull Girle, thine own speciall good Requires thereo's: and therefore I date trust thee.

Fla. Happy successe attend you fir, whilft I

Reft here in prayers for you.

Gua. Thanks my child,

Come firrah lock the doore. But first (dee hear)
Beware that none have entrance in my absence

Except Fabritio, Pantalonie's Sonne;

Or fuch as I have warranted looke to it.

Nan. With due respect.

Gua. Come lock the doore I fay. Exit.

Fla. I, I, be fute of that, and I could wish
My thoughts were prisoners too: that they might fly
No further then the casement, or the wicket;
Where they (loose things) get out, and nothing bring
Back to this heart, but cold and sad returnes:
O my Assutta—

Enter Affutta.

Aft. Now or never helpe me !

Fla. As thou didst ever dreame what true love was, Fancy some way to quit me of this bondage; Or else contrive this houre to be my last.

Aft. What ! would you disobey your Father ? what !

So good, so carefull, and so wife a Parent?

Fla. O doe not vex me into longer life. Either speake helpe, or let me die in silence.

Be

Aft. Yes, at fixteene ; you would die at fixteene ?

Fla. Elfe let thy pitty of my youth preserve me.

Ast. O Cupid what a Termagane tyrant art thou Over poore subjects of sixteens! There is not one Among a hundred of those ticklish Trifles. But is more taken with a Toy at sixteens. Then six and twenty: because by that time. The edges of most maydenheads are allayd.

Fla. Nay deare Astanta half thou thought a course?

I 2

Aft.

Aft. What to prevent your Father, my good Master? Thinke you I can turne traytor to his trust, And crosse his purpose for your Marriage?

Fla. If Knife, or Poylon, Fire, or Water may Remove this wretched cause, i'le do it else.

Aft. Yes, you were best leape from the top o'ch'house Into the Cavail grande: and there perhaps

Some courteous Gondaliar may catch you up,
And wast you to some house of deare delight.

Fla. Thou tortur'ft me.

Ast. You see the doore is shut,
And Go-by-ground, your fathers Giant here
More sterne then Cerberus holds fast the Key,
You can make no excursion; nor let in
Any attempt for your redemption:
No Letter or a Message can approach you,
But by this Gyant-dwarfe your Fathers Agent,
Though I my selfe were wicked to assist you.

Fla. O couldst thou be so vertuous! Then I know Some quaint devise would issue from thy braine To conjure and controwle his weaker spirits. Thou knows I have command of Gold and Jewells Enough to buy a Senators large conscience:

Doe thou command it all to win him to us, That petty thing. Dos he appeare bribe-free? Is he the only officer uncorrupted?

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Madona Flavia newes.

Fla. What I befeech you?

Nan. From your elected Bridegroome, brave Fabritio.

Or hope to be; and heare him handsomely.

Fla. How dos hee Nanulo?

Aft. That was well faid.

Nan. VVell and respectfull towards you it seemes,

For

For hee desires you not to stir abroad, As I could wish you would not

Fla. Infolent flave!

use

io.

OF

You know I may not ftir beyond the Key You keepe, and yet you wish me stay within.

Aft. VVill you marre all? the reason?

Nan. The reason is, he meanes to send anon

A Mercadante from the Merceria, The famous Pedler woman of this City

VVirh her most precious wares; for you to choose VVhat you shall like, and take them as his presents.

(A ceremony us'd on wedding Eves)

Such Rings, such Things, such Knacks, such Knots & Bobs; Such Curles, such Purles, such Tricks and Trilly bubkins As Mayds would turne no Mayds almost to see 'hem !

And can you yet be angry at fuch newes

VVith me the gladfome bringer ?

Aft. Very good !

I have heard of this rare Pedler-woman; And that shee is much us'd in close affaires Twixt parties Hee and Shee; and doe not doubt Since you make golden offers (gentle Mistresse) To worke her to your ends, as neare (dee marke?) As womans wit may reach at such a pinch, Pray let her come.

Fla. VVell sir, you know I shall not stir abroad; VVhen shee is come shee's welcome with my thanks.

Returne fo by the messenger.

Nan. Most readily. Exit.

As. Now M stris if I chance to set the sadle
On the right horse; that is, to place your Mayden-head
VVhere you would faine bestow it, I trust you will
Out of your store reward me with a dowry
Fit to convey me to a Tradesmans Bed.

Fla. Yes, and wish there a second Maydenhead,

1 3

On

The Novella.

On the condition.

Aft. Well, be chearfull then,
And cleare those cloudy looks, awake your senses,
Refresh your temples, rowse invention up.
I have found ground to build on; but there lacks
Much rewing, squaring, joynting, to make sure,
Against all stormes, our losty Archi'ture,
Come up to councell?

Fla. Now thou comforts me.

Excunt. Om.

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ACTII. SCENE I.

Enter Pantoloni, Guadagni, Nicolo, with a Zaffies babit under his arme.

Pan. Is this Checquino's house, your Advocate?
Gua. It is, and Prospero your learned Councell
Is with him here, attending too, our comming.

Pan. Tis well, Give me my writings Nicolo,
Please you to enter: I'le dispatch my man, Exit. Gnad.
And follow instantly. Now Nicolo,
About the serious busines Nicolo.
In which this morning I instructed you.

Nic. For your revenge fir-

Pan. Right my Apprehension
On that discourteous cursed Cuntezan,
Twill breed me more delight, then all the dalliances
I could have found in her most free ambraces;
I hug my quick and sweet invention for it;
Here take this gold; this bright refulgent gold,
Twenty Checquines, and promise twenty more
On the performance of the brave exploy't

Twill

Twill take unto my wish, I doe foresee't.

2Vic. Twill be sir, such a notable Revenge
That the report of it in after-ages
Will either mortisse concupiscence
In young lascivious Harlots; or, at least,
Fright out of'em their itch of wronging age:
They shall no more dare to put youthfull tricks
On yeares, and gravity.

Pan. Right my Nicolo.

Nic. Sli'd fir, and if you should not be revengd,
An old man should not step in the Bordello
Without the taunts of Boyes and Gondeliers,
Crying take heed, old man, you be not serv'd
As the Movella sitted Rantaloni.
So, in short time, the City were well serv'd

When age shall be asham'd to crawle to lechery.

Pan. Right, witty Knave. Go heartily about it,

Thinks what a Masten tis thou dost it for, That has no slender tie upon thy duty; One that has bred thee from a youngling up To this maturity.

Nic. I must acknowledge it.

Pan. And Nicolo, it was no petty kindnes To manumize your Father from the Galley Which you cannot forget.

Nic. Yet must I heare it ----

Pan. But i'le urge thee no further. Boy be carefull; Worke but this for me with effect and speed, And bind me as a Father to thy need. Exit.

Nic. You have even spoyl'd all now. I had as good a And thought to ha gone as heartily about (mind This peece of villany as the Devill, that Is in my Master could devise, or wish Till that ore-doing spirit put me out; Could he not see 'cwas well; and mischievous

I 4

Enough

Enough in conscience, but himselse must crosse it?

Dos he thinke by redeeming of my Father

To slave me with his boasts, and soule upbraydings?

Mad he still rowd i'ch' gally, I not knowing,

The toyle, the smart and griefe had been his own:

Now I inherit what was then his paine,

Hearing continually the class of's care,

And his still stripes, out of this Bablers mouth,

Which more then kills my thanks; it wreaks my Spleen.

To brag of benefits one hath bestowne

Doth make the best sceme lesse, and most seem none:

So often times the greatest curtesie

Is by the doer made an injury.

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Nicolo well met. I faw you house my Father,
And waited for you. Come you shall draw neare.
This is a neare friends Lodging Gentlemen, (Piso, Franch My fathers special man I told you of; (cisco, Hora Pray bid him welcome.

Hor. Most intirely.

(Wine, Go.

Pleafe you to fit fir : Here's a fhort potation.

Pi. But good Lyatico I assure you sir
I'le be your taster to quit feare of danger,
And now i'le let you know we have made oath
Upon this nimble master of invention
This sprightly liquor to be firme, and faithfull
To one another in a present project.
Take you the same, and grow in one with us.

Nic. May I not aske what end your project aimes at?
Fra. Nor what, nor unto whose-

Pi. Let it fuffice.

We carry that about us shall end you,
And presently, if you comply not with us.

Stillettett

Nic. Nay, nay, by faire meanes Gentlemen I pray.

I'am apt enough to mischiefe of my selfe.

Looks

Looke yee. I sweare with you.

He drinks.

Hor. Tis well. Now know

Tis for the good of your young Mafter here.

Nic. Then you would use me in some treachery Against my old one.

Pi. Thou art a Soothfayer.

Nic. Look you, 'le fweare againe,'I like your oath,
Your deep Lyatick oath here, wondrous well. He drinks
Fab. Tis well done Nicolo: try the bottome of t — thrice
Nic. I will comply now and complet with you,

And was indifferently prepar'd before. Provided alwayes that it tend not to

Danger of's Life.

en.

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Fab. Couldst thinke me such a Villaine?

Nic. Nay, if it were, twere no disparagement

To stake my head with yours. But Gentlemen,

Please yee fall roundly now upon the busines,

I have now sworne enough.

Pi. Then you must answer
To these intergatories. First do you know
If the old men Guadagni and Pantaloni
Doe hold their purpose for their match to morrow
Betwixt Fabritio here, and Flavia?

Nic. They are marying of 'em now at their Lawyers, By Deed and Covenant, under Hand and Seale. I left them, and their Bookes there now together, And for the Priest to morrow is the day.

Hor, Is not Fabritio mist at home this morning?

Nic. No, not at all, one old man's mind's so carried

Upon the wings of this new marriage fortune

I cry you mercy sir, you are the Gentleman

I thinke, that should have had her.

Fra. In good time fir.

Nic. In good time may you I'le do something for you. Fab. Honest, deserving Nic.

Nic.

Nic. Sir thus it is :

My Master sent in my young Masters name,
(The more to indeare his service and his care
To the young Lady) that the Merchantesse,
The rich Shee pedler of the Merceria
Should visit her to day with all her wares,
For her to take her choyce to deck her Brideship;
If you know how to plough now with that Heyfar
You may herhaps convey a message to her.

Hor. I know her, and will fit you with directions.

Fra. Thou halt given a hint, for which I will renown

thee.

Pi. But Nicolo, where was your reverend Mafter Attended by your felfe before day-light?

Fab. Prithee inquire not further, twas not he.

Nic. The doubtfull light deceaved you fir.

Pi. No more then Noon if with, a man may spice

An old whore-master in the darkest night

Like an old Cat, by the gloring of his eyes.

Will his old Mutton-mongership nere leave?

He is already known sufficiently

Thorough the City for his gift that way;

And yet he will deny his sonne free choyce.

And force him marry one hee not affects.

Her. That is his drift, whereby he may inherit

From him the same licenciousnesse; and make

The World acknowledge him the more his Son.

Pi. But has he made the purchase? has he bought. The famous peece of field, the rare Novella?

Nic. I could unshale a plot.

Hor. Nere doubt but doe'c then,

Pi. My noble Nicolo out with't I fay.

Ni. I would intreat the favour of this Senate I might unfold it only unto one.

Fra. Take your free choyce.

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The Novella

Tic. To you young Master then,
Take heede wee render not ridiculous
Your Father to the wildnesse of their youth:
But to your fesse I will distole a secret
That may be wrought to your advantage.

Fab. On.

Nic. Tis true, my Mafter was with the Novella

Drawne by the loofe defires of wanton flesh;

But such a foule affront he did receave

As justly doth provoke his dire revenge,

Which he hath trusted me to execute.

Fab. How Nicolo? but first what was the affront?

Nic. He bargain'd with her; and for some large price
Shee yeilded to be his. But in the night
In the condition'd bed was laid a Moore;
A hideous and detested Blackamore.

Which he (demanding light to please his eye,
As old men use all motives)

Discoverd and inrag'd, for sooke the house;
Affrighted and asham'd to aske his coyne againe,

Fab. But seekes Revenge! How, how, good Nicolo?

Nic. Thus fir, you know what common diffequate Falls upon Man or Woman that is found Conversing with the common City-hangman, That nearest Kinred after such converse, Shun their society, as they would doe him (The Hangmans selfe) so odious are they held Except it be those officers allowd By the State-publick to negotiate with him.

Fab. I know it Nicolo. But what can follow?

And I have undertaken to effect it.

Fab. It must be then by bribing of the Hangman? And how canst thou do that with thine own safety? Thou mayst be so discovered and so hated.

Nic. For that observe the politique invention Of my old Master! the habit of a Zaffi, One of th'inferiour Ministers of Justice, That walkes betweene the Senate, and their Friend The Executioner of their commands.

Fab. But what disguise shall shrowd the Hangman thither, whose own shape is as horrid as the Plague?

I

Nic. The habit of some stranger in the City,

Which here is gold to purchace.

Fab. Thou hast inform'd,
Nay more thou hast inspir'd mee Nicolo!
I shall find way by this, to breake the contract
My Father would inforce; preserve his credit,
And save the poore Novella from the same
My father threatens by his own disgrace
Be then but true to me.

Nic. Sir, if I faile

Fab. Enough: I'le trust thee. Keepe the gold thy self: Give me this Habit. Get thy selfe another In all points like it, and in that returne Unto my Father, considently tell him The Hangman undertakes it, and at sive, Soone in the Evening, in strangers habit, He will accost her.

Nic. Sir___

Fab. I'le see't perform'd, Trust to my word and care, and thy reward.

Nic. I leave all to you fir. And crave my dismil-

Pi. What ! Has he done?

Fab. Most friendly. Farewell Nicole. Exit. Nic. He has given me plot enough, if I but worke it;

The Novella.

And it produce not Comick sport i'th' end I must subscribe my Wit is not my Friend, I must crave your affistance Gentlemen.

Hor. We have beene plotting too.

Fra. And though our project run not the same way, It may conclude with yours to crown the day.

Pi. So to your severall wayes.

Hor. I am for the Novella.

Excunt Omnes.

ACTII. SCENEII.

Victoria above, looking in a Glasse, Jacomo, Paulo, by-named Burgio.

Vic. SO I am ready: And trust me facconetta

My pretty Moore, (for so I still must call thee

For thy deare Masters sake that gave thee to me)

Thou art grown skilfull in these quaint attires,

So lately unacquainted with my wearing:

Thou hast plaid the good beginner at this dressing,

And by thine industy and further practise,

I doubt not but my Knowledge will grow ripe.

Pan. And by that Knowledge, you your selfe soene rotten.

Aside.

O! could these Creatures grow still towards ripenesse;

Or, being ripe, abide so, and no further, What excellent fruit they were!

Vic. VVhat fay you Bergie?

d

Pan. I say among the twenty thousand Curtezans
In and about this City, none becomes
The dreffing, or the habit like your selfe;
Your most unparallel'd selfe! But, noblest Lady,

Thinke

Thinke tis your person beautifies the Dresse, Not it, your person.

Vic. Why not it my perfon?

Pan. Yes, as the same the fuell;

To worke it into coxies, and so to ashes.

Vic. Still Borgio in your old morality !

Pan. Theie Tires, these Chaines, these Paintings, and

Are but the sprigs and leaves, the butchers use To set out flesh to sale with; or, at best, But the gay Garlands which adorne the Beast Prepar'd for Sacrifice

Vic. Peace Borgio, peace.

Pan. And as those Beasts, so senselesse are you women Of the most certaine danger you put on, With your vaine glorious gayety; chips and strawes, To kindle fire of lust, in whose sew'd flame Sinkes (with Troyes Buildings) Natures choyces Flame.

Vic. I would I understood this misery!

Deale freely with me Borgio, what new art

Hast thou in practife, that thou sett a face

Shiningly varnished with Divinity

On a profession, that makes Nature vile

In her own shame? Lust's instrument!

Nay case of instruments, holding all meanes

For propagation and maintaining of it;

To make thy Gaine out of its dregs and fragments.

Tell me, dost thinks by preaching modesty

To quit thee of the basenesse of thy trade;

A poore necessitous Brave? or hast hope

To live upon my honesty, and yet be still

Thy selfe a Russiano?

Pan. I would give o're, would you; and change my

Vic

Vic. Ha,ha,ha,-

Jac. What meane you Borgio, would you now spoils

Did you instruct her in this way of profit, And no lesse pleasant too, then profitable (As most of my Bookes titles are) whereby Shee was so well resolved to goe on-

Pan. Hold thy peace fools: thee will runne on the

faster.

Den

my

Vic.

Thou knowst not how much farme, preaching has done 'Mongst women. She will prove the only Sweep-stake In all the City.

Fac. O are you there Devill?

Vic. Sir, leave this grumbling, or ille turne you off Amongh your Brothers, and your Sons Ruffianes, To lurch i'th' night betwixt eleaven and two To rob and drown for prey; till being taken Imediate Hanging follows.

Pan. I'm now your Creature;
My noble resolute Mistris; now I adore you:
Now you shine bright; your bravery now becomes you,
Yet (let me tell you under faire correction)
I have some cause to hinder your desires,
And they is that steke you more, yet, for a time.

Vic. Your reason fir ?

Pan. You know I was preferred to you for a Bravo Of long and deare experience: I have ferv'd Six, the most famous Dames, this City bred These sixty yeares; none scorning my advise, By which, and their endeavours they grew up To purse the price of Providences; which bestowd The most in publique, some in pious uses Purchac'd them fame, almost Canonization. The last and least of them, Margarita Emiliana Founded the Augustinian Monastry

I showd you late; where shee has daily prayers. These women, whom successively I serv'd, Fell not by rash adventure unto all Great Fortunes offers ; but by found advise (Which kept their Bodies found and 'rich'd their coffers) Were long e're they embrac'd; by which their price And beauty grew of greater estimation, My profit in this too is unneglefted: For long suspense, and tedious Expectation Bring me more certaine fees; where, if you fell Imediatly to work, my work were done, And your own too, perhaps too foon : witnes the falls That Pox and Poverty have brought on many ! When their youths flame was spent and they rejected, When others of their Sifter bood were embrac'd Into a wholfome Nunnery.

Vic. This fellow speakes my thoughts. Bergio, I thought You had respect to your particular profit In all this winding warinesse for my good.

Pan. You may conceive, 'twould grieve me, that (when

You have continual new, and bounteous suitors, That yeild me fees for the bare sight of you) You should in yeilding to their common use Send one man cloyd away, t'affright another From his approach.

Vic. Borgio, no more of this, A deare friend put you to me, for whose sake I hitherto have follow'd your advise, In hoysting up the price of my virginity.

Jac. To such a rate no common purse dares venture, Nor common folkes presume t'approach the house.

Vic. And such as did attempt, by offring lesse, I have sent back with shame; as the old youth Last night, for which I thanke thee facconetta,

The Novellas

Jac. I thinke I coold his grave concupifcents;
Vic. And therefore, doubt not, carefull Borgis,
Unlesse I meet a husband by the way
I will not stoope this moneth at a lesse rate,
Then the proposed sum and your consent.

Pan. I thanke you more then if you had posses'd

Me of the value of that fum propos'd.

Jac. He meanes her Maydenhead! If aith good fir, The mark's grown out of your old chaps, or elfe Hang me if I believ'd you, by that little I know of man.

Vic. So now about our businesse.
Some of my visitants I know are neare,
Wayt circumspectly Borgio.

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Pan. You need not doubt me. Exit.

Vie. There is some hidden vertue in this fellow, Or dangerous ill: but whether let it be; As was my Birth my purpose shall be free. Make sit my Chamber Jacones. But first Give me my Lute; and set me for the signe Of what I meane to be, the fam'd Novella:

Whilst she playes and sings above, Paulo waits below: Many Gallants passe over the stage gazing at here Piso is received in by Paulo, after him a French Cavalier, then a brave Spaniard, and after him a glorious German. Paulo takes sees of all as they enter the house.

The Song ended, Panlo appeares above with Villoria.

Vill. Now Borgio, how speakes your muster roll? What? are you full?

Pan. I have an army royall
Of Princely spirits, ready for incounter.
Vic. But one at once good Borgio.

PAH,

Pan. I have encamp'd them each in severall quarter. Here lies the no lesse politick then stout Italian force, and there your sprightly French; Here the brave Spaniard, there the German bold; Here the Polonian, and Sclavonian there; Persian and Grecian—

Vic. Pray thee hold. No more.

Pan. Tis not your house can hold, (would I admit'em)
One of each severall nation would throng in
To make his battery on your virgin Fort.
The rich Piazza, on her greatest Mart
Boalts not more Nations; nor St. Marke himselse
The understanding of more Languages
Then I (could I find house-roome) could receave,
To be made one by your interpretation
O what a Daring glasse is sparkling beauty;
Fetching ambition from above the pitch
Of towring Eagles, or Sky-touching Larks
Down with a glance into the Nets of Love!

Vic. Praythee speake nearer home, who hast thou

hous'd?

Pau. I have cull'd from the pack a special prince; Foure glittering Gallants; one of Italy, For our deare Countries sake; But then a Monsieur, A joviall French man, all of flame and spirit.

Vic. I shall not dare to meddle with his glory

For feare I fall with Semele, who next ?

Pau. A Spaniard next, that, to adorne his pride, Weares an Epitome of both the Indies.

Vic. I faw his punduality paffe by.

Pan. And did you note his stiffe reservednesse? He dares not cough for breaking of his chaine, But then there is a Dutchman, (Cargo lustick!) A jolly strong chind German, princely borne; A Landsgrave at the least; whose very bluntnesse

Promises

Promises more then the sharp-set Italian, The fiery Frenchman, or the doughty Diego-In all their eager pursuit.

Vic. That man Burgio!

You have bestowd them all in feverall Roomes?

Pan. O like fierce Beasts, from fent of one another.

Vic. Then first, in faire requitall of the Musick,
I doe imagine some of them bestowd
On me, this morning e're my Love appeares
To feed their eyes, let Musick seast their eares. Exeunt Om.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Pifo, Victoria.

Pi. Why not me, Lady? stand not I as faire, And fit for your embrace as any man?

Vic. Yes sir, tis granted; and as acceptable

I yeild to none.

Pi. Tis but to try my Courtship, I presume,
That you put on this coynesse, and to draw
More ample testimony of affection,
By Protestation, Prayers, Compliments;
The weakest ceremonies due to love;
Meere noyse and Lip-labour, with losse of time.
I thinke with scorne upon such poore expressions,
And am above the art of Amorists,
That cringe and creepe by weake degrees of Love;
To Kisse the hand, the Cheek, the Lip, then cry
O D.vine touch I then smirk, and then embrace,
Then nuzzle in the Elizium of your bosome,
And be entranced I meanes sit for duller spirits,

To

The Novella.

To gather heat and strength of appetite.

My desire speakes in Loves true dialect;

And, from my heart instam'd, you may perceive

Loves fire rage in mine eyes, enough

To melt to yaildingnes a frozen breast.

In this Italke too much. I finde you yeilding.

Vic. And I my felfe too blame-

Pi. Let us retire then.

Vic. Mistake me not good Signior, Keep your distance:
I blame my selfe to let you overweene
By my long silence, that immodesty
To be in me, that might embolden you
To your and my dishonor. Pray desist,
And let the friendly welcome you have found
Perswade your faire construction.

Pi. Is this earnest?
Vic. Yes in footh is it.
Pi. I'le be playner then,

What make you here i'th' Smock: Fairs, precious Mistris? Or why these dressings, these persumes and paintings? Doe you weare the habit of our Curtezans, And, by their art, call Gazers to your beauty, Full of high hopes and slames of ardent Love, Thus to delude, and make them witnesses Of a cold seeming Chastity? what new Art Is this? it cannot be to get a husband!

Vic. Nor a child neither sir, that's lesse.

Pi. That's soone believ'd, yet, no disparagement To your expert sufficiency in the trade:
For the best Carpenters make fewest chips,
There's very few of all your function fruitfull:
Yet some there be approved men at armes
Famous in publique service; and a many
Good handy craftsmen in the Arsenall
Bred by this bounteous City from such mothers

That

That nere could boast their fathers; and as many Daughters (if they prove worthy in their feature) Succeed their active Mothers in their fortunes.

Vic. You are better read then I fir.

Pi. Tis common knowledge Lady. Nor do I Read this t'informe your selfe, who were instructed (I make no doubt) before your price was set, By all examples to your present practise.

Vic. Sir, I must tell you now, you grow too lavish; So, as I feare foule language; to avoyd which

Let me intreat a faire departure hence.

Pi. Lady, this overacted State might fit
The wife of a Clarissimo, or the bashfull
Daughter of some Patrician: but in you,
A piece set out to sale, it but appeares
Affected singularity, more unsutable
To the temptations you weare about you
Then th'holy seeming pictures in your Chamber.

Vic. Why should it trouble you fir?

Pi. It dos, to thinke what new and secret aime You may intend by this; in taking on you The habit, and the name of Curtezan; And, first, to set a price so far beyond The strength of any ordinary meanes; And then to shew a carriage that may strike Lust out of countenance! O the Knot's dissolv'd! O Oedipus! O Sphynx! I now have found it You fish for Fishermen (tis pregnant truth) Shee claps a Cardinall aboord at least: Tis not a Lay-mans purse, or Learning can, Or purchace, or confute you, ist not so?

Vic. Now you are foule indeed, and I must plead My priviledge against you sir, you know I have a freedome grounded upon custome Here in this City, for a moneth to make

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Choyce

Choyce of my Lodging, set what price I please
Upon my selfe; admit what vistants
I shall thinke sit; no other, nor no more;
And this without controule, or least exception
Of you or any man; secur'd by th' iCity,
So safe from out-rages, that least abuse
May, on my just complaint, be punishable
In whomsoever by affront dares grive me.

Pi. I feare thee'l prove another creature then The Beaft I tooke her for: thee knows her ftrength.

Vic. Yet thus much (for you are a Gentleman)
I'le yeild for satisfaction unexacted;
If in this Moneths space, in that honor'd way
I For I despaire not of a husband sir)
Of holy Marriage, I be not promov'd;
Nor, by that time prefix'd, the great Son tenderd
(Great as you terme't) for my virginity;
And that I stoope for lesse, here is my hand,
I will be yours as freely as mine owne
At your own price.

Pi, Said like a noble Wench,
Onely a word by way of friendly advile,
And so farewell. This Maydenhead of yours,
By you so highly pris'd; now being ripe
(And therein only merchantable ware)
Will, if you overst p the season, grow
Sodainly sulsome, streight way stale, then Rotten:
Think upon choycest Fruit, or Foule, or Fish,
Rich Wines, or any Rarity; how soons
Their vertue's soft.

Vic I am enough instructed.

Pi O ce more farewell--pray ponder on these things. Vic. Feare not I shall.

Pi. Could you confider how twould grieve a soule Indued with Reason, Knowing, the true use

The Novella.

Of Nature's delicates, to see 'hem lost, Or spoil'd for want of seasonable taking, I know you would, and thanke me for my counsell.

Vic. Indeed and fo I doe.

Pi. Indeed farwell then. Exit.

Vic. Hee's gone, at last the tedious storme is over.

I shall want day, as well as patience.
T'indure and answer all the rest so largely,
See my sprightly Frenchman! I must looke
For a hot Onset now, though a short Skirmish.

Enter Heratio, like a French cavalier, Paulo presents bim.

Hor. Let me in my approach admire that Object That vindicates the voyce of Fame, in proving Shee was no Lyer in the lowd reports, That blaz'd it for the Beauty of the World!

Vic. Good fir beware idolatry.

Hor. The Egiptians,

Would they forbeare their wonted heathenish worship,

Vic. Indeed i'le heare no more.

Hor. Lady you must,

You are so farre above the pitch of flattery
That highest courtship in our best of Language
Wants due expression of your supreame graces:
And not to tender you the heighth of prayse
Were mere Rusticity, rather prophanation.

Vic. Yet. Let me stay you there, and let me tell you You have worded well your high conceipt of me, But in a way so low, so undeserving

A courtiers art, that I have found you none.

Hor. No Courtier Lady?
Vic. No, no Courtier fir,
How can it fall in courtly understanding
That beauty can be conquered by it's praise?
It breeds but lesse respect, and of times scorne

From

From those that are ambitious of praise On such praise-givers. And if you came onely Thus to pronounce my praise, you have said enough.

Hor. Nay dearest Lady, saving your displeasure—
I must come closer to her, shee's forget

Aside.

Shee is a whore elfe.

Vic. Sir, your further pleafure

Her. To tell you, Lady, now I like your wit Equally with your beauty; briefly of which A word or two, and so unto our businesse.

You tax me with the losse of time already I you doe consider fitly, that to praise What we would purchace makes the value higher: It is the chapmans rule to discommend.

Vic. Right sir, were you to buy a Horse or Jewell, You would not praise it past the price propounded.

Hor. Yes, where I finde the worth exceed the price. Vic. (I am betray'd. Hee brings the Money

fure) Afide.

Hor. And, that you know I doe effective your worth Above all Salary, I yeild my felfe, Fraught with unvaluable Love and Honor To be the due reward of your embraces.

Vic. What's this fir, to a thousand double Duccatts?

Hor. You cannot thinke so poorely, or if so,

Perceive them in a taste of my endowments.

First see my late composure; where the slame

Of the soule-ravishing art of Poefy

May light your judgement bove the love of money.

Vic. You'l fay my soule is noble, then if I (As I protest I doe) complaine the wants Of even the best professors of that art.

The words are set.

Hor. To notes my voyce can master?
Vic. Please you to read 'hem sir, and in requitall

The Nevella. Of fach a debt, my mayd shall fing 'hem for you.

Enter Jacconetta.

Jacconetta, observe this Dity.

Hee Reades the Song.

Let not the corrupted steame
Of investive breach blashheme,
Ladies for those artfull graces
Which they lay upon their Faces:
Ceruse and Vermillion there
As aptly may be layd,
As (to cover Nature bare)
All other parts be clad.

Be wee sick in any part,
Pain'd, or Lame, we seeke to Art,
(Nature's Rector) to restore
Us, the strength we had before.
Who can say a Ladies Face
Lesse meriteth the cost,
Or the priviledge, or grace
Her other parts may boast?

Ladyes no, fince Time may steale
Natures bounty, learne to beale;
And with nimble hand repaire
Teeth and Lips, (beeks, Eyes and Haire;
Filling wrinkles, purling veynes:
That unperceav'd may be
Upon your lookes, the stroakes and paines
Of Age and Casualty.

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Vic. Now try your voyce, Maide.

Hor. However 'twas well Sung, you feeme to flight
In fuch requitall, my effeeme of you:
But yet there refts in me a quality,
I may suppose not so to be requited.
Please you command your Musick, I will Dance,
To what you first shall name of latest practise.
Vic. Your skill hath made you consident; and I
Do so much honour these endowments in you,

That I my selfe will answer you in this.

Name you the Dance fir.

Her. To come the closer to you, the Novella. Vic. I am but weakly practis'd, yet in that.

Hor. Some other then.

Vic. No let it be the same.

Goe play it facconetta, the Novella. Exit fac.

Her. I doe begin to doubt my qualities
Will not passe here in payment at the rate
My schooling cost me, when shee repayes all
I can bestow, in the same coyne againe:
But since I'm in, i'le on, and make the best
Both Face and Legs I can in'c.

Dance.

Hor. How like you it Lady ?

Vic. For so much fir as you have excelled me I crave your kind acceptance of my thanks.

Hor. I still had rather you were pleas'd to accept Me and my whole deservings. I come to you. If you esteeme of Courtship, Language, Quality, Sorting a Gentleman of best degree, The Mixture of whose knowledge with his practise Cost thrice your golden Son; let me and those Be made the meed of your most sweet enjoying.

Vic. I will not make you such a loser sir,

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But rather wish you had your money againe Those excellencies cost.

Hor. You doe not flout me Lady?

Vic. No, i'le speake plainly fir, these qualities Might on some thriving Stage, and lucky legs Bring you your money againe, winning, perhaps, The love of some old Lady, by stirring up The embers of affection, rather luft,

Hor. Did ever woman talke fo?

Vic. But certes here

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They will not passe for ready money fir.

Hor. I dreampt as much. Shee has a devillish wit. Vic. My curtesie sir forbids me bid you hence: But having private businesse of my own I must crave leave to leave you to the thought Of what two thousand Duccats are. Exit.

Hor. Be hand'd.

Enter Paulo.

Pan. Is it perform'd fir? have you done the feat? Hor. Pox o'your Fates.

Pan. Just as the Musick playd I warrant you Sir, 'twas a moving Lesson; playd to th'life.

We struck it home, that you might do so too.

Hor. The Rogue, too, jeeres me I fir I should doe well To strike, or beat your undeserv'd Fee

Out of your bawdy Pocket.

Pau. As if you had not done the doe you came for ! What pretty wayes can Gentlemen find out To fave their moneys ! 'Tis worth praise in some, ! That have but little, or come hardly by't, By travaile, study, or laborious toyle, Deare shifts sometimes, and dangerous wayes with hazard-

Hor. Very good !

ut

Pau. But for you Gallants, that have, as it were

Wealth

Pan. Alas fir, what is a poore Duccatoun
After a thousand Duccats?

Hor. Ha' you done?

Pau. Would you had not; 'lesse my reward were better, See, see, the bed made smoth agains and all!

(O precious craft!) as here had nothing been!

Well would yee were all as wife in greater matters.

Hor. Tis the Rogues humor: I will give him something For abusing me. There's your Duccatoun To worke more affability in your Mistris Against my next approach.

Pau. It seemes then yet

You are not cloyd with her delicionsnesse.

Hor. Nor had one tast (I sweare by life and honour)

Of all my hopes, more then her Hand and Lips.

Pau. Have you not in that a double meaning fir?

Hor. I vow, for ought I know shee is a virgin.

Pau. Y'have satisfied me, and perhaps my art

May in your absence worke a little for you.

Hor. Thinke of me then.

Pau. My profit pricks me to it.

Hor. Respect it then, Adieu.

Exit.

Pau. Serviteur Monsieur.

The feare of thee is past. I was almost In a cold sweat: but all the danger now, Lyes on the tother side o'th' house; my Don My hot Goat-liver'd Diego, should be now

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Discharge his Pistols on her, they would prove More forcible then Cannon-shot on me.

Enter Pedro Victoria.

Faith quit me of suspect. How big hee lookes ! As if he fcorn'd repulse. If he grow violent I'le bring the Duchman in to coole his pride. And fet them by the eares for our Low Countries, Exit.

Ped. I have not in all Spaine (where Majesty Enthroned fits upon the brow of beauty, And crowne the Ladies with prerogative Bove all the women of the Earth) incountred With such a scorne, as here. Discourteous woman. Worthlesse and ignorant of the weighty trust Was tenderd to thee in my blood and honour.

Vic. Your blood and honour, will not feed or cloath

mee.

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ur)

if.

Ped. I will not change a word more with a mouth So full of rudenes, and mechanick basenesse.

Vic. Not upon my submission sir?

Ped. It must be great and sodaine if it move me.

Vic. Hee lookes that I should kneele and beg a Kisse.

Ped. Why feeke you not to expiate your trespasse By tender of your felfe to my embraces?

Vic. I cannot doe't : My virgin Modesty

Denyes that freedome.

Ped. I'le no more delay,

I fee tis only force must conquer you.

Vic. You will not ravish me ! within there ! help ! Enter Paulo, Jacconetta.

Pan. What I is the great some tender'd? Doe you want hands to tell your money Miltris?

Vi. No to take off the hands of Rape and Outrage

This proud imperious Spaniard grip'd me with. Pan. Signior you must not gripe nor grope here

Under the fum prefix'd ; two thousand Duccats.

We

We have arithmetique to receave them by
In your own Pistolets, or peeces of Eight
In Rialls, if you please; but not one single one
To be abated, my most thrifty Don;
Whom I cannot abuse enough me thinks,
I have seene one in your shape so well presented.

Ped. Villaine,i'le have thee whipp'd for this affront,

Thy fault is punishable by the Law.

Pau. Not in defence of honour dears Don Tarquin.
Preventing Rape and Murder.

Ped. Villaine die.

Pan. Not at this distance sir, B. sides here's ayd. He drawes

Enter Swatzenburgh.

Swa. Hence you Muskitta. Give a look more this way I'le force thee take thy wings out at the window.

Ped. Borne down by Braves! let the place protect ye, By my few minutes patience. My revenge Shall shortly speake in thunder.

Swa. Hold your peace:

And vent not here your lowd Rodementadoes Left I spit lightning.

Ped. Well fir I am filent.

Pau. Be so my politique Don. This Hans has snapt her; The Dutch man carries her from your great claime: And this may be an ominous portent Against your title to the Netherlands, It may hold in the great worke sir, as well As in this small assay.

Ped. Abus'd and Jeer'd!

Pau. Nor they heare me not my noble Signier, I'le tell you for your fatisfaction
This Alinanie is a younker that would marry her, And shee nor I durst beare it otherwise,
(Knowing by chance he slipp'd into the house,

And

And overheard us) when you come againe I will informe you further, you shall finde My information worthy of a fee.

Ped. Take from my hand a peece of foure Gazetts.

Pan. That's three pence sterling, you are bounteous sir,

So, now, looke bigge and vanish. Exit Pedre.

Vic. I have not fir, in my short story strayd In the least sillable from truth, and were The eyes of all the world fix'd upon My seeming Levity, my mind should be Still constant as the center to that end Reserv'd in my free thoughts.

Swa. Why was the fum, then, of two thousand duccats

Proclaim'd the price of your virginity ?

Vic. To keep the flesh flies off, you know my aime fir.

Swa. I find the noble Lady; nor can I Further attempt a breach upon your honor.

Vic. Upon those termes I pray fir be my Gueft,

I have by this time a fight Dinner staying.

Swa. You favours make me bold.

ye,

nd

Vic. See all in readineffe facconet. Exit fac.

Swa. I'le drinke a frolick Lady;

Mirth and good wine take me: My loofe defire
Is to chast love refin'd by Vesta's fireExic.

Paw. Am I a prophet? fure the Dutchman's tane
In a chalt in are indeed. I did but forge it
For an excuse to calme and rid the Spaniard,
And he seemes to prevent my siction: yet
Presumption shall not sway me. Womens wiles
Are oft times past prevention, and men catch
Sence of the wrongs, which to prevent they watch.

Extent Omnes.

ACT.

ACTIV. SCENE I.

Flavia, Affutta with a Letter.

As. If this move him not, nay prevaile not with him
To the accomplishment of your defire,
Would I were a man, both for your sake and his.

Fla. What wouldft thou do ?

Of your Greene-sicknesse by killing him; then Cure you my selfe.

Fla. What wonders thou wouldst doe!

Ast. I, if I were a Man and able to doe what I

Now defire (for I would have mine own defire still)

I would doe wonders indeed. Believe it Mistris,

An able man that has but a weake womans defire

Has an unknown thing; and may doe any unknowned thing, for ought I know—

Fla. I pray thee leave thy idle pratic, and let

Me heare thy moving Letter.

Aft. Heare it then,

As your own Act and Deed, and quickly figne it.

MI deare Francisco, If you intend not my death, helps me to breake Prison this Night: Else the my Execution be appointed to morrow morning by a forc'd Marriage, I will prevent it by a speedier way, and by my own hand die,

Yours and Love's Martyr.

Here, write your Name.

Aft.

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Fla. But thou haft fet him down no meaner.

Ast. That's in the Pollscript, marke,

The last minute that I will expect you shall be three in the morning, when from the back Window I will either fall into your Armes, or on my Death.

Fla. I thank thee good Assutta. O that the messenger

Would be as true to mee !

Aft. If we cannot win her to't, tis but a Letter loft, How doe they that have whole pockets full of 'hem In readinesse, to borrow money?

Fla. I pray thee peace.

Aft. Why I doe not thinke there's any of 'hem within hearing. and the All has an and hearing.

Fla. Thou dallieft with my feares.

Aft. Fear it not Mikris, the is as fure at fuch a lift.

Enter Nanulo, Francisco, like a Podler Woman with her Box.

Nan. Look you Lady, I told you true, here is the Party, that has the Knacks and things; come Open, open, and shew all.

Fra. Not before you good fir.

Nan. Are you fo coy of your toyes?

Fra. Your diligence were better somewhere else:
This prying into womens businesses:
Is ill fir for your eye-sight, and perhaps
May spoile your growth. Good Sir, I crave your absence.

Man. I must give way. Shee has a devilish tongue. Exit

Aft. Mistris, shee's for our turne I warrant you

I finde it by her aptnes to abuse him.

MuoV

Fra. Come Miftris Bride, Nay blush not, pretty one, To take the name one day before your time.

Fin. I hate the Name, on those accursed termes,

That

That have prefix'd the time. Good Aftutta, Breake with her by your felfes; I cannot speake: My teares forbid me.

Aft. I hope you will not offer it.

Fra. Come Miftris, see. What weep you, pretty one? What ! and the great good turne so near you? ha! What will she doe to morrow night?

Aft. Even cry out right perhaps.

Fra. Perhaps fo too; and laugh as fast e're morning.
Come Lady, come, hear me, and see my ware:
Tis from Fabritio, he, that noble Gentleman,
Dos not your heart leap now? Now but suppose
French chaines here of five hundred crowns a peece;
A rich Pearle Neck-lace, Saphire and Ruby Bracelets,
Variety of Jewells, and a Diamond work

Fra. I hate their price and them, the Sender more.

Aft. Pray peace.

Fla. I cannot : let mee goe. Fra. Pray stay sweet Lady.

I doe not fay Frabritio fent fuch things.

I said I came from him, that noble Gentleman.

Fla. He is not noble.

Fra. Judge him by his prefents,

And fee the things he fends.

Fla. I would not heare

A mention of him; much lesse would I see The least relation from his hated hands.

off. Pray Miltris see hem! Open your Box!

Fla. Had the there Lucrece Knife, or Portian coales,

Or Cleopatra's aftes I could embrace 'em.

Fra. Look you how near I fit you. See what's here (A What a choyce chaine is this ! and here's a Knife, (balan As sharpe as that of Lucrece. And, for coales, the call (a Knife.) Here is a poisonous juice, whose every drop [a Knife.]

Would

Would eat through Iron. Thele Fabricio fends you.

Fla. I doe accept them. Fra. Stry; conditionally

If you refule another present here.

Fla. I must reject any from him but thele.

Ast. What a scorne's this IThis Bawd nere scapes alive Out of these doors. Pray whats' your other pelent?

Fra. Here Lady, look on's pray; examine's well. (A And take or this or those. (Picture,

Flat Ha Llooke here Affatta;

The lively image of my love Francisco!

Aft. It is exceeding like him I what's the plot troe

Fla. A thousand kiffer that thy welcome be, Happy resemblance of my hapleste love;

As many thanks to you, good, vertuous Woman,

O let me fall and bleffe the ground that beares thee, And aske forgivenesse for my late rude trespasse.

Fra. Recall your felfe, fweet Lady, tender heart !

Fla. And could Fabricio (I can name him now)
Shew me such Kindnesse, and himselfe so noble,

To fend mee this?

Fra. On this condition (as I was to fay)
That you embrace it in the memory

Of him your Love, namely his friend Francisco,

And that you ever love, and onely him.

Fta. Ever and onely (though I thanke him for's)

He need not have urg'd that.

Aft. Nor threatned thele;

Your Rope, here, and the rest had the resus d, And to expresse their needlesses the better I pray returns them to him with great thanks.

Fra. Twas his great care to worke mee to this

Meffage,

Fla. Let then the charge be mine Here's forty discrats.

And could you but convey a Letter for me

F 3

To my Francisco, take a hundred more.

Fra. Knew you but my defire to further Lovers

Fla. Scale it Affutta.

Fra. Then you know me not I must be privy unto all I carry.

Where I meet doubts. I never undertooke.

Fla. Nay I dare truft you (Read it if you pleafe)

Fra. Indeed you may. To wrong an innocence (Reads So fweet as yours were fin inexpiable.

Fla. But will yougi't him Faith ? I never fwore

Nor urg'd a body to an oath before,

Fra. Tis given already Flavia. Hence disguise, More yet?nay all shall off. Doe you know me yet?

Fla. O my Francisco!

Shee Swounds.

Fra. Curs'd be this idle habit
In which my impious curiofity,
To make a tryall of her constancy
Hath wounded her so deepe with jealousy
Of a mistrust in me, that now shee faints
Under the passion; and herhaps may die so,
Flavia 1 my Love 1 0—

Aft. Slight what meane you fir ?

Fra. By all the bliffe that a true Lover withes -

Aft. Will you hold your peace?

Fra. By all the oathes and practiles of Lovers-

Aft. Will you undoe all now?

Fra. I was not jealous of thy constancy,

Flavia 1 my Love, my Life! my Flavia.

Aft. Will you lose all you came for with your clamor?

Fra. Help me; for Love's fake helpe to make her fpeak,

Or but looke up-

Aft. Would you could old your peace; Whilft I looke down to scape discovery,

Sheed

T

Shee'l come to her felfe againe, and you too; feare not Tis but a qualme of kindnes, this.

Fla. Francisco

Aft. Shee comes already.

Fra. Speake my Flavia.

Aft. Pray doe you peace. Handle her handlom!y, And then all shall be well I wasrant you, You doe not know the danger, noyse and nakednesse May pull upon you, should the Rogue Dwarse overheare you, we were all blowne up, Which to prevent, all husht while I goe down. Exit.

Fra. Be cheard my Love, I came to rescue thee; And hit'd this habit and the Pedlers craft; Prayd for her absence, and her silence too, And caus'd a Gondale wait at the back dore In case I might surprise thee. Pray take comfort:

Fla. You need not bid in or wish it in these armes, Who ever praye's for those in Paradise? Bell rings. Ay me I How soon my feares controute my blisse? I have blasphem'd in my security, And terror threats my downfall into torment.

Enter Affutta.

Aft. Out, out alas my Master in all hast-

Fra. What shall we doe ?

Aft. It is too late to aske,

Or now to d'on your Pedlers weeds againe:
Gather 'em up and fly into your closet,
Dresse him up there. Stay not to look about ye. Exit Fra.
I'le doe my best to keepe him back a little. (Fla.

Enter Guadagni, and Nanulo.

Gua None elle to speake with mee?

Nam. None but the merchantesse to fit my Mistris,
Signior Fabrisio sent.

Gna. I thanke his care.

I fee that all goes well. No croffe but one,

That

That I forgot a writing, which in half I am conftrain'd to fetch. Now where's my Girle? At. Above fir, bufy with the daintiest things, That er'e allur'd a virgin into wedlock, Out with your purle fir, for you cannot fee 'hem, But they will ravish you to large expence : Besides sir, 'twill be fit you give her something, Coming fo jumps as twere into the Market. Gua. I will not fee em. Put the woman by

Into the Gallery, or somewhere remote,

Quick, quick, difpatch,

Aft. You shall not need to urge it. Exit. Gua. No,no : my cost is amply shown already : And will be more, before the Wedding's over. Without a needleffe wast in Gawds and Trifles. (One ring) Exit Nan. See who's at doore. A fathers care confifts not in expence That is not qualified with providence.

Enter Nanulo. Nan. Signior Pantaloni, fir fende after you He and your advocates expect you in haft To bring away the Writing.

Gua. Say I am comming. Exit.

Ast. What have you done with him?

Enter Flavia and Astutta above.

Fla. Our haft and feares could not find time to drefs him But I have lock'd him up into that preffe.

Aft. Your Father's coming up to feek a writing, Pray Love it be not there.

Fla. I am undone then.

AA. Well hold your peace, looks bold and chearfully. And be you filent, youth : nor cough, nor ftink; Nor let your feare run forth in streames of uring To make him thinke his Aqua vite foilt.

Gaa. Where are you Flavia?

Within.

Fla. O me he comes !

Ast. Why fpeake you not?

Gua. Flavia.

Aft. You were beft betray all with your fillineffe.

Gna. Why Flavia I fay?
All. Here father, here fir,

You will not I shall answer for you when hee's here? Come, look as nothing were, all will be nought else. Beare up hee comes.

Enter Guadagni above.

Gun. Tis here that I would have the Flavia. Give me the Key of this presse here.

Fla. O Father, Father Shee falls.

Gua. What's the matter ? ha !

You beat her once for losing of a Key:
For which shee trembles stat, being ask'd in hast.
Are you a child still in your feares, and must
Be wed to morrow? Fy, fy upon you,
Shee thinks shee has lost it, but I saw her look it
Togither with a writing which you dropt
Out of this presse this morning, safe enough
Here in her Cabinet.

Gua. Tis like I let it fall.

Aft. Where is your Key of this? Give mee't, give mee't. How halt and feare perplexes her 11 could Have pickt it open.

Gua. Doe, or bresk it open. (Shee lets the

Ast. Ay me the fruits of rashnes? See, tis fallen (Cabines With all her Jewells and your writing too (fall out of Into the street. O'my unlucky hand! (the Window.

Gua. Peace giddy headed harlot, watch that none Take it away, while I runne to recovert, Nanulo, Nanulo. Exit.

Aft. Will you be nimble yet to finde a way

L 4

By

By the back-dore into the Gondalo.
While I lock him and's man into the fireet?
I know their half will leave the Keyes i'th'dore.
Quickly unpresse him; and take as much gold
As you can carry, i'le along w'ye too.
Stay not to think, or thank me for my wit.

Fla. What shall we say ?

Ast. Do as you are bidden, and say nothing.

Fra. Lovers shall saint thee; and this day shall be
For ever callenderd to Love and thee. Exit.

Enter a Zaffie, taking up the Cabinet, to him Nicolo in a Zaffies habit.

Gua. Nanulo! The Key to let me forth. Within, Zaff. St. Marke and fortune make it a good prize.

Nie. Hands off Sir, that's not yours.

Zaff. Nor yours I am fure.

Nic Halfe part then brother Zaffi.

Gua. The Key I faw.

Zaff Sir you are none oth' Zaff.

Gna. Willaine, flave ! come open the dore.

Zaff. How came you by this habit?

When I have a minde to be as very a Knave
In office as your felfe, But shall we st p
Aside, and share, before the dog that owes it
Take the bone from us both?

Enter Guadagni, Nanulo.

Gua. I feare you can be quicker in my ablence.

Nan. The fault was in your half fir.

Gua. Took you not up a Cabinet, friends?

Nic Zaff. Nat we fire we faut none.

Nic. Zaff. Not we fir, we faw none, Gua. O you watch well above there.

Nan. This fellow has it under his coat fir.

Nic. May we be bold to seke what marks it has,

Or

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T

Or what's within it?

Gua. I'le have you car-mark'd Villaines for your theft.

Know you not me?

Zaff. I cry your worship mercy, and am glid I was your instrument to preserve this treasure From this falle counterfet.

Nic. Fortune has fent my mafter to relieve me.

Enter Pantaloni Checquino, Proften.

Pan. Signior Guadagni, our Councell have thought fit, For better confirmation of our act. That it be past here in your Daughters presence Together with my Son, whom I have fent for.

Why doe you feeme thus mov'd?

Gua. An accident hath croft me. Look you fir. You have authority ; Here's a Counterfet (Deferves examination) would have rob'd me.

Nic. I sav'd you fir from being rob'd. Heare me aside

Sir - Nicole whifters Pant.

Gua. Carry this in; and fend away the woman (He gives Nic. Now do you know me, I have done the feat. (the Pan. Haft treated with the Hangman Nicolo? (Cabinet Nic. The Carnifex is fitted for your service, (to Nan. In a most gorgeous hab t of a Dutchman, And about five i'th' evening will be with her. (at dore.

Nan. Atutta | Madona Flavia! Aftutta!

Gna. What's the matter there?

Pan. The best jest, ha,ha,ha. Nan. You'l open the dore?

Gua What's that ?

Pan. It will be mirth to morrow at our feast To laugh our bellies full.

Nan. I sm fure you beare me Foole me, but not my mafter : he is here.

Gna. Why stay you there firrah?

Pan. I let bim goe : a merry harmeleffe fellow

I'le aniver for him. Hence, away, and shift you, And quely fend my Son. Exit Nic.

Nan. The dore is fast fir, and they will not hear

mee.

Gua. I ferre I am undone. Flavia, Affatta, hoe !
Tis fo, tis fo, ome Robbers are flipt in,
And now make havock of my goods and Daughter.

Pan.It is to dallying:Run and fetch a Smith Ex. Nan.

In

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To force the Lock.

Gua. Afinta, Flavia! O this curfed chance I feare will ruine me and all my hopes.

Enter Pedler Woman,

How came you hither?

Ped. Sir by good appointment
To bring Bride-laces, Gloves, and curious Dreffings
To deck your Daughter on her Brideale-day,
To morrow as I weene, holds it I pray?

Gua. Were you not here before, and in the house?

Ped. If you could put it off fir one day longer

I could so fit her with new fashiond tires

That thee thould thanke me.

Gua: I fear a new, and further secret mischief. (Nanulo Nan. Hence let me fall to earth; I may not see (about. My Masters sury rise out of his ruine.

Gua. How gotft thou thither?

Nan. By the back-dore which I found widely open.

O fir your Daughter-

Gun. Ravish'd or murderd is shee ?

Nan. Worse, worse, by far sir, shee is conveye hence The Neighbours from the windowes o're the way Saw her, the Mayd, and a young Man take boat. They guesse it was Francisco.

Pan. How, how how!

Nan.Loaden with Caskets fir.Here's his Deceptio vifu,

The curfed cloak, that charm'd my honest care; Nan Bons And here's his jugling Box. What toyes are these school (bit, the cord, &c.)

Enter Nicolo.

Nie. Ofir, your Sonne !

Pan. Where is he? fpeake.

Nie, Sir, no where to be found
In private let me tell you, he slipt forth
At foure i'th' Morning; sir, when you and I
Were you know where. He cast forth doubtfull words

Of a vagary he would fetch at Rome.

Pan. We both are wrought upon by hellish Magick.

Gua. Devills are in this plot.

Chec Prof. Thinke you of Devills?

Pan. Though you firs, being Lawyers, think there's none VVe may both thinke there are, and fear 'em.

Chee. Forbear such talke; and think upon the mirth,

Pan. Sir,use your jerks and quillets at the bar.

Gna. Call there your petulant wit on milery.

Chec. Sir, you miltake, my counfell is to comfort,
Be not dejected, but feeke feedy way

To circumvent the wit has wrought upon you.

Gua. Good fir, your best advile.

Chec. Fieft charge this officer I don't way of the

Here, with this woman; who by examination

May make discovery 1009 & 1009

Ped. I can discover nothing but my ware fir, Nor part with that for less then ready money.

Pan. Take her to cuftody.

Zaff. Miltris come with me.

Ped. VVbither? for what f

Zaff. You shall know that bereafter.

Ped. VVhat can I discover?

Pan. Away with her, was ed am and ed gars nother

Ped.

Ped. VVhat can I discover? Exit Zaff.?.

Chec. Into your house fir now, and secure that;

Come, recollect your selfes, call home the strength

Of your approved judgements, wee'l affist you.

Prof. You must be soddaine too in this your pursul Advise and do at once, use no delay;

The speediest course is now the fafest way. Excum on

ACT IV. SCENEII.

Fabritio like the glorious Dutchman, Horatio, Pife.

Fab. Tound you the Fort, then, fo impregnable?

Hor. Against all force of armes, or braines.

Pi. No way but by the down-right composition Of the two thousand Ducrats to be enter'd.

Fab. Sure tis some noble wench then you imagine, But my disguise shall put her to the test.

Her. I'm fure the jeerd me out of my Monfieur ship,

Fab. Did she, and all thy fine french qualities?

Pif. And is as like to make a skitter brooke

Of you in your Dutch slops. For if she be not,

After all this, a cunning whore, i'me couzen'd.

Hor. Shee lives at a good rate how ere maintaind.

Pi. The secret way, man, by her commings in Too common among women for their livings, I'le not believe her wit and feature are Allyed to honesty.

Fab. Thou art no worshipper of faire women Pife.

Pi. No, If I worthip any of 'hem more' Then in the Knee-trick, that is necessary
In their true use let me be eunuchiz'd.

Look

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Looke here's your fathers Pimpe againe.

Hor. Now Nicole?

Nic. Saw you my young Mafter Gentlemen ?

Hor. Yes there he stands, translated out of fober Leuratora dat ili ucy

Italian into high Dutch.

Nic. I sweare he was past my reading.

Slight, he appeares as like the noted Almaine ate come to town, if he had but his beard-

Fab. How like you this for a beard?

Nic. Moft excellent! di somerino movem berg in

But pray take heed your stay spoyle not the purpose. Sold amor fieb sell bases of i Of your disguise.

Fab. Why what news Nicolo ?

Nic. Your Father is in buly quest of you.

Fab. Then he dos miffe me?

Nic. Pray Phebus he misse as much of Madnesse.

He and his vertuous brother old Guadagni,

Who miffes too his Daughter. Francisco has her,

Her. Has he got her off 2 son month I want led all

Nic. And thee has got him on by this time : they Are filly fooles elfe. in to Lords in this yate.

Pi. Hymen be their speed.

Nor. But how I pray thee scap'd they?

Nic. First, fir, know | : nam vas hin wa od . who There's a strange fellow without desires to speake w'yee I guesse hee is some Bravo, it and and I am

Hor. A Brave speake with me ?

Nic. Yes, and inquires here for my Mafter too,

And Signior Pife, you are all known it feemes. Idea in a fee

Pi. Come leave your fooling.

Nic. By mine Eares tis true, ped valle samela

Her. Goe call him in I feare no Knavery

Pi. Your lodging protects me. and and small follows.

Fab. My disguise me. Pats on bis false board. Enter

Enter Nicolo, Paulo.

Nic. This is the Gentleman.

Pi. Tis the proud Braches whiske !

Pan. I cry you mercy fir are you Signior Horatio? I tooke you fir this morning for a Monficur. I thanke you for my Duccatoun.

Hor. What I Is thee come about ? Has frice for

for mee?

Pan. Good fir I are you here too? I thank you fir. You payd me your entrance, but no parting fer.

Pi. Prithes deferve no beating till thou halt done

Thy errand. What dost come for?

Pan. Sir. to intreat this Geneleman to bring With him one Signior Pife and Fabritio Beyond my hopes ! Good fir, are you here too?

Fab. This is Devill! could be know me elfe

That nere faw him before; in this difguife?

Pan. Crymercy fire you would not these should know Nor shall they (I feare it not) but hark you fir.

Nior What Familiars thefe Bawds are. They'l talke yet

Thus to Lords in private.

Pi. Sure he takes him for the Dutch loggerhead We faw to day in the Pianto.

Hor. So would any man : Hee has hit his hape fo ichen weithout delici

right. Washingto

Pan. I am fure I rejoyce in thefe Dollors, that you Give me to day, and are as certaine, that My Militiswilled a better dianer for you For frighting of the Spaniste with your fireworks. But, by your strangers it formes you repent The Marriage offer that you made my Miftres. Fortune direct you to no worfe a wife, And fo I leave you to your choyce.

End bhave found the error, and will make good ule

onica

Hor.

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B

W

(

Her. Your bufinesse then is to that strangers Gran. Only your selfe, and briefly from Francisco.

Hor. Francisco I where him you volume rold

Pan. Where but at our house fir ? he and his bride Craving your company and those Gentlemen I nam'd unto you.

Pan. For no disparagement unto their worths ir, But private reasons yet unknown to me

Wherein you shall be satisfied at your comming,

Her. But are they Married ?

Pan. I brought the Priest to 'em;
And saw them lawfully coupled, and before
Sufficient witnesses, that saw 'em chamberd,
Shee was his own Church-sure before I lest 'em,
And he has made her Cock-sure, sir by this time,
Or else he is a Bungler,

Her. Goe i'le follow thee, at shusa an apintalem asa!

Pifo is here.

tt

0

Pan. But where is that Fabrition !

Pi. Wee'l finds him too. Jog you fir on before:
You are no firest companion for us.

Pau. I am good fir war v Existic to the state of the stat

Hor. You have heard alt Habricio; what decthinks on'c?

Charles at the individues and bands.

Fab. Nothing a nor nothing will till Larrive ton fuld. There at the full knowledge of all togethers I live to he

Pi. But prithee hang thy Hangmans project now.

And beare us company in thice even thepe. I ym !!a fis? \
Fab. Not for the price of the Newsla Pife. I am so

To make prize of her if I can, I groß not you le le le

Her. We wish you fafe aboard fire de mo going if the

Fab. On before then. Dans Hinis Hor Pifers vo sand

Fab.

Fai. Who see me, in this straine, seeme to outstrip
The bands of filial duty, let (withall)
Theirobservation, by my just ends, gather,
Tis note o lose, but to recall a father.

named and Centifered

1CT V. SCENE I.

Victoria, Francisco, Flavia, Astatta, Jacconetta.

Vic. Now Lady, has your entertainment pleas'd you In the Novella's house? is all well yet?

The friendly Foes that did oppose my blisse of the friendly foes the friendly foes

Vic. And your Mistris is over, too, I hope fit

The place is not fo dangerous as it was:

Hath not alone wip'd off my foule suspicion:
But scor'd upon my breast an endlesse summe
Of thanks; which I, unable to discharge,
Must not presume to live, but as your Conture;
Nor will I further dare to compt your goodnesse.
In deeper search of what your reason was a good off.
In deeper search of what your reason was a good.
(Past all my hopes and wither) to provide a past of A.
For sure, I will not sum in such a scruple; and so a good off.
For sure, I hold you for a power. Divine a good of a good off.

Fashioning out the Gode intearthly formes.)
Sent by the highest providence to helpe me.

Vie. You take too deeper sense of curtesial with the sense of curtesial wi

But fce , are thefe your friends ? unant et al O . S. Enter

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S

B

Enter Paulo, with Horatio, and Pifos

Fra. And let me beg

Your fuffrage Lady, I may bid them welcome.

Vic. Your Bride and I will both supply you in it.

Neither of these is he they call Fabritio?

Pan. No, but hee's fent for; and comes instantly. Exit

Fra. This is the Lady I am bound to ferve.

Hor. And I to honour.

Vic. Setting afide your fuit fir.

Her. I cannot promise that.

Vic. And I doe wish

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7,

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I had her double price in ready Duccats, For what she has done, and tother doe besides.

Vic. You still stand in your good conceit of me.

Pi. Yes, and I would so stand to'c, ha-

Vic. You are a merry Gentleman, Fra. I will not whisper it, Horatio,

The woman that I dealt with for difguise

Was wrought before by this most matchlesse Lady

To crosse the Match twixt Flavia and Fabritio;

And had undone it though I had done nothing,

And ere the would condition with me,

Oblig'd me, by an oath, (in case we scap'd)

To bring her hither to this Ladies house.

I kept that oath, and here you find us welcom'd.

Pi. Then thou halt done't, would I had still the Duccats

To pledge thee here.

Enter Paulo whispers with Victoria.

Vic. Wee'l talke of that hereafter.

Pi. What acted you, Tit, in this Comedy?

Aft. The Chambermayde, a kind of putter forwards,

Sir, to the businesse.

Fra. Shee has done so well, That, if a Match in Venice may be found By my best care, i'le helpe her to a Husband,

1

For

For thee deferves a good one.

Aft. And if he prove not fo, I am like to prove
A good one my felfe, and make him fomething.

Pi. Thou wilt, I find it in a villanous caft

Of that eye there.

Hor. And what thinke you of this? By faccometta,

Pi. Even fuch another, of another hue,

Shee has a devilish gloat too.

Vic. Gallants, I find you merry, y'are more welcome:
My man acquaints me with a present businesse
Requiring privacy. Please you, with your friends
Goe up to the Bride-chamber. There is musick.
Waite you respectively.

To fac.

Hor. Wee'l all observe you Lady. Exeunt.

Pi. But Lady, if you receive the Duccats
Before you come to us, pray bring our shares,
Wee all connive you know.

Vis. Pray be not jealous,

Follow your Friends, i'le follow you ftreight way. Ex. Pi. How dreames he of this money? he knows nothing,

An English Factor, say you Borgio?

Pau. Yes Mistris, a brave fellow.

Vic. And is he so well money'd as to spare Out of his Masters trust, so great a summe?

Pan. Oh hee's a mafter here himselfe. They are Abroad, the royalist Nation of the World. What rich Venetian Rarity has not The English Money-masters purchac'd from Princes and States, to beare home as their triumphs? And for their pleasures—but i'le say no more; Hee thinks I stay too long for him to wait Without, with so much money.

Vic. Didft thou see't ?

Pan. Most brightly shining ! Hee's now telling it

The

The value of it in fine qualities
Like your suppos'd Wienster: but in cash!
Cash I cash of Gold! On tis a tempting fight;
Able to damne a Noble womans honour.
What's your descent? But poore I make no question;
Why, this will set you up and make you noble.

Vic. This way of his might ferve to turn the blood
That has but any tincture of good in it
From touching fuch a bait, yet he thinks now
He spurres me to it. But Brave I will fit you.

Goe call him in, goe.

Pan. Now my Blood and Braine, Be strong and sodaine, stay.

Vic. Why stop you Borgio?

Pau. To see him weigh his gold. Oh dainty sight! He brought his weights in's pocket: just Gentleman He will be sure you shall not want a graine Of your full price of sweet damnation.

Vic. Hee's doing no such thing. Pan. No,no, I have a now.

Vic. I pray thee goe, thou knowst not how the thought Of so much gold, and the conceit o'th' Maydenhead Lost i' the house to day sets my virginity On edge now to be going.

Pan. Are you so ready? then I fly. Enter above, Piso, Horatio.

Vic. What ayles the fellow troe!

Pi. I must yet have an eye upon this female. To quit my jealoufy, or catch her i'th' nick.

Hor. Here we may fee, and heare all undiscover'd.

Pi. Watch close, he comes.

Enter Swatzenburg, like a Marchant with

Swa. By your leave Lady, I come not a pure Sutor (VVith fludyed Oratory; nor addresse a Sonnet,

Ma

Or

Or trifling Love-toyes to perswade admittance
By slow degrees into your inmost favour)
But a rich purchacer, that brings, at once,
The golden Summe, and Price of your enjoying.
Here precious Beauty, made by this more precious!
Take your full due, and render readily
The full tuition of my wealthy purchace.

Vic. Now vertue guard me.

Pi. VVhat's that ?

Hor. Shee invokes vertue.

Let not the glorious fight of this amaze you,
Though it be granted, sodaine apprehension
Of such bright blessings may transport a soule
Into high raptures, when it is considerd,
The Ornament of youth, the strength of age,
Lifes great maintainer, Lady, let not this
At all transmute you. For i'le bring supplies
That shall so frequently acquaint you with
Such sights as these, that you shall grow regardlesse
Even of the care to keepe them, in respect
Of the delicious pleasure brings them in:
Delay not therefore that high purchac'd pleasure,
That brings this to you, by a Minutes losse
To make it fully yours.

Vic. Sir I have heard you:

Enter Paulo behinde with pistolls.

And now must let you know, tis not the sight
Of that your glorious summe can take my wonder;
Much lesse my love or person: my amazement
Is, that a man, that beares his Makers shape,
Indued with reason, to direct and governe
That goodly fortune; and has such treasure given him
(Besides his greater blessings of the mind
By well desposing of it) to advance
This worth in deeds of vertue, should descend
Below

Below the sense of Beasts, to part with that, Allotted for his livelyhood and honour To wast it, and himselfe in beastiall Lust.

Swa. How's this ?

Pi. I know not what to make o'chis wench.

Shee preaches me thinks:

Vic. Besides sir, were it well examin'd,
The golden summe you tender is, perhaps,
None of your proper own: I understand
You are anothers Factor, I presume
In all your Catalogue of Merchandise
You finde no warrant to buy Maydenheads.
Is such a thing in all your bills of Lading?
They are no way transportable, tho' you allow
For fraught and leakage halfe the worth; and lesse
Returnable by way of exchange. How can
You take up a virginity in Venice,
And make a London payment of it, on
Sight of your bill, or six or ten dayes after?
Pi. Good!

Swa. Nay then you dally with me, and I must Deale plaine and briefly with you. Here's the price, And either render me my just demand, Or I shall take for your diffrace an order Shall spue you forth the City.

Vie. Now I feare

I am insnar'd. I have but one way lest To fly from shame, or fall to utter Ruine.

Pi. I begin to suspect her honest. Swa. Your answer Gentlewoman.

Vic. Gentle fir,

The Law hath made me yours. And I have now No Court but Conscience to relieve me in.

Swa. What may this meane? Vic. If the Brong passion of a Virgin sonle,

Exprest

Kneels

M 3

Express in bitterst teares, move not your pitty,
This shall prevent your crusky.

Rnife

Pi. Shee'l prove honelt o' my life.

Swa. What meane you Lady?

Vic. Keepe at that distance fir, and you shall know;

Come nearer, and I will not live to tell you.

Swa. Pray rife and speak your story: yet I tell you, I hold it very strange, that so much money And such a one as I (none of the unhandsoms) Should not goe down with a young wench, and one Of the profession you pretend to be of Before cold from! Me thinks most unnaturall. Thinks better yet before you utter further.

Vic. Indeed I may not. Swa. Well, well, on then.

Vic. Tis true, I am indeed a meere pretender.
To the profession you supposed me of;
A spotlesse Virgin (by my utmost hopes)
And will remaine so till I am a Bride.

Pi. Too honest to be a woman!

Swa. Why tooke you this deceiving habit then?

Vic. I am about to tell you for your pitty,

I am a Romane borne, of good difeent;
My father noble (of the Candiani)
How ere decay'd in fortune, ere he dyed;
Which drew on my Misfortune: For, being betsothid
Unto a wealthy heire, here, of this City,
Who fojourn'd then in Rome, his coverous Father
Ravilled his faith from me, to give't another;

And calld him hastily from Rome to Venice.

I followd him, in hope to crosse the Match,
And so regaine him; towards which already,

I have done fomething.

Pi. Fabritio's wench my life on't.
Swa. VVhat in this habit, as a Curteman?

Vic. Not without good advise: For, by this meanes
I draw the eyes of all the youthfull Gentry,
Not without hope to gaine a fight of him.
My price and port keepe back inferiour persons.
Nor lose I honour by it: For the strictnes
Of our Italian vensure gives a virgin,
That held familiarity with any Man,
By way of Marriage treaty, and then for saken,
Lost in repute; shee is no honest woman
Untill that man doe vindicate her honor.

Swa But Mould hee finde you here, what were his

Vic. Here he should find what his disloyalty
Had wrought me to; and should restore me firme
On my first basis, or exchange a life
For mine ere we would part.

Swa. This founds yet well.

Pau. I'le trust thee now. Thou art a noble wench,
Thou hadst kis'd Death by this else. Now i'le trust
thee. Exit.

Vic. If he were lost by Marriage of another, I would remove with such a testimony Of my reserved honour (in despisht Of this my outward carriage, for my ends; Maugre the sterne construction of my countrey) That strangers should receive me; and some one More noble then himselse.

Swa. Take you to wife? Vic. I should not doubt.

Swa. Tis done, and I am he that does it.
Viv. I cannot fir, but kindly take your offer:
But, if my first love faile me, there is one,
A noble German, that commenced his suit
To me this day.

Swa. I am he too Lady — Looke well upon me M 4

That

That in this shift, reducing of my beard, VVith this supply of money came to try you, I finde you noble, and above it, honest.

Pi. This is the German that Fabritio apes.

Her. And he should come now.

Enter facome to them above.

Jac. Gentlemen forbeare; Indeed it is not civill in you to pry beyond Your hospitable usage, pray forbeare.

Hor. Tis timely chidden wench, we will obay thee. Fac. Besides the Bridegroome, and the Bride ex

pect you.

Pi. O ha they done we come, we come. Exit Hor.Pi.
Vic. This jealous tryall now of yours (how ere
You have express strong arguments of love)
Has not augmented you in my affection.

Swa. O say not so sweete Lady, i'le redeeme it.

Vio. I cannot yet believe you are the Man,
You are so chang'd from what you seem'd to day,
Must the minde alter with the outward habit?

Enter Paulo.

Pan. Mistris the German-

Pau. I say he is without, and craves to fee you.

Vic. How can this be ? or who can I believe?

Pan. Good fir depart and make roome for your felfe Your proper felfe co enter the Dutch Prince.

Swa. I tell thee I am he, and here already,

Iam Smarzenberg.

Pan. Yes in your tother beard sir.

Hans Snortanfart, are you not? well I can but warn you,
If you will needs stand to the taking off
A mans good pame from him before his face,
Then take what followes, I will fetch him in
Mistris, you were best be out of fight a while:

Your

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Your presence with this stranger may whet up his fury To cut all our throats else.

Vic. I'le take your councell. Exit.

Pau. For fir i'le tell you, if you had but seene How he worried a Spaniard to day, you would Have beene able at your returne to make As many of your Countreymen, as thrive By serving of the States to laugh if aith.

Swa. I tell thee I am he; 'twas I that chac'd

The Spaniard hence.

Pi.

You were best be gone before the He indeed Come in to chace you after him.

Swa. I'le stand the hazard.

Pau. See his impatience pulls him in already.

Enter Fabritio in the Germans babit.

Fab. Where is this Lady? Dos her beauty flie me? Pau. Shee is at hand, but first here is a stranger,

A most strange stranger that sayes he is you fir.

Swa: Was oder wer biftu? Biftu ein Deutscher? Sag mihr in was ort Du gelebst hast?

Fab. Who's this ?

Swa. Ich denke du bist ein heuchler; bistu aber ein Dentscher so anwort mihr in deutscher Sprach.

Fab. Good fic speaks in the proper language of The Nation we are in, though it come brokenly

From you that this good fellow here may understand us. Swa. Thou son of impudence, and imposture, speake:

What is thy end in this?

Fab. Thinke what thine owne must be, thou son of flander.

Swa. Precious counterfeit!
But I am weaponlesse, and must fetch strength
Of officers to right me. Exit.

Fab. What dos your shame remove you sir?

The Novetta

Pan. What can this Rafcall meane?

Swa. I care not honest fellow, where's thy Mistris?
Good Angels guard me.

Enter Villeria.

Pau. Dos fhee fright you fir ?

Fab. I aske thee for thy Miltris, the Novella.

Pan. What appeares thee to you?

Fab. Thou powerfull man in Magick, I will tell thee. Th'haft rays'd an apparition, that has damn'd thee Blacker, then thy black art; nay hell it felfe.

Pau. Blesse us! more madnesse yet!

Fab. The heavenly spirit, that inspir'd this forme, (When the unworthy world enjoyd her being, VVhich thou hast conjur'd into this lewd habit) Has, at this instant won the powers above To sinke thee and thy forcerers.

Pan. VVhat may you meane? Here is no forcery,

This woman's Flesh and Blood.

Fab. I would not dare to try to be the Duke.

Pan. You may depart, pray hinder not the house.

Fab. Hadft thou but feen, as I have, one like her,
And noted the divinity in her lookes
(Although in those adulterate incitements
Shee seemes to wear) she would have struck thy soule
VVith fervent adoration, not base suft.

Pan. I know not what to fay to 'him. Bellrings.

Vie. See who rings. Exit Pauls.

VVhat divine creature, fir, was that you mention'd ?

Fab. I dare to name her to thee, though thou be Her incens'd Ghoff, to worke me to despaire, - It was Villoria.

Vic. This founds most strangely! Have you beene at Rome fir?

Fab. Twas there I faw and lov'd her.

Vic. Answer me pray fir, why could not this fall

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In your discourse to day, when I related
My Life and Fortune to you? why do you start?
I am no shadow; but suspect you rather,
To be not as you seeme, the noble German
That vowe me love, dos that too startle you?
See sir, to prove I am no aery spirit,
Ple trust your hand (if you be mortall substance)
VVith so much flesh and blood as may resolve you.

Fab. I find tis the, and having found her thus
Shee's loft for ever, and my felfe no lesse,
That was the cause of this her desperate fortune.

Vic. VVhat's that you say ? what aile you sir? how ist? And what moves thy destraction? Bergie, speak.

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Horror and shame invades us, all the house Is round beset with officers. The Magistrates Are entring now, for what, or whom they search I cannot guesse, unlesse this be some Murderer Slipt in, to draw our lives in question.

Vic. Deale plainly fir, what are you? hee's stupissed!

Pau. The Spanyard's with 'hem too that took th'affront

By the supposed Dutchman here to day;

And he that fain'd himselfe to be that Dutchman

Desires their aid against this unknown person.

Enter Pantaloni, Pedro, Guadagni, Swatz. Prospero, Checquino, Zassi, Pedler-woman.

Gua. This is the house you say.

Ped. And this is the Genelewoman.

Gua. Give me my Daughter, Harlot.

Vic. Here's no such creature, here sir, if she be

Your Daughter, this woman directed hither,

Shee is no Harlot, but an honest Bride;

Lawfully wed and bedded; as may appeare

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By the strong testimony of divers friends?

Call them all downe.

Exit Paulo.

|Pant. Unheard-of impudence | Are Bawdes, an

Fit Matchmakers for Magnificoe's Daughters?

Vic. Speake lower, or at home sir, you know not VVhat we are: Harke you sir—your last nights trial Did not enough informe you.

Pant. VVe shall know more anon;

I'th' meane time what are you?

Fab. A ftranger fir.

Pant. VVe shall know more of that anon too.

Ped. This is the stranger, that affronted me; 'Gainst whom I crave your Justice.

Pant. You shall know more anon too.

Swat. And this is my Abuser.

Pant. You also shall know more anon.

Gua. You are well met Gentle-woman - I gave you lost.

Enter Paulo, Francisco, Piso, Horat, Flavia,
Astutta, Jacconetta.

Aft. VVhat will you whimper now?will not marrisgs Make you bold that makes so many impudent? Shee was not lost sir; nor in danger of losing, Shee was but mislayd a little, as your VVriting was to day.

Pi. VVell faid my chattring Magpy. I will fide

thee.

Gua. Audacious Rrumpet that seduces my Daughter.

Pi. You are Mistaken, shee did but wait upon her.

Aft. Right fir, and did but duty i'le be sworne.

Ped. Nor I, I will be sworne.

Gua. Not, in confenting to the stealth?

Ped. It was my duty fir for the reward,

VVe

VVee all would live you know.

Gua. VVill you be gone ?

Ped. I hope I am discharg'd : for looke you sir, brought you where you finde your Daughter safe.

Gua. Begone I say.

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Ped. No whit the worse for wearing, as they say.

Gua. Goe thrust her out of dores.

Ped. At my owne liberty I hope.

Gua. How thou wilt to be rid of thee.

Ped. May you see your Childrens, Childrens,

Pant. And thou milledst my Sonne, I aske him of thee.

Pi. You shall know more of that anon sir.

Pant.Out-brav'd and scornd by Strumpets, Bawds, and Bravoes!

Call in the Officers.

Pi. And call the common Hangman if you please, And end all 'mong your selses, if your grave wisdomes, And Lawyers, here, can find one guilty person (Horatia and VVee's all submit our necks to you. (Francisco, &c.

Gua. Tis boldly spoken. (talke aside with Pi. I will speake but truth. (Fabritio and

And you, opposing it, shall wrong the dignity (Victoria.

You beare i' th' City, to your utter shames.

This Gentleman and your Daughter were contracted,

Your selfe a willing witnesse; your Son likewise

Unto a noble virgin (Sir of whom

You shall know more anon)

It pleas'd diviner providence to take

From eithers chosen mate their earthly fortunes;

Yet each had person, blood, and vertue left

Above the value of a Princes dowry.

VVould you so Kick at heaven then, in despight Of its great Ordinance, as to force your children.

To forfeit both their faiths, thereby to lose
The never-fayling hope of future bleffings,
To pull withall a curse on your own heads,
That could no lesse then ruine your estates,
And render you most wretched in your dotage,
Past helpe or hope how to relieve your selfes:
Your consciences still groaning underneath
The lashes that your Childrens bastard issue
Should lay upon you? more, you may consider
Pant. We doe consider fir, this place and people
No fit receipt for warrantable businesse.

Pi. This was no bawdy talke fir, nor have I Heard worse from any mouth in this free place

Till your arrivall here.

Vic. I cannot be so happy.

Fran. Let her see your face.

Vic. O my Fabritio—

Aside.

Pau. You fee the worst of us, I should be loath Any unwarrantable act should passe among us.

Gua. Thou lookst like one indeed of upright Con-

science!

Pau. And for the Marriage sir, it is as lawfull As if your selfe had given her in St. Marks.

I'le fetch the Priest t'avouch it.

Hora Our Eares and Eyes, Fabritio, witnesse for her.

Fab. You have told me wonders, Yet with such faith as I shall ever wish Lockt in this heavenly Cabinet I take all.

Pi. You may Fabricio, for as I prize Life; Honour bove that; and above both thy friendship, My soule is not assured of firmer truth,

Let

Let thy Dutch habit drinks off jealoufy, And take her to thee.

Fab. 'Tis done my Pifo.

Vic. And I made happy past my height of hopes. (Kiss. Pant. Good, you shall see how I shall coole those kisses.

Pan. May I say boldly you are man and wife? Fab. Vic. We are most faithfully till death:

l'ie fetch a Priest shall streight pronounce yes fo. Exit.

Pany. You say that is a Dutchman sir, that wrong'd you.

Ped. Right, worthy Signior, that's the man I Chal-

lenge.

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ria

tik.

Pant. You say you are the man confronted Don here.
Swat. Yes, and will fill mayntain's, for violence

He offerd to that noble vertuous Lady.

Pant. Good I vertuous Lady ! Let mee joyne your Friendships.

Ped. Swa. You have done it fir. Ped. That is the man I challenge.

Swa. The same man I. He has not left the house Since my abuse; I seare to her much wrong: For he is some disguis'd Knave on my life.

Pant. Now you are in the right.

Swa. Hee could not weare those Cloathes and speake no Dutchelse.

Pant. Still i' the right; i'le shew you what he is, And out of him, what shee is, whom you call So vertuous and so noble I and you fir, That mentioned the Hangman, come all and see The commendable port this Lady beares. It seems, sir, you affect this Gentlewoman.

Fab. The best of any living.
Pant. And you him Lady?
Vic. Yes,he is my husband.

The Novella.

Pant. Would that were true if aith. The rogue your min 7 Sayd he would fetch a Priest -

Enter Paulo in Friers babit.

Pau. No verier Rogue then my selfe fir.

Pant. Thou art a mad fellow for a Priest indeed; But such a Priest, such a Marriage,

Put 'em together.

Pau. I doe pronounce them lawfull man and wife.

Pant. The Bridegroome thankes you, but you Milhi For the fine trick you put on me last night, (Bride Looke now upon your husband,

Who would you speake with fellow?

Enter Nicolo, as the Zaffi.

Nic. With Signior Rastrosico here, the Hangman, I come to call him to State-businesse sir.

Pant. Can this be he? (you faid he was a counterfeit)
I faw him ride the Wooden-horse, last day
With lesse then halfe this beard, unbeard him sirrah.
I'le beare you out. So rest you Gentlemen
With your so vertuous Lady, and her husband.

Hor. Pi. &c. Fabritio !

Vic. Sir I must crave your pardon, This is he, My first love that I told you of.

Ay first love that I told you of.

Swa. You have it freely Lady.

Pant. I am abus'd and couzend.

Vic. I thanke you fir for all the harme you did me In your Revenge——And harke you, be at peace, And i'le be filent for your last nights worke.

Gua. Forbeare mee, I am off againe,

Fran. Good fir,

Stop not the bleffing you were about to give us.

Gua. I am off againe. The pandare was the Prieft,

The Match is no Match, you no more my Children,

But Knave and strumpet.

Pant. I'le not be fo couzend.

This is no Prielt and all that's past unlawfull

Pi. You will know more anony (Paula Pau. Then cast your eys on me, who date maintain (casts My Priest-hood lawfull; it being deriv day (off his Perruk: From th'holy Order of St. Augustine? (and Beard)

Vic. Let me not furfet with excesse of joy ?

My brother Paulo!

fe.

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Bride

Pan. Thy brother and thy father, vertuous fifter a wind Be ever subject of my dearest care And pardon me, who (jealous of thine honour, Inflam'd by the fame heart, of the fame blood For we are all the Relicts of our Parents) Watch'd nearely, and pursu'd thy scape from Rome, ... For which I had good warrant, Gentlemen See there my dispensation with th' allowance Of all the holy brotherhood of my Covent. My ends were faire, though in this uncouth way Tho' (heaven I beg thy pardon) as my care Was to preserve her life and more her honour; Fearing her violent and abused spirit, Might have made wrack of either, or of both, I once had fecret purpose to have ta'ne Her Life, in case shee had forsooke her honour; And with her cut off Candianies Line. Which now branch'd here, may touch the worlds end With faire succession ! Be you blest for ever. And now, grave firs, let me intreat your likings, And cheerefull reconcilement to your Children & That so you may your Childrens, Children see, Crownd by the prayers of your prosperity.

Gua. I am content.

Pant. And I, but for one scruple Cleare me this point, how had you sav'd your honor If the old youth, last night (who shall be namelesse) Had but missipent his time upon your moore here?

Vic.

N

The Novella:

Vic. 'Tis easily done fir, see my lov'd Fabritie The Eunuch moore you gave me.

Fab. My boy facomo, turn'd Chambermayd !

Has thy Miftris us'd thee well?

Vic. Not without much defert.

Fac. Shee meanes for your deare fake fir.

Fab. I see, sweete Heart, you have an honest Fai. mily, are for the vertice, realist with the real

Vie. Here you fee all, and all that came i' th' house; (Since it was made mine) in this Convention. I dare them not; but give them freelt leave To speake the worst they found in the Novella.

Omnes. Wee all conclude y'are noble.

Pan. All's well accorded then, Wee all are Friends, And may Priests travaile never to worse ends.

New estrono with a fescula green was an and

let in the celestic and the contact her honour ;

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EPILOGUE.

Fr.

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Ause 'tis the Custome, By the Poet, Sirs,
I'm sent to crave a Plandit, and the Spurrs
That prick him on to't, is, his promis'd Pay
May chance to faile, if you dislike the Play,
But don't if you be wise; for hee has vow'd
To write farre worse if this be not allow'd.



FINIS.



THE

COURT BEGGER

A

COMEDIE.

Acted at the Cock-pit, by his Majesties Servants,

Anno 1632.

WRITTEN

By

RICHARD BROME.

MART. Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

LONDON.

Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and THO. DRING, and are to be fold at their Shops in Fleet-street, 1653.

all'I March St. St. Jack D. (4 D-11) 0.00 Inc. rorasel askno de bond with the same of the Out of the Shaping Filte (48, 1553)



Drammatis Personæ.

SIR Andrew Mendicant, an old Knight, turnd a projector.

Mr. Courtwit, a Complementer.

Mr. Swaynwit, a blunt Countrey Gentleman.

Mr. Citwit, a Citizens Son that supposes himselfe a wit.

Mr. Daynty, a supposed Picturedrawer, but a Pick-pocket.

Sir Raphael, an old Knight that talkes much and would be thought wife.

Sir Ferdinand, a Knight diftracted for love of the Lady Strangelove.

Frederick, in love with Chariffa. Gabriel, servant to Mendicane.

Doctor of Phylick.

Three poore Projectors.

A Sowgelder.

A Boy.

Lady Strangelove, a humerous widow, that loved to be courted.

Philomel her Chambermaide.

Chariffa, Mendicants Daughter.

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PROLOGUE.

He've cause to fear yours, or the Poets frowne
For of late day's (be know's not (bow) y' are grown,
Deeply in love with a new strayne of wit
Which he condemns, at least disliketh it,
And solemnely protests you are to blame
If at his bands you doe expect the same;
Hee'l tread his usuall way, no gaudy Sceane
Shall give instructions, what his plot doth meane;
No handsome Love toy shall your time beguile
Forcing your pitty to a sigh or smile,
But a slight piece of mirth, yet such mere writ
By our great Masters of the Stage and Wit,
Whom you approv'd: let not your suffrage then
Condemne't in him, and prayse't in other men.

Troth Gentlemen let me advise yee, spare To vex the Poet full of age and care, How he might strive to please yee, and bequile His humerous expectation with a smile, As if you would be satisfy'd, although His Comedy containes no antique show.

Tet you to him your favour may expresse
As well as unto those whose forwardnesse
Make's them your Creatures thought, who in a way
To purchace same give money with their Play,
Yet you sometimes pay deare for't, since they write
Lesse for your pleasure than their own delight.
Which if our Poet sayle in, may be be

Which if our Poet fayle in, may be be A Sceane of Mirth in their next Comedye.

THE



COURTHE BEGGER.

erown,

both

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mendicant, Chariffa.

Men. YO' have given him then his answer?

Cha. Forc'd by you,

Heaven knowes with my much forrow. Such a Lover So in all points deserving of true worth,

And best indowments to make up a Man

That I shall never see—your pardon sir,

Though you pulld back, by violence, my hand,

In which my heart was freely given to him,

It is not in your power or strength of art

To beat a sigh back, or restraine a teare

Which I must offer to his memory.

Men. Such stormes soone wast themselves in absent When light of Reason, and good Counsell shall (Lovers Breake forth and shine upon 'em: and for your part Daughter, I know it shall. And, presently,

I

I thus begin to diffipate your errors, You love this Frederick.

Cha. Love knows I do.

Men. You say he is deserving in all points.

Cha. My love emboldens me to tell you he is.

Men. Charissa, take me with you. Is he not

Deficient in that onely absolute point That must maintaine a Lady, an estate?

Cha. Love weighes not that.

Men. What can he shew you more
To take you with, then a wild head of hayre;
A very Limebush to catch Lady-birds?
A Tissue Doublet; and a Riband shop
Hung in his Hatbands, might fer up a Pedler?
Can this maintaine a Lady?

Cha. You but looke Upon his outside sir.

Men. I trust you have not Bin over inwardly acquainted with him.

Cha. Sir, he has Valour, Wit, and Honour, you well know

Hee's of a noble Family extracted.

Men. What's that a yeare? those parts may be acquir'd
In winning of a strumpet. But what Joincture
Can he propound to you? or, (in case he dyes,
Your Dowry being spent) what personal Estate
Ist like hee's leave you, but his Powder glasse,
His Combe and Beard-brush, and perhaps a Trunkfull
Of Elegies, Raptures, Madrigalls and Sonnets?
No let him goe; discard him: and embrace
The hopes that I have for thee in the hopefull,
Exquisite Cavalier, Courtier and Souldier,
Scholler, (and what not!) brave Sir Ferdinando:
There's a Man rising in the favour Royall,
And may in thee Charissa, make me happy.

Cha. Sir you have given me liberty of speech:

And

And may be pleas'd to let me tell you now, You aime at your own fortune, not at mine.

Men. I feeke no fortune, but for thy advancement :

All that I shall call mine must be thine owne.

Cha. I would be playner yet; befeeching you I be not thought too lofe in my obedience.

Men. Speake freely Girle.

Cha. Your ayme has bin to raise
You state by Court-suits, begging as some call it,
And for that end you lest your Countrey life,
And Lands too ever since my Mother dy'd,
Who while shee liv'd with best of womans judgement
Which held you from that course of selling faire
Possessions to enable you with money
To purchase wit at Court. You pardon me?
Men. On, on.

Cha. And for th' Exchange of a faire Mansion-house Large fruitfull Fields, rich Medowes and sweet pastures Well cropt with corne and stockd as well with Cattell, A parke well stor'd with Deere too, and Fishponds in't, And all this for a lodging in the Strand now—

But doe I not offend?

Men. No, no, on still. (Poultry Cha. Your own fed Beefes and Muttons, Fowle and Loaded your long boords then; and you had then Neighbours could boast your hospitality, And poore, that for the remnants prayd for you, Now all concludes upon a two-dishd table. And whereas then you had a numerous Family Of Servants and Attendants, out of which For profit or for pleasure you could call Your Bayliffe, Groom, your Falconer, or your Huntsman, Now sir, a Varlet Coachman, and Footboy Are all your Retinue; and for the Hounds You kept, that made you sport and Musick, now

None but your project Beagles, that smell out
Where such a forfeiture is to be begg'd;
Where one would purchase a Reprieve, another
A Pardon or a lease of Life Rope-free
For ready money: Then where Goods or Lands
Are found of men that make away themselfes,
And so of sooles and madmen; All to set
Your trade of Begging up and still you beg:
But your own want of favour holds you back
From reaching any profit by'c, because
You beg by Mediators tongues, which you
Call Favorites, who reape the crop of all,
And leave you but the Gleanings; some small pittance
To keepe alive the itch of begging in you

Men. Shee speakes home and within me, to the purpose.

Chs. Still wasting your own fortunes; till at last
You have no hopefull project left to thrive by
But to put me upon this suppos'd favorite
To beg for you when it is doubtfull yet
Whether hee'l take me with the Dowry, which
Mine Unkle left me, though you adde your projects.

Men. The noble Gallant loves thee, Girle, and holds

Thy Person and thy vertues Dowry enough,

Cha. He is a wanton Lover, full of change, And at this instant singularly devoted Unto that humorous Lady, the young Widow.

Men. The Lady Strangelove?

To draw all mens affections to her service, And then abuses all by scornes or slightings,

And this (they say) has made him almost mad.

c. Men. He mad! believe it not: his reason is—
Married to him better then so. How now!

Ha' you seene the noble Knight from me?

How did he entertaine my Message? ha!

Why

Why speakst thou not? what answer has he sent?

Gab. Hee's not Sir to be spoken with or scene To any purpose, but by his Phistians.

Men. So fodainly and dangeroufly fick,

Where are my hopes?

Gab. I cannot say how sick.
He is; nor can himselfe give any account
Of his condition: for he is mad sir.

Men. How ! mad ?

Gab. Starke staring mad; as mad As you can thinke a Courtier must be That is more mad then all the rest.

Men. If this be true I finke, what is suppos'd

The cause?

Gab. That fir has puzzell'd all the Doctors In weighing all his severall wild affections; One findes he was ambitious of Court favour, And guesses he was crossed in some great suite; Another takes him as he was a Souldier, And losing cost and travaile in the warre Must lose his wits for that. A third collects He was a Poet that drunk too deepe of Helicon, And turnd his braine in clyming of Parnasses. A fourth considering that he was a Gamster Long and much favourd, and uprais'd by fortune To mountaynous heapes of Gold, conjectures, that Some late unlucky hand or chance at play Hath with his money swept his wit away.

Men. Fy, these can be no causes to remove, Or shake his settled judgement or his temper.

Gab. Then fir a fift and youngst head among
The learned men what call you him for a Doctor?
Hay that affects gay clothes and Flanders Laces,
That trim effeminate Gentleman) he

His known this noble patient to have beene An extreame Amorift, desperatly devoted Unto the service of some threescore Ladies, And honord every one the most in costly presents, Banquets and Verses; and thinks the distaine Of one or all of them has turnd his braine.

Cha. I told you fir, the cause before; and nam'd That humorous Lady for it, whom in heart I can no lesse then thanke.

Men. Goe, get you up.

And stirre not from my Chamber on my blessing Till my returne, nor admit any one Unto a conference with you.

Cha. I obey you. Exit.

Gab. Some of your project fearchers wait without fir, Loden it feemes with new intelligences.

Men. They may come in : but as I feare they bring Me little comfort, I am fure I shall Afford them none. Now firs, your businesse?

Enter 3 Projectors.

1. Pro. We wait upon your honour my good Lord
To crave the knowledge of what good faccesse
Your honor finds in our late suits my Lord.

Men. Why honor? why my Lord?

2. Pro. We stile you now.

3. Pro. As all must doe hereafter.

I.Pro. Yes, and that

In a short space of time, the world holds no Proportion else, nor shall it more be sayd That money can buy Land; or great Estates In Lands and Mannor-houses be call'd Lordships.

1.2.3. Or wealth joynd with defert attaine to honor. Gab. So now the Game's afoot. They hunt in full cry.

1.P. My Lord'tis most apparant, Men. How you torture me !

2.P.

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a.P. Wee'l mak't appeare most plainly on our lives.

3.P. And credits too.

Gab. Their Lives and credits, ha,ha,ha.

1. P. That in the space of one whole year our projects
Shall bring in fifty thousand pounds to us,
And hundred thousand to your selfe; and to
The Coffers Royall for full seaven years space
64 Thousand 783 1. 75. 9 d ob. 9. per annum,
Tis here already cast. Which to make good
Wee'l venture Lives and Goods.

2.P. Our Wives and Children.

(Mend, takes (the ferell and

3.P. We can ingage no more. (the ferell and Gab. A wondrous strange ingagement (peruses it. Your lives and goods; your wives & children gentlemen! That's too deep set, and questions the Kings Mercy: Me thinks it were enough, for non-performance. You would submit your bodies to perpetual! Imprisonment at the Kings charge; and leave Your wives and children to their several! Parishes You are still faithlesse sir, in all projects:

Dayly brought in, and be, continually,
Troubled with the Receipts (if you may be truffed
That have so little faith) when you shall soyle
And gall your fingers ends with telling money,
Yet find the lickings of 'em sweet, you'l then

Sing other Notes.

2. Meane time entreat my Lord
To put you to fome Tellers Clearke to teach you
Ambo-dexterity in telling money.

Gab. Do you hear fir? Can you give me two sixpences For a shilling—or any single money? 2.P.Pifb.

Gab. Cry mercy, you weare none in ready coine, But all in Bullion lockt up in your brave-chefts, And there you have the treasure of the Indies;

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Of deeper value, could it be digg'd out, a land and Then all the Hollanders have waited for These 7 yeares out of the Spanish plate fleets. Gab. But put mine eye out (now I dare you to't) With any fingle peece of ready money. 1.P. My Lord your man abuses us here strangely With his old misbeliefe. But still we doubt not Your honourable good opinion of us, 2. P. You have pervs'd this weighty paper here. Men. It weighes not all twelve graines. I.P. No more? Nay the whole platforme of a stately City, Ora designe to conquera whole Nation But doe you note the grounds, the Rules and Realons, y First for the casinesse of the severall grants. 2.P. Next for performance of our undertakings. 3.P. And then the certainty o' th' propounded profit Both to the King and us. I.P. Without all grievance unto the subject. Fab. That's no little marvaile, it was a start of your 1.P. Take em into particulars my Lord, First this for Perrukes. The Monopoly Of making all the Perrukes male and female, Through Court and Kingdome. Gab. There's a capitall project. 2.P. Note the necessity, that they be well made Of no difeas'd or infectious stuffe, of dead or living, said No verminous or fluttifla locks or combings, But harmleffe and found haire, of innocent, And wholesome people. Gab. They must then reape none From Gallowses, nor Hospitalls; from whence They have had great supplies. I.P. You have in that Said very well; For here's a Reformation Of

Of that abuse intended in these words
Innocent and wholsome.

Gab. How if a man or woman shall desire To weare a friends hayre so departed; as You his; or your wife yours; may't not be had?

1. P. Or if your friend or Mistris dye so, you Procure the haire and bring it from the Gallows To th' office, and it may be done accordingly.

Gab. You have in that faid very well Sir too.

Profit will rife is the generall use of em,
And multiplicity that will be worne
By people of all forts degrees and ages:
The old to hide their naturall baldnesse, and
The young and middle-aged their artificiall
Or accidentall.

Gab. By the pox or fo.

That none shall be esteem'd so sound or wise
As publique wearers of them: which to essectuate
Tis requisite that you obtaine a Mandat
Unto all Courtiers, that would be thought wise
To weare salse hayre: because clownes have been noted
To talke like sooles or mad men in their own.

Men. No more of that,

Touching new fashions of apparrell; sutes,
Hats, Boots, Swords, Belts, Ribands, &c.
For every wearer of his first o'th' fashion
To pay a groat to th' King; and every Tradesman
Two pence on every severall piece he sells
Of any such new fashion the first yeare?

Gab. And what may this pride money amount unto

Per annum, can you gueffe?

Men. I will not meddle in it.

2. No my good Lord.

Men. No,nor your Perrukes neither.

- 3. What say to this my Lord of the Balconyes? Men. Nor that.
- 1. This then for sucking out of cornes.

Men. Away with it.

2. This then: that on the birth of every Girle The Father pay a groat; to hearten men To live foberly and get Souldiers.

Men. Away.

t. This makes amends for all then. A new project For buylding a new Theatre or Play-house Upon the Thames on Barges or flat boats To helpe the watermen out of the losse They've suffer'd by Sedans; under which project The subject groanes, when for the ease of one Two abler men must suffer; and not the price, Or pride of Horse-slesh or Coach-hire abated. This shall bring flouds of gaine to th' watermen Of which they'l give a fourth of every fare They shall boord at the floating Theatre, Or set ashore from thence, the Poets and Actors Halse of their first yeares profits.

Men. Fy away.

That may be freely given out of the City,
To have but this assurance, that hereafter
They may ingrosse the getting of their own
Children: by order tane that Cavaliers,
And Courtiers may no more invade,
Or mix with Tradesmens wives: whereby tis thought
So many City Prodigalls have been gotten;
Onely the thristy countrey Gentlemen
To be excepted: for by them 'tis guest
So many Citizens grow landed men.

Gab.

Gab. Were not they gotten by Projectors think you?

Men. To deale plainely

I doe allow t in him

Gab. Heaven has heard my prayers,

Men. And will heare him or any man oppose
All that is put to me by way of project
To put me by all further hopes in 'em:
For (with hearts griefe I speake it) he by whom
I onely hop'd to climbe (alas) is fallen.

1. What out of favour?

Men. No, out of his Reason.
2. The noble Cavalier sir Ferdinando.

3. That late flood candidate for the favour royall, Is he now fallen besides himselfe?

Men. Even he.

I. What have you then to doe my Lord
In lien of all your fervice but beg him?

Men His greater and his pearer friends

Men. His greater and his nearer friends at Court Will prevent me.

2. They shall not, never feare it.

1. Come we will make quick worke of this. My Lord you shall disburse but twenty pieces.

2. Among us three. 3. And we will instantly Finde his estate. 1. And lay you down a way So plaine that you shall say All's yours, Before you stir a foot.

Gab. But when he has travell'd Till he has tir'd himselfe, he shall returne, And say All's lost, ist not so Gentlemen?

Men. I will not part with any money firs.

I. Trust me you doe not well to put my Lord
Off o his benefit, by disheartning him
In this small venture. Will you then be pleased
To give us but ten pieces.

Men.

Men. Not a penny.

2. Five you shall my Lord,

And stand no longer thus in your own light.

3. Or but a piece a Man. Men. Not a denier.

1. A dinner then my Lord, but of one piece.

Men. My answers cannot please you. Answer en

you.

Gab. I wonder how you having stretch'd your throats With the loud sounds of thousands, hundred thousands Can, after all, so faintly whisper forth One piece; and that as much in vaine, as all The massy summes: for all but brings you nothing, It shewes you Gentlemen of resolute patience; And would take thankfully I warrant you An od halfe crowne amongst you: and what say you To every man a kick on the condition? What say you to one with tother?

1. This abuse

Shall lofe your Master a hundred thousand pound.

Gab. Goe coine your bullion braines into the money And come againe. My master was

Your Lord even now, as he was Lord of Beggers.

1. I hope to live to fee him beg of us.

Gab. Out hundreds, thousands, ten thousands, hundred, thousands, Millions, ten Millions, Millions upon Millions Away, i'le stamp your buttocks into coopne else. (Ex. Pro. The Devill ride that hindmost of 'em, for (jetters. A raw bon'd Jade: Sfoot he has lam'd my toes.

Men. I am glad I am fo rid of em, and now.

As th'art my Servant and my loving Kinseman—

Gab. To follow you in all things but in Projects.

Men. Looke to my House and Daughter, that she ftart Nor any entrance be allowed to Fredrick (not; to re-intangle her in his Love, I know

Thy

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Thy vertue and thy valour can make good My trust impos'd in thee.

Gab. You need not feare fir But, good fir, no more projects.

Men. I have but one,

On which I'le fet my rest. Thoult say tis good.

Gab. Except it be the begging of this Madman

It can be nothing.

t

Men. Tis the very fame :

By which I will advance my house and name. Exit.

Gab. The Beggers best is that he feeles no shame:

Sprecious what meane you? Ha' you forgot so soone

Your Fathers strict command, and he scarce gone yet?

Enter Charisa.

Cha. Alas hee'l then meet Fredrick and divert him, I saw him at the window making this way.

Gab. He gets no entrance to you. I must obay A master though you can neglect a father.

Cha. Be not so cruell. Thou mayst live to love,

And need the pitty of a friend.

Gab. I pitty you,

And will do no more then you know how to aske For your own good. I understand your cause And can relieve you if you'l yeild to councell.

Cha. You are my Kiniman; and have bin my friend, Though you observe my father who, I feare, Has not a fathers love towards me.

Gab. His love is great and certaine,
And all his travell is for your advancement:
But he goes blindfold on unprosperous wayes
Led by credulity. Projects! pox o' projects
The patron of his projects is (it seemes)
Pepper'd with madnesse. Tis but Justice on him,
And now i'le give you a secret if you'l promise
To be ruld by me.

Cha,

Cha. You shall rule me cofen.

Gab. This Ferdinand, your fathers great Court-godling.

Nere fought you for a wife; but to have whor'd you:

(That is the English on't) and to appeare

A right great man in th'act, he would ha' made

By hopes and promises your credulous Father

The instrument of your prostitution:

Which to effect, (though still he undertook

His hopefull projects) cunning Lawyer-like

He crost or lost him still in all, on purpose

That poverty at length might urge him to

Give you to his dispose.

Cha. This was my fezre.

G.b. Away: some body comes. Cha. Tis Fredrick. I must see him.

Gab. You'l never see him more then. Go to your cham.
A little patience and he shall be yours. (ber,

Cha. So dos a heart confume in lingring fire, When cooling hopes are cast on hot desire.

Gab. Poore heart I pitty her, and will labour for her, Enter Frederick.

Fred. O Gabriel ! I am happy in finding thee, Thy master absent, whom I saw, in hast

Now piffing towards the Court. Where's my Chariffa?

Gab. You may not see her. Fred. May not see her sir?

Gab. My not ! nay must not : shall not fee her.

Fred Y'are very plaine with me.

Gab. Her owne command

Warrants me speake it fir.

Fred A villaine speakes it. Draw.

G.b. Yn ve a sword speakes other language for me.

Fred. Cassing whose thoughts are truth, and written

Here in this breast, giving me ample welcome, (bere,

Give thee a countermand to bar me from it?

Woulds

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Wouldst thou make her a double hearted monster?
Or like another woman?

Repent thee of thy trespasse yet and live.

Gab. Sir, if you thinke to fight, talke not too much; Or, if you needs must talke, then heare as well.

Fred. What wouldst thou fay?

Gab. Sir, I have more to fay

Then fits this place, since you are apt to quarrell; And this no ground to buftle on: nor indeed Where I dare for my honesty and trust Allow you longer stay. If therefore you Will walke, I'le wait upon you; and direct you In a more ready way to finde Charissa.

Fred. Is thee not here i' th' house?

Gab. O fir, a man

May come within his arme-reach of his money
In the Exchequer: but he must walke about
To finde due order e're he draw it out.

Fred. The fellow's honest, valiant, and discreet, Full man, in whom those three additions meet.

Gab. Sir, dare you trust me?
Fred. Yes I dare; and why?
Because if thou dar'st fight, thou dar'st not lie.

ACTII. SCENE I.

Enter Philomel, Court-wit, Swayn-wit, Cit-wit.

Phi. Here in this gallery Gentlemen you may, at your Untill my Lady comes, walk or fit. (pleafure, Con. Or lie down if you pleafe.

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Ph.

Ph. If you fo, wrong not my Ladies Couch with your Spurres I pray: take heed you leave not a Rowell there.

Sw. If one should, your Lady has no Lord to call her honour to question, whose Knight-hood it belong'd unto.

Phil. You have a good countrey wit fir.

Sw. My name is Swayne-Wit; and for all you twit me with the Countrey, I am a Gentleman tho.

Ph. I honour you the more sir, for I am a Countrey

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Maide my selfe.

Sw. Thou art a baggage, and a bold one, I am deceiv'd

I would be further acquainted with you tho. (Kiffe long, Have you done now? You will have time enough for

Further and better acquaintance.

Thou art a Jackanapes of the basest tricks that ever I saw, for a halfe penny. Shee's your choyce, is shee? Could not you let be tho'? I ha' bin acquainted with thee but two dayes, and forgi 'me for swearing, I ha' found thee beating ripe a skore o' times at least. Take heede I begin not now, and handfell your Ladies house, that is so much talkt on, and your Gentlewomans presence here with a fist about your eares.

Con. Not for a thousand pound.

Sw. That's a great deale of money. I could find i'my heart to do't tho'.

Con. Slife we are all padone then.

Sw. He fets my teeth on edge to looke upon him: He lookes so like a wilding crab, good neither for drink nor sauce.

Ph. Why would you presse him then ?

Sw. Thou hast a verjuice wir.

Ph. For my poore fake forbeare fir.

Sw. Let him stand further then, and looke o' toe

Cit. Well fir, this is no cause nor place to fight in,

Sw. What fayes he?

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Ph. Nothing, you heare he whiftles tother way.

Sw. Tother way, what backwards ?

Pb. What new guest ha' you brought here Mr. Comrt-

wit, for my Lady to laugh at ?

Con. One for that purpose Phil, you ha' spoke the man, But what company has my Patronesse, that shee is yet busy.

Sm. I that ! If shee be long busy I will not stay, and shee were ten great Ladies, or one as big as twenty, for all shee is your Patronesse, must we wait out of our wits, because Chalivers ran mad for her?

Ph. Ha' you heard o' that fir ?

Sw. My Cozen Court-wit's question was who's with

Ph. O sweet Mr. Court-wit, when will you bring the fine civil Gentleman, that maintaines himselfe so gallantly by picture drawing?

Sw. Here's a new bufineffe ! Fare yee well, pray tell

your Lady I came not from Penfans to grow here.

Th. Nay sweet sir stay, there is fir with my Lady none but the grave and witty talking Knight. Some call him the metrapolitane wit of Court; he that loves Ladyes society so much, and yet has vow'd virginity.

Con. As much as in man lies Phil; Hee is a perpetuall vowed batchellor indeed, and as constant to his vow as to his fashion in apparrell, which is ever the same, sir

Raphael Winter-plum.

Cit. That old witherd piece. I know him,

Sw. Thou wilt beare up again.

Cit. He has lick'd up a living with his tongue; makes all great tables his own; and eats for his talke: He may be conversant with women; for (they say) he guelt himfelfe

felfe beyond Sea for spight one did him; and now preaches chastity to Ladies, and love to their husbands. Hee's a Lay-gospeller among the married fort, and an especial pedant to the youth o' Court.

Con. Fy, thou fpeakft too much.

Sw. There's another humor I could beat thee for with all my heart, thou wilt speake outragiously of all men behinde their backs, and darft not answer Ba—to the face of a sheep, O I could pommell thee.

Cit. This is not yet a cause to fight for, when

Ph. But will not that fine Gentleman Mr. Dainty come, Mr. Court-wit?

Con. I expect him prefently.

Ph. I'le see if their conference be ended, or breake it if I can, and haften my Lady to you. Exit.

Sw. This wench has a dainty wit.

Con. Shee may, living with the prime Lady-wit in towne.

Sw. But what Dainty is that thee talkes on fo affecti.

onately ?

Con. Troth a Gentleman that lives at a good rate; very civill in conversation, keepes good company; yet none of his acquaintance that I am acquainted with knowes his beginning, or his present meanes.

Sw. A Gentleman borne.

Con. I know no more but by his port, and fashion, you faw him with me last night.

Sw. Forgi' me for fwearing, Ift he?

Con. He was at the Play with us too, doe you not re-

Sw. Yes, that I was at the Play, by fure token and a fad one.

Cit. 1'le shew you somewhat of him. A Gentleman borne did you aske?

Sw. Now he beares up againe.

A fine-handed, and a fine headed fellow he is; and pretends great skill and practice too in Picture-drawing, Watch-making, and such like finger-workes; which he sayes he uses as a Gentlemans exercise, not as a trade to live upon; when either he does live on't; or else hee has some more secret way, as perhaps pimping or pursing for ought I know.

Sw. There he is again! Art thou bound in confeience to wrong all men in their absence, till I beate thee into

better manners?

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Con. Hold, hold, I prithee hold.

Cir. Yet Rill the cause is insufficient, when-

Con. Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter Dainty.

Cit. Is her come ? Noble Mr. Dainty——The well-comft in the World. I protest I suffer'd by your absence.

Dai. You do me too much honour Mr. Cit-wit.

Cit. Oh fir, your humble fervant.

Sw. Ha, ha. Forgi' me for swearing, what a Spaniell's this?

Dai. Gentlemen you are well found, I was a little stayd by the way upon receipt of monies. Ha' you seene the Lady yet?

Con. Shee's yet a little bufy. We shall all instantly take

the opportunity together,

Dai. But Gentlemen; you that have better knowledge of this Lady informe if you please, why are we summond hither?

Con. Thou fpeakft as if thou hadft guilt upon thee; fear

nothing man.

Sw. I that's the thing that I would understand too. And why me of any man? They say indeed shee is a humorous Lady, and loves to busy her selfe. But what are we to her? are there not greater men, and Lords enough

for

for her to foole away the time with, but we must dance attendance on her humors?

Cit. I protest Mr. Swayn-Wit, I admire your inge-

nuity.

Sw. You will be medling ftill.

Cit. Tis to your question fir, which I will answer.

Sw. I there's another of your cockscombly tricks, to answer any question, that's ask'd another man, out with tho'.

Cit. This Lady sir, this humorous wity Lady is a witsponge, that suckes up wit from some, and holds as her
own, untill shee squeeze it out on others. Shee will make
use of ours, or any courser wits; and search em out to
sift em. Shee will collect from market-folkes; and hold
conferences with the poore Trades people that cry their
wares about the streets, Shee will rake wit out of a
dunghill Ragwoman,

Swa. So there he is againe ! dareft thou abuse a noble Lady, in her owne house too ? I dare not now but beat

thee.

Con. Forbeare good colen.

Cit. Still, still, the cause is naught, when-

Dai. Ods fo the Ladies comming I think.

Enter Philomel.

Phil. Gentlemen, my Lady cannot yet be rid of the tedious talking Knight. But shee will cast him presently. He is now following her into this roome, pray passe into the next; my Ladies Musick roome. There you shall find a collation of good Tobacco and Sack, and one to attend you, you know the fashions of the House Mr. Court wit.

Con. Come away Gentlemen. Exit Gentlemen.

Phil. I could even love and looke upon that sweete

Mr. Dainty a whole hours methinks.

to a demonstration and a son a rest data to

Enter

Enter Strange-love, and Sir Raphael.

Stra. Goe your wayes down Mayd, and if any aske for Sir Raphael here, say that I hope hee will ha done anon.

Ra. You would be rid of me : but pardon me Madam, I must hold your glasse to you.

Stra. That's a poore Chamber-mayds office; and ill

becomes your gravity Sir Raphael.

Ra. I'le open then the booke to you of your errors.

Str. Now you speake scholler-like, and your selfe: But have we spent all this while in by, and idle talke, and have that volume to be open'd yet? Pray read mee for the first Lesson for this Mornings Exercise, and my Edification, the last Chapter of my book of errors as you call it.

Ra. You are a mocker of instruction, and good counfell.

Str. Begins it so? whom is that spoken to?

Ra. I speak to onely you; to conjure (if I can) that spirit of scorne out of you; which you have taken in, and long affected for a humor, your singular own humor, till it is grown so familiar, so inherent in you, that you have wonne the title of the humorous Lady by't; and drawn a scorne upon your selfe.

Stra. Why then all's paid; and wellcome good Six

Raphael.

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Ra. I am not gone so; nor is all so payd:
For there's a greater reckoning yet of Raylings,
Reviling, Curses by the many that
Y'have scornd and sighted, shot at you in hot vollies.

Str. They hit me not, I am fure I do not feele 'em.

R. You may in time be sensible of their suffrings,
Whom you have violently, and willfully abus'd
With scorne and pride; if you call to mind
The cause, bred meerly out of humour; cause you would
have it so.

Str.

Str. You come too neare mee fir, eaule I would have

Str. Have I done fo ?

Ra. Yes, and have gloried in it for your humour To lead men into brakes with foolish fire.

Str. If they will follow it, I cannot helpe it.

Ra. You might though have prevented the milhaps
Of many, by a faire and free refiltance
In the beginnings of their fuits of Courtships,
And not to set your selfe at gaze to draw them on,
And then allure them with assured hopes
Of love and favour till you have wound their follies
Into the reach of your distaine; and then
To torture 'em, or having ta'ne 'em captives
To slave and sell 'em to the worlds derision.

Str. Of Raphael

Ra. Shee feeles compunction !

I will pursue it to the quick.

Ser. On good Sir Raphael.

Ra. Confider then good Madam, fince I know,
And your own confedence knowes, that you have made
A fecret vow from your late husbands death
Never to marry, how better and more glorious
It would be for your honor to declare
Your conftant purpose to a fingle life,
Then to fall into the transgression
Of robbing men so of their wits and reason,
And all by willfull humor as this late
Unhappy accident of madnesse in

The hopefull Knight Sir Ferdinando cryes
Lowdly to your difgrace, and the worlds forrow.

Str. Halfe the worlds forrow is mine own For that fad accident, I would I coold redeem't With halfe my health or life. But let me tell you (Now you have justly chidden me) that you Have a fault too.

Ra. What ist in your construction?

Str. As I conceal'd my vow of fingle living,
And gave men leave to court me, by which meanes
I won them into hopes, and robd their wits,
You in declaring to the Court and City
Your vow of chaftity and fingle life,
Yet dayly, nightly, howerly frequenting
The company of Ladies, with your sweer,
No lesse then grave discourse and conversation
Have rob'd (nay I may say dessours) more Ladies
Of chast and honorable thoughts, then all
The cavalry of Court.

Ra. Who I Madam!

Str. Even you fir Raphael (if unchast defices
Must be held sinfull) I know some of them,
And one (I feare) too well, that have bin subject
Unto the breach of any vow for you,
Yet you to vow a single and chast life;
And publish your intent!

Ra. Tis with intent,

And a religious purpole to decline,
And divert womans fond affections from me.

Str. O, but forbidden things are womens longings!
You have read, you have read (fir Raphael) you have read.

(Falls

La. And traveli'd too: yet never could discover (on her Such an example. (Conch.

Str. Pray fit down by me.

Ra. Good thoughts possesse you Madam. I mill hence.

Ser. I'le not be tedious to you. One word I pray fir!

Ra. Vertue, be thou my armor. Briefly then

Let me intreat you Madam.

To fit downe by me.

Ra. Sandity proted me. Sit.

Ra. Madam to the point.

Str. What is our ftrength, and what is not our frailty?

Ra. Where is thee wandering now? Bee playner Madam.

Str. Doe not my blushes (which I hope you pardon)
Deliver you a message from my heart?
Which I want words to utter? O these vowes!
These rash and ill-made vowes! dos not your judgement
Read something on this face? pray look upon me.

Ra. I am no good interpreter of looks.

Str. I dare not speake, till you have first remov'd A weighty scruple, which doth much perplexe me.

Ra. You must first speake it Madam,

Str. Whether these vowes,

(I meane your own, and mine, for single life)

May safely be dispensed with or absolved,

And we become a lawfull paire in Marriage?

Pray fir resolve and blesse me in a Match.

Ra. Madam I'le pray for you. Starts up. Str. You will first kill me

With your disdaine, and then you'l pray for me!
Is that your Charity?

Ra. I dare not heare you.

Ser: Leave me not fo.

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Ra. Who waits upon my Lady here? Exit.

Str. I had no other way to shift him, would he would An errand now to Rome to quit my scruple; (make And rid the Court of an officious foole: Women some times have sent wise men to schoole. Is the Knight gone?

Enter Philomel.

Ph. And bleffing of himselfe, As witch craft were i'th house.

Ser. But where's my favorite Court-wit, has he brought

his countrey Kinfman and the rest?

Ph. They are all in your wit-office Madam (as you call the Roome)
Passing the time among the Pipes and Bottles,
And singing catches. Here you may heare am Madam.

Ser. Marry, this takes past all sir Raphaels Lectures,
Goe call'em downe. Exit Phi.
This Ma lam troubles me, would be were right agen;
Or I quit of the scandall.

Enter Court-Swain, and Cit wit.

O Gentlemen i y'are welcome,
And chicay you that are the onely stranger,
I ha' been so troubled with an overtalking sir, that he
Has wound me into melancholly———

Swa. I wish you mirth Madam. I come not as one o' you fooles to make you any though - Offer to go away.

Str. Be not so briefe with mee, let mee intreat you though.

Swe Forgime for swearing doe you mock me tho'?

Ser. Mittake me not sweet fir-

Sw. Sweet with a mischiefe ! How sweet am I ? I come

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not as a fuitor to your great Ladyship. I am a Gentleman of two hundred a yeare tho'.

Str. Not as a fuitor to me fir?

Sw. No you are too great for me. Nor to your Mopley withour, though thee be front faire, and has fome wit thee's too little for me, I understand degree and quality, respect and difference; and am scholler enough to know my under and my quare.

Str. You ga'me his true character. You are a compleat Gentleman fir (if I miliake not) the Kiniman of my favorité here, who has given me an ample relation of

your worth and vertue.

Con. Yes, Patronesse, 'cis he, who though not throughly vers'd, or conversant i'ch' Court or City garbe, he understands both Men and Manners.

Sw. Prattle for your felfe fir.

Str. But to the bufinesse Gentlemen.

Sw. I that I would faine know if it be any.

Str. You have heard I doubt not of a disaftrons blot lately cast upon my fame, out of my owne free-nesse.

Git. Concerning the Mad-courtier Madam, when 'tis as likely, that his Taylor made him mad as you, for not hitting the fashion right in his last rich suit. But tis most like he fell from a reasonable man, by over-studying himselfe what Lord he should be at the next creation, whether of Gleek, or Cribbidge; In and in, or Hazard.

Sw. Hearke how this shotten headed Cocks-combe prates ! And how he, that can indure beating, dares speak any thing, or abuse all men! canst not give the Lady leave

to fpeake tho'?

Sir. Since there is an afpersion layd upon my freenesse in giving entertainment unto persons of great and noble quaity, the world deeming it to be done by me meerly

for oftentation, to cry my own humor up, by drawing them into Love knots, and then to flight or scorne them: My resolution is from hencesorth, to exclude those great reforts, and friendly and freely be merry within our selfes. I have source thousand a years to spend; and will be huswife good enough to keepe in compasse. I will not entertaine a servant, friend or guest above your rank or fortunes—

Sw. Why— (forgime for swearing) what do you

think of us ?

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Str. I thinke you Gentlemen of worth and quality: and therefore welcome, I thinke you able to maintaine your felfes midle-fis'd Gent.

Cit. I am Midlesex indeed; borne i' th' City.

Sw. Give the Lady leave to speake tho'.

Str. I'le give accesse to none, that the censorious world shall dare to judge a suitor to me,

Or to finde favour further then meat and wine,

Sw. Yes, faith a little money to; and make's your Fidlers.

Cit. Pray give the Lady leave to speak though. (when

Ser. Mauger the greatnesse of my former visitants

I give you my election for the chiefes

Of my familier fociety.

I may perhaps call in, (at least admit)

People of meaner garbe, without (I hope

Your grudge or envy. But they shall be men

Of Science, Art, and Action.

Sw. Of action Madam? who do you meane? the

Players ?

Str. Why not? I love their quality and them, and mean to have the use of some of em shortly: Besides Mustrians (Poets in the first place) and Painters: In which last mention dart I hears you are excellent, though all this while so silent.

Dai.

Dai. I boast no skill or practise Madam: but I have drawne some pieces that have been worth my paines in my Rewards.

Str. I must commend their ingentity for whom you tooke those paines. But where I lest) I must make use of

wits, of arts, and actions.

Sw. Here in your house Madam, I would be glad to see the Actors but I saw em at their own too lately: for I lost my purse there, no matter let it go. There was 15.

pound in't tho!

Cit. Sprecious! How now! my Fob has been fubd to day of fix pieces, and a dozen shillings at least. Nothing but a bowd groat left as I hope for my Grannums blessing.

Con. Sure you have been in some ill company.

Cit. Pox of ill company I say. My watch is gone out of my Pocket too o'th right side.

Dai. You role o' the wrong fide to day it feemes, were

you in no crowd or quarrell?

Cit. I never was in any quarrell i'my life. I alwayes run from 'em.

Con. I dare swears thou doft.

Cit. I onely stood to day at the Coranto-shop to read the last great news; and I was hoop'd in I remember by some that seem'd to wonder as much as I.

Dai. Then certainly there was a cut-purse amongst 'em.

Cit. I'le go to honest Moll about it presently.

Sw. But firft ftay and heare my Lady tho'.

Cou. I Madam you were speaking of the use you would make of Poet, Painter, Musick, Actor and the like.

Ser. Tru: favorite for a Masque that I intend to have thortly, you shall performe the poeticall part, your servant

servant Citwit the Musicall. And by your skill and directions the Painters office for the scenes. Dancers and speakers I have in store.

Sw. I must be something too tho', must I not Ma-

Str. Marry and thanke you too fir.

Enter Philomel.

Now your Newes.

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Phil. Sir Apdrew Mendicant desires to see you Madam.

Str. You should have told him I would not be seene by him.

Ph. I told him you were busy. But hee sayes hee is to speake with you upon a weighty businesse from the Court.

Str. Tis the Court-begger. You know him favorite.
Goe not away, I'le bring him in amongst you,
And (as you love me) put some ridiculous projects to
him. Exit.

Dai. What's that sir Andrew Mendicant? doe you know him well?

Cour. Thou askelt still a question like a guilty person, with a look resembling fear upon thy face.

Dai. My countenance is too blame then; not my confcience.

Cit. I'le tell you what he is.

Sw. Still answering others questions?

Cit. He is a Knight that hanckers about the Court, ambitious to make himselfe a Lord by begging. His braine is all Projects, and his soule nothing but Court suits. He has begun more knavish suits at Court, then ever the Kings Taylor honestly sinish'd, but never thriv'd by any: so that now hee's almost fallen from a Pallace B gger to a spittle one. His businesse to my Lady now can be nothing but to borrow money to buy a paire of wheeles

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to fet some Project a going to Court for a Mol

nopoly.

Sw. Thou wert in halt cene now to looke after the money; but and thy Life lay on't thou must stay to abust a man hehinde his back, who is a noble Gentleman thou knowst, and I have heard, yet (speake in thy conscience) wouldst thou not be beaten now?

Cone Forbeare, they come.

Enter Strangelove, Mendicant.

Str. Sir, since it is requested by those great ones Whose power cannot command me in this case (For tis my charity and not my duty)

I am content that the mad Ferdinand
Shall sojourne in my house for his recovery.

Men. Tis thought you were the ground-work of his The Doctors therefore mov'd their honours to it.
For that your frequent presence may be helpfull

Towards his care.

Str. He shall have it then
Towards the expiation of the crime
They charge me with. But in case sir Andrew
He should be cur'd by this meanes, I should then
Crosse you in fortune and your future hopes
Of his estate; which you have beg'd you say
If he recover not.

Men. I must leave that to fortune Madam.

Str. Will you be pleas'd fir to take notice of
These Gentlemen my friends. They may be usefull (Salute
For they have all projective braines I tell you.

Men. Pray of what nature are your Projects

Gentlemen ?

Con. Sir my affection leanes much to Poetry, especialy the Drammatick.

Men. Writing of ftrange Playes ?

Con. I am glad I speake fir, to your understanding.

And my project is that no Playes may be admitted to the Stage, but of their making who Professe or indeavour to live by the quality: That no Courtiers, Divines, Students at Law, Lawyers-clearks, Tradesmen or Prentises be allow'd to write'em, nor the Works of any lay-Poet whatsoever to be receav'd to the Stage, though freely given unto the Actors, nay though any such Poet should give a summe of money with his Play, as with an Apprentice, unlesse the Author doe also become bound that it shall doe true and faithfull service for a whole Terme.

Men. Here's a trim bufinesse towards, and as idle as

the Players going to Law with their Poets.

felfe to have the onely priviledge to give instructions to all the actors in the City, (especially the younger fort) the better to enable them to speake their parts emphatically and to the life.

Men. You were best take heede in time then that you well preserve your own voyce, for feare you doe a spoyle among em in teaching em to utter in unsavory

tunes. Doe I come hither to be mock'd?

Sw. Will you heare mine though ? I am a Countrey Gentleman, young, healthfull and lufty. I heare complaints of barrennesse in the City; and of men that cannot get their wives with child; Get me but a Patent for't I'le undertake by my selfe and deputies (provided that the woman be sound and handsome) to make them multiply, and upon reasonable conditions: we will deale with the rich for money, and the poors for charity.

Men. This is foolisher then tother. Doe you abuse me

Gentlemen?

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Sw. Is that a wife man's question? you cannot tell th'o.

Cis.

Cit. We have our projects too Sir.

Men, I would have yours fielt, you seeme a civill and substantiall Geneleman.

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Pai. In more private if you please Sir. Men. I like well his reservednesse.

Dei, Sir I am a P Aure-drawer L'mner, or Painter (if you please) and wou'd gladly purchase authority, by my selfe and deputies, for the painting of all the Kings, and Queenes-head signes for Tayernes, Innes, Ale houses, and all Houses and Shops of Trade throughout the Kingdome upon this ground that they draw and hang up their goyall Images for signes in so hideeus manner that men blesse themselves to see't.

Men. I marry this hangs upon some ground. But are

you an exqu fite workeman in that art fic ?

Dai. I am an Artist in that mistery sir, and have drawn some of his Majesties P. Aures (by coppy onely but) so to the life, that Gentlemen have kneel'd to 'em for suites, and knight-hoods.

Men, Indeed fir !

Dai. Yes sir, and great Lords I have pictur'd so powerfully, their own followers sodainly rushing into the room have started back, and solemnly stood bare to tem as they tung of the walls.

Men. Ift poffible !

Dai. I drew a sterne Judge, and a civill Lawyer so to the life, that after their corps were in the Grave, a man durst not looke upon their pictures without a bribe, or double fee in shand.

Men. I do admire you!

Dai. I ha' drawn Ladies too, with that alluring beauty, that men have lov'd their dead pictures, for their painted lookes, more then their living persons for all their vertues.

Men. Thou boy ! introth you abuse me most merrily Gentlemen. Goe. Str.

Str. An excellent fellow: I like him for that faney more then all the reft.

Cit. Pray heare my project too fir ?

Str. Yes good fir Andrew , you shall not part so ab?

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Cit. Mine is a good common wealths businesse, against the common Plague, that raignes i'th' City of Pick-pockets, and Cut-purses. I my selfe ha' bin robb'd to day, and am going to a good member that deales in private for the recoveries of such goods: One that shall undertake if you'l but get a Patent, for a Cutpurse-hall, or Office, to helpe all men to their owne againe, allowing but the Tithes of their Losses, and freeing the offending parties.

Men. Fie, fie, Here's tithing indeed.

Cit. Provided that notice be brought to the Office within foure and twenty houres after any such losse.

Men. Enough, enough.

Cit. Wee may by the same course secure the Coun-

ties too, and make the hangman hang himselfe.

Men. Let every man be wise enough to looke to his purse, and there will be no Cut-purses, nor need of your patent.

Sw. As wife a man as you may lofe his purse tho', as

I ha' done my felfe in a crow'd.

Men. He puts me in mind of a crowd I was in once to day of company I lik'd not—ha—. For heaven 'tis gone: And I dare not discover it for being laught at.

Cou. It seemes none of your Projects will passe with

you fix Andrew.

Str. Come fir, they are but (as you faid) merry with

you.

Men. Be you merry with them good Madam, you know the ferious worke I came about. In which

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I fodainly shall presume to give you a re-visite.

Str. Pray do sir Andrew, bring your Mad-man. My garden Lodgings shall be his bedlem. Come gentlemen tis Dinner-time.

Gon. We are your waiters Madam. Exeunt Omnes.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philomel, Mendicant, Deltor.

Ph. These are the Lodgings, that my Lady appointed For your distracted patient.

Men. Like you'em Doctor.

Dott. Exceeding well. Excuse me Gentlewoman That now intreat your absence.

Ph.Willingly. I am not taken with the fight you bring: For I see mad-folkes enough every day.

Exit.

Dott. Here set him downe. Unbind him, and unblind him. (Ferdinand brought

Fer. Am I then taken prisoner in the North? (in a chaire Wounded, disarm'd and bound? I shall be (bound and ransom'd (booded, &c.

To which of your rebelliously usurp'd Castles ha' you brought me? you sir Presbiter,

That better can pugnare then orare,

And fo abjure all duty and allegiance-

Men. Hee takes you for a Northerne Pastor Mr. Doctor.

Doll. No matter what, let him run out his fancy.

Fer. You were best to use me well; and like a souldier Order will else be tane (though you know none.)

Dott.

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Dell. You shall have all best usage fir. (armor Fer. And use my horse well too, and let my horse and Be decently preserved and seems forth-comming At my redemption.

Deft. With all beft care fir.

Fer. For I shall soone be sent for, or fetch'd off With ruine of your countrey bout your eares.

Doll. You shall have all content the countrey yellds

fir.

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s.

Fer. I shall have Oat-bread, Ale, and Bag-pipes,

Doll. If you'l be merry fir. (I to cribbidge Fer. Merry! why not?come let!s ha' cards; and you and For an od hundred pound, I meane not Scotch, But sterling English pieces, where's your money? All gone in Ammunition, and charge Military.

Doll. I'le finde you money enough.

Fer. Ohere's a third man, let's then to Gleeke.

Men. Crown Gleeke sir, if you please.

Fer. Crown Gleeke ! no more?
You feeme to be a thrifty Covenanter
To play but at crowne Gleeke, whole piece Gleeke or nothing.

Men. High as you please fir, wee'l find money enough,

And pay us but our buyings.

Fer. Sir, you must bate mee Aces. You will play Tib and Tem.

Doct. All i' the Cards fir.

Fer. Away with cards. Bring dice, set all at hazard, And though I lose all, I have yet a project That at the end o'th' war, and the great sitting Shall setch all in agen. But O my Muse ! How dare I so neglect thy inspirations? Give me Pen, Inke and Paper.

Doct. All's ready.

Fer. Now will I write, nor will I emulate
Ovids smoth vaine, or Petraks buskind stile.
Nor Laura, nor Corinna did deserve
To have their prayers written in such Verse
As i'le bestow on her that I adore.
Listen to me you blest Intelligences,
And, Phebus, stay thy course to heare me sing
Her prayses, for whose love th' inamor'd Gods
Would leave their proper seates, and in stolne shapes,
Converse with mortalls, your soule-ravishing spheres
Send forth your sweetest harmony whilst I sing
But O shee is disdainfull; and her scorne
Hath blotted all the glory of her praise,
Away, away with all.

Dott. New fir, doe you observe the roote of his

Difease ?

Men. I guesse at it, know you the remedy?

Fer. Disease! what's that? who is diseas'd? who wants a Remedy?

Are you sir a Phistian?

Men. This Gentleman is, and brings you remedy, be

you patient.

Det. O you will move him.

Fer. You are a brace of Quacks,
That tie your knowledge unto dayes and houres
Mark'd out for good or ill i' th' Almanack.
Your best Receipts are candy for a cold;
And Carduns Benedictus for an ague,
Could you give life as Asculapina
Did to unjustly flaine Hippolitus,
You could prescribe no remedy for me.
Goe study Gallen, and Hippocrates,
And when your rare simplicities have found
Simples to cure the Lunacy of Love,
Compose a potion, and administer't

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Unto the Family at Amsterdam.

Doll. I'le Philick you to morrow and allay The heate of this strong fit, or Leach it out.

Enter fir Raphael.

Ra. I have venter'd to this house againe, assur'd That now the humerous Lady is from home Forgetting not her Love trick put upon me Which she already boasts to my disgrace For which I may requite her Ladyship, How dos your patient? a sleepe ! That's well.

Men. No hee's but filent fis, and it is well

That he is fo, fo long.

Ra. The Lords in honorable regard unto His health directed me to visite him.

Fer. Who's that ?

Ra. Do you not know me fir? ?

Fre. You are (I tak't) the Ghost of Dionisius The great tirannical Court-schole-master.

Ra. Your Friends at Court commend them to you Sir.

Fer. What hither, anto hell? Extend their loves So far, to finde me out? Pray let 'em know That here's a trobled world in want of Statesmen. But tell the youthes and beauties these, they never Shall finde a happier opportunity To raise a new Plantation. They'l drive all Before 'em here: For pride is at a stand; Fashions are all worne out, and no invention For new here to be found: all beauty's lost; Nor have the greatest Ladies here the act To make so much as their poore Chambermayds: Let'em come downe, as many of the Gallants As are made weary of their Wives or Mistresses; And, of those Wives and Mistresses, as many As can their husbands, or their servants spare:

And what a yeare of Holy-dayes, a Jubile Shall we have in hell then? Ha' old Lad !

Ra. What a wilde fancie's this ! Dell. Crosse it not good fir.

Ra, Pray give mee leave to touch it though, a little.

Fer. But above all, finde out the Lady Strangelove That humorous Madam, and tell her from me, The many Lovers shee has sent before her Into these shades where we can find no torments Like those that shee inslicted) have prevailed With the great Queene Proserpina; that shee Shall be in place next to her royall person.

Ra. The Lady Strangelove! you are in her house sir, Where doe you thinke you are? or who you are? Pray call your selfe to mind sir, are not you The noble Cavalier and hopefull Courtier The most accomplish'd Knight sir Ferdinando?

Dett. Forbeare sir, you will move him strongly else.

Ra. I have authority for what I do sir,

Can you forget your selfe sir, or neglect

The bounteous fortunes, that the Court and Kingdome

Have in store for you, both for past Atchievments,

And for the large endowments of court-vertue

Are found still growing in you, studied and practis'd

So to the life, as if you were built up

Vertues own Mansion, on her foure sirme pillars?

Men. I hope he cannot flatter him into's wits When 'cis the way to foole men out of 'em.

Ra. The Wildome, Justice, Magnanimity, And temperance of court you are exactly Fram'd and compos'd of, and indued with all The excelencies that may adorne a man By Nature, Fortune, Art and Industry! And all this glorious light to be eclips'd;

And fuch Divine perfections feeme to fleepe?

Fer. Pray fir your care.

Ra. Sir, moft attentively.

Fer. What do you thinke of Salsbury steeple sir, For a fit hunting speare t' incounter with The whore of Babilion? might I not firke her thinke you?

Men. Your Doctrine dos not edify fir Raphael.

Fer. Is Oratour Demossines growne dumbe O'th' sodaine? what I no answer? give me a Knife He is but tongue tied.

Ra: Guard me Divinity.

Doll. I told you what you would doe.

Men. Patience good fir.

Fer. Patience in tortures?

Dott. Helpe here fodainly!

Enter Servants.

Fer. Do you fally forth in troupes? Have I no troupe? Give me my horse and armes, and come a hundred.

Doff. Wee'l arme and horse you, since y'are so unruly.

Away with him into his Bed-chamber.

Fer. O doe you make me then your Knight o' th' shire A tun o' Wine for that. Shoulder your Knight, advance your Knight, beare him out. (Manent Men.

Al. A Ferdinand, & Ferdinand, &c. (fir Rap. Men. This now to me is Mulick, Golden chimes

That rings all in with an affor'd advantage,

How now Sir Raphael ! Frighted ?

Ra. In all my disputations all my travailes, And all conspiracies that have bin had Asgainst me, never met I an incounter By man, or spirit that I feard so much, Yet here's another fury.

Enter Strangelove.

Ser. By what oppression or tiranny (for Law

I'm sure could never do't) is my house here Confiscated or usurp'd, and I become your slave?

Men. How Madam?

Ser. Your flave, lay your commands on mee, what drudgery doe you appoint me to?

Ra. Shee's mad too.

Men. Did not your Ladyship give way?

Ser. To make my house a hell?
The noyse of Bedlem is soft Musick to 't.
Could your Projectorship find no house else
To make a mad man madder in but mine?
And me as mad as he too with the trouble.

Men. I was no principle in't good Madam. Exit.

Str. Was it your plot then fir Philosophaster,
That so you might under pretext of reading
Philosophy to him, to cure his madnesse
Make your adresse to me to prosequte
Your Love-suite when I thought I had answer'd you,
But if you must proceede, o'recome me if you can,
Yet let me warne you to take heede withall
You pull not a disease unto you, that may
By your ungovern'd hast post into
Your grave: for I shall prove a torment to you,
Though you'l take no denyall, take yet a warning.

Ra. I take it to forsake your house; and never More to resort where madnesse raignes. Did I

Make love to you?

Str. Pardon mee vertuous fir, it is my love to you that tortures mee into this wild distraction. O fir Raphael.

Ra, Now vertue guide me. I will thun this place More then I would the Spanish Inquisition.

Str. I shall in time be rid of all such Guests, And have the liberty of mine owne house With mine own company, and to mine own ends

Where

Where are you Phil? I were but dead if I had not this wench to foole withall fometimes.

Enter Phil.

Phil. Madam.

hat

Sir. I must be a little serious with you, shut the dore.

Phi. Now am I call'd into correction, When shee is vext and wants the company Shee likes, then come I into question, 'Tis common among Ladies with their women.

Str. Why that down looke, as if you meant to fetch An answer, or excuse out of your Apron-strings Before you are charged or question'd? what new fault

Has past of late?

Phi. Doe you read any Midam
Upon my face or lookes? I never was in love
Much with my face, nor ever hated it. But if I thought
It had upon't, or in it, any trespasse
Against your Ladysh'p (my heart being cleare)
These Nayles should clam it out.

Teare.

Str. Nay be not passionate Phil. I know you cannot Forget the care I have had of you; nor should you Distrust me in the promises I have made you, Bearing your selfe according to your covenant Phil, Of which one Article is to laugh with me.

Ph. Go, you are fuch a Lady, ha, ha, ha.

Str. Now thou comst to me wench: hadst forgot?

Phi. You said you would be serious. (private,

Str. Dost not thou know my serious nesse is to laugh in And that thou art bound to stir that humour in me? There's but two things more condition'd in thy service; To do what I bid thee, and tell me the truth In all things that I aske thee.

Phi. I Madam, you had never known that same

elle.

Str.

Str. Of the clap thou hadft i'the Countrey e're I took But haft thou faithfully kept thine own e're since? (thee,

Phi. Yes most severely Madam on your promise-

Str. Well we will have a husband then to folder up the old crack,

I have already made my choyce for you:

Your sweete-heart Cit-wit makes most suite to you

And has a good Estate, and wit enough

Too for a husband, and a handsome person.

Phi. I finde no fault in all that. But he is So base a coward, that he may be soone Beaten out of his wit and money.

Str. But if he should prove valiant!

Phi. If he were valiant now I could say something, But to wait for growing to't were such a losse of time.

Str. What fay to Swayn-wit?

Phi. Hee's the others extreame. I might feare him but never love him.

Str. What think you of my speciall favorite Mr. Court-

Phi. As of a Courtier Madam, that has talted So much of all waters, that when he has a fountaine of his Hee'l be too jealous of it. (owne

And feard that every man will drink of's cup When perhaps none dares touch it, were I it.

Str. What fay to Dainty then the curious Limner?
Phi. I am bound from lying. Madam hee's the man.

Str. Well i'le take thy cause in hand wench: But yet we are not merry. I am inclin'd most jovially to mirth me thinks. Pray fove some good be towards. Laugh or i'le pinch you, till you doe.

Phi. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. O the picture

drawer ! ha,ha,ha.

Str. I,come, the Picture drawer.

Phi. O, I love drawing and painting, as no Lady bet-

ter

ter, who for the most part are of their occupation that profess it. And shall I tell all Madam?

Ser. By all meanes Phil .- now thee's enter'd.

Phil. I hope I am handsome enough too. For I have heard that Limners or Picture-drawers, doe covet to have the fairest and best featur'd wives, (or if not wives, Mistresses) that they can possibly purchace, to draw naked Pictures by, as of Diana, Venus, Andromeda, Leda, or the like, either vertuous or lascivious; whom they make to sit or stand naked in all the severall postures, and to lie as many wayes to helpe their art in drawing, who knowes how I may set his fancy a worke? and with modesty enough. We were all naked once, and must be so againe. I could sit for the naked Shepherdesse, with one Leg over the tother Knee, picking the Thorne out of her Foote most neatly, to make the Satyre peeps under.

Ser. Well thou shalt have him.

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Boy. Mistris Philomel. Within.

Str. Let in the Boy. Now fir your newes?

Boy. The mad Knights Doctor Madam intreats to speake with you.

Str. Now feekes he my affiltance in his cure.

Boy. And Mr. Court Wit, and the other Gentlemen are below

Str. Goe you and entertaine the Gentlemen, while I consult with the Doctor, let him enter.

Enter Doder.

Now Mr. Doctor! you come to aske my counself I know for your impatient Patient. But let me tell you first, the most learned Authors, that I can turne over ; 25 Dioscorides, Avicen, Galen, and Hyppocrates are much discrepant in their opinions concerning the remedies for his disease.

Doct. Madam-

Sir.

Str. Therefore I trust you'l pardon my weaknesse, if my opinion jumps not altogether with your judgement.

Doc. Madam, my purpose was not

Str. My purpose is to advise you though, that, if his Frenzie proceed from love as you conjecture, that you administer of the rootes of Hellebore, destill'd together with Salt-peter, and the flowers of blind Netles, I'le give you the proportions, and the quantity is to take.

Doc. Miltake not me good Madam-

Str. But if his Malady grow out of ambition, and his over weening hopes of greatnesse (as I conjecture) then he may take a top of Cedar, or an Oake-apple is very soveraigne with the spirit of Hempseed.

Do. Madam, I seeke no counsell in this case, my cun-

ning is-

Str. To let me know, that that part of my house which I allow you is too little for you.

Do. Shee's furely mad.

Str. But you must claime possession of the rest, You are come to warne me out on't; are you not?

Doc. Mistake not so good Madam.

Str. Or do you call my attendance on his person, by

way of a Nurse-keeper? I can do little service.

Doc. For my part Madam I am forry we are made the trouble of your house, and rather wish me out on't then your favour. But if your Ladyship will bee pleas'd to entertaine with patience the little I have to say.

Stra. Come to it quickly then.

Doc. First, let me tell you Madam, as 'cis manifest You were the cause of his distraction, Y'are bound in charity to yeild such meanes (With safety of your honor and estate)
As you may render for his restoration
V Vhich of all the earthly meanes depends on you

If

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If I know any thing in my profession,

Ser. Come to the point, you'ld have me visit him.

Doc. True Madam : for a fight of you, shall more

Allare his reason to him, then all medicine

Can be prescrib'd.

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Ser. By your favour fir, you fay
Saving my honor and estate I am bound,
But may I with the safety of my Life,
And limbes and a whole skin dare venture.

Doc. My life o' that.

Ser. You might more fafely lay

Lives of a hundred Patients.

Doc. Now hee's calme,

Now shall he see you, but at most secure And modest distance.

Str. Come for once i'le truft you.

Exit.

Enter Swayn-wit, and Cit. Wit.

Sw. Come out into the Garden here; and let them talke within, I say he shall talke with her; and his belly sull, and doe with her too, her belly sull, for all thou: an honest discreet Gentleman, and thou a coward and a cockscombe. Besides he has an art and quality to live upon, and maintaine her Lady-like, when all thy money may be gone. And yet thou prat'st o' thy two thousand pound at use, when thou and thy money too are but an asse and's load tho'.

Cit. Well, you may speake your pleasure. This is no

cause to fight for.

Sw.I'le make thee fight, or promise to fight with me, or somebody else before we part, or cut thee into pieces.

Enter Court-wit.

Cou, But tell me feriously dost thou love my Ladies woman so well as to marry her, and suffer the Picture-drawer now to court her privately, and perhaps to draw and carry her from thes?

Cita

Cit. Why he here will have it fo you see, and pull'd mee out.

Sw. It is to doe a cure upon thee, coward.

Cit. Coward ! pish! a common Name to men in buffe and feather. I scorne to answer to't.

Sw. Why dost thou we are a Sword? only to hurt mens feet that kick thee?

Con. Nay you are too fevere.

Sm. Pray hold your peace. I'le jowle your heads together, and so beat ton with tother else. Why don't thou were a Sword I say?

Cit. To fight when I fee caufe.

Con. Now he fayes fomething, yet, and may be curable.

Sm. What is a cause to fight for ?

Cit. I am not to tell you that fir, It must be found out and given me before I ought to take notice.

Con. You may fafely fay for Religion, King or

Countrey.

Sm. Darft thou fight for Religion ? fay.

Cit. Who that has any Religion will fight I fay ? Sw. I fay thou hast none. Speake, hast thou any?

Cit. Truly, in this wavering world I know not how to

Sw. La you. Hee'l say he has no King neither, rather

then fight.

Con. Why if he will not fight for him he is no Subject, and no Subject no King.

Cit. I thanke you fir, I would ha' faid fo.

Sw. O thou wouldst make a speciall Souldier now !

Cit. Well fir, all are not choyce doggs that run, fome are taken in to make up the cry.

Sw. And for thy Countrey, I dare sweare thou wouldst

rather run it then fight for't.

City. I am no clown to run my Countrey.

SW.

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Sw. Darft thou tell me of clowns thou cockney chicken-hearted whelp thou?

Cit. Forbeare good fir, there are countrey Gentlemen

as well as clownes, and for the rank I honour you.

Sw. Sirrah you lie, strike me for that now; or I will beat thee abhominably.

Con. Up to him man : wilt thou fuffer all ?

Cit. I would --- but-

Sw. You lie I fay againe.

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Cit. I thinke I doe, I thinke I doe, and why should I maintaine an evill cause?

Sw. The wench thou lov'st and doatest on is a whore.

Cit. Sir, if the be'tis not my fault, nor hers: fomebody else made her so then I warrant you. But should another man tell me so!

Sw. What then?

Cit. I would say as much to him as to you. Nor indeed is any mans report of that a sufficient cause to provoke mee unlesse shee her selfe confessed it, and then it were no cause at all.

Sw. Here's a true City wit now.

Cit. I should have wit sir, and am acounted a wit within the walls, I am sure my Father was Master of his company, and of the wisest company too i'the city.

Con. What company's that?

Cit. The Salters fir. For fal fapit omnia you know.

Sw. Your Father was a cuckold tho', and you the Son of a whore.

Con. Fight now or you'l die infamous, was your Mc-ther a whore?

Sw. Deny't and darft, fay, was the not?

Cit, Comparatively shee might be in respect of some holy woman, the Lady Ramsey, Mistris Katherine Stubbs and such, ha, ha. Is that a cause?

Con. What I not to fay your Mother was a whore?

Q 4

Cit.

Cit. He may fay his pleasure, It hurts her not shee is dead and gone. Besides, at the best shee was but a womin, and at the worst shee might have her frailties like other women. And is that a cause for mee to fight for the dead, when wee are forbidden to pray for em?

Con But were your Mother living now, what would

you fay or doe?

Cit. Why, I would civilly ask her if the were a whore? If the confess'd it, then he were in the right, and I ought not to fight against him: for my cause were naught. If the deny'd it, then he were in an error, and his cause were naught, and I would not fight, 'cwere better he should I ve to repent his errour.

Sw. Nay, now if I do not kill thee let me be hang's

for idlenesse. Draw.

Cir. Hold I am unprepar'd.

Sw. I care not—unlesse thou sweare presently, and without all equivocation upon this sword—

Cit. Scabberd and all I pray fir, The cover of the book

is allowd in courts to fweare upon.

Sw. Well fir, now you shall sweare to challenge the next that wrongs you. Sheathes it.

Cit. Yes, if the wrong give me sufficient cause.

Cou. Cause agen! suppose that fellow within should take your wench from you? which very likely he has done already: for I left 'em close on a couch together Kissing and—

Cit. Gi' me the booke, i'le have her from him, or him from her if he be without her belly, or Kill him if he be

within her.

Sw. Tis well a cause may be found at last tho'.

Con. I like a man, whom neither Lie, Kick, Battoune, scandall, Friends, or Parents, the wrongs of Countrey, King or Religion can move, that will, yet, fight for his wench.

wench. Thou wile be oneof the stiffe blades o' the time I see.

Sw. A wench is a moving earle:

Unfeen

Str. Helpe, helpe,here helpe-ha-Above.

Sw. Why doll not draw and run in upon 'em?

Cit. After you I will fir.

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Sw. A pox upon thee art thou down agen?

(it. No fir, I am drawn you fee.

Str. Help, help, a rape, a rape, murder, help! (Draw all

Sw. Con. Tis time to fly then.

Enter Dainty (bis Sword drawne) and Philomel.

Cit. I come my Philomel.

Con. What's the matter Phil?

Dai. What cry was that?

Sw. Was it not you that caus'd it fir?

Phi. Was it not here ?

Cit. Was it not you that cry'd?

Str. Is there helpe, helpe, helpe?

Above.

Phi. O tis my Lady in the Madmans chamber. Is her mirth come to this?

Sw. Where, which way?

Phi. Here, here the dore's made falt. (Exe.omnes

Sw. I'le breake it open. (Pret.Cit.his sword drawn.

Doc. Help here, help the Lady; help the Lady. (Doctor

Cit. We are a comming, you shall have help (looks out enough above.

I warrant, what's the matter ?you shallnot lack (Florish for help (bis sword.

Fer. Away Medusa. Hence, thou hast transformd me. Stone, stone, I am all stone. Bring morter and make a bul-wark of me.

Above unseen

Cit. O that's the Mad-man ! How madly he talkes !

Fer. Hold me not down.

Cit. Stones to make a bul-warke quoth a! If he had but

but to make a brace of Demy-culvering bullets, they were thumpers I thinke.

Fer. Hold me not down, but reare me up, and make me

myown flatue.

Enter Strangelove, Swain-Wit, Court-Wit, Dainty. Phil.

Str. Was ever fuch a practice?

Con. A meere accident of madnesse. Str. I say it was a practise in the Doctor.

Dai. Yet he calld out for help.

Ser. You had broke up the dore first. That was but to

colour his trechery.

Sw. A new way, and a very learned one I promise you; to cure madnesse with a plaister of warms Lady. gutts.

Cit. He would ha' had a mad bout with my Lady it feemes. He would ha' vented his madnes into her. And

The could ha' drawn better then the Leaches.

Con. If you believe this Madam, tho' fir Ferdinand be by his madnefie excusable in the attempt, you ought to be reveng'd upon the Doctor.

Sw. Let's cut him into pieces Madam.

Ser. I'le think upon some way to make him a dreadfull example to all the Pandarean Doctors i' the Towne, Come in Gentlemen, and helpe mee with your advices.

Cit. You shall want no advise Madam. No strength, Let's goe sir. (He snatcheth Phil. from Dainty, who

Ph. What mean you Mr. Cit. wit 3 (took her by the arm.

Cit. I have sworme. Therefore I say no more, but I have sworme. Exeunt Omnes,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick Gabriel.

The vice of Anger blinded fo my Reason,
As not to see through thy transparent breast
A true and noble heart; such as becomes
A Kinsman and a friend to her I love;
I can see now, and read thy integrity,
And, by the light of that th'inhumane false-hood
Of that Court-monster, that compacted piece
Of Rapine, pride and Lust.

Gab. Yet this is he

That did aspire to be a glorious Courtier.

Fre. Courtier? A meere vaine glorious imposture;
Pretending favour, having nothing lesse.
Witnesse his want of Merit. Merit only
It is that smoothes the brow of Majesty,
And takes the comfort of those precious beauties
Which shine from grace Divine: and hee's a Traytor
(No way to stand a courtier? that to feed
His Luss, and Riots, works out of his Subjects
The meanes, by forging grants of the Kings savour.

Gab. What my master has suffer'd by his forgeries
I know to be the Shipwrack even of all
Except his Daughter, and what his ayme at her
Was I thinke appeares to you; And what she might
Have suffer'd by't we both may guesse: onely we hope
Her vertue would have bin a guard to her beauty.

Fre. Tis plaine he never lov'd her vertuoufly

That

That is fallen mad for another.

Gab. That madnefe is his fate; which renders him into my mafters hands to reftore all agen. I, note the Juftice of it.

Fre. But as his fortune by the others ruine Shall be advane'd, I shall be more rejected.

Gab. That foule mistrust much misbecomes a Love Rejected fir ? by whom ? Chariffa's constant to you. And time will cleare his frownes : and put you on Now, the same confidence you had before : His wanting fortune rais'd a storme against you, Your noble friend Sir Raphael has already By learned reasons and court-oratory Prevayl'd for you to vifit her : and now Y'are come within the verge o'th 'house, do you shrinke? See, a good Omen, they issue forth to meet you.

Enter Mendicant, sir Raphael, Charisa.

Men. I'le heare no more on't fir, and am much forry That so much Lip-labour is spent already Upon fo vaine a Subject.

Give me leave then

To wonder at your light inconstancy, Your want of resolution : yea of judgement.

Gab. He is flown off agen.

Ra. Did you not give me leave to fend for him; Who, now is come to tender his affection

Unto your Daughter? Men. Did not you first promife To give affurance of fit join ture for her,

(Ford: Char. (and Gab. (afide Proportionable to her dowry, which

You now are flarted from ?

Ra. I understood not Nor can yet understand more of her dowry Then a thousand pound which her Unkle left her, And answerably to that I will make good her joinfture.

Men.

T

Men. O you are short sir,
I meane to make her worth ten thousand more
Out of my estate in the mad Ferdinand.
Another ten thousand to redeeme my Land,
Ten thousand more, i'le keep in bank for purchace?

Ra. A judgement's fallen upon him: Hee's mad too; Struck lunatique with his o're-weening hopes

Sprung from the others mifery.

into

flice

Men. And so sir, as you came you may depart:
For 'lesse you bring a thousand pound per annum
T'assure upon her, shee's no wife for you.

Fre. Ofir, you had better left me in that peace I lately Rept in, without any hope

Of seeing her agains, then by your summons
To startle me back from a quiet death

To Kill me thus with Tantalizing tortures.

Men. Thank then your learned friend, who fail'd me in His undertaking for you, and for her If walls and locks can hold her, the no more Shall tantalize you.

Ra. Wherein have I fail'd Gr?

Men. Sir, in affuring joincture to her Dowry.

Ra. Sir to no possible dowry you can give her, But you propound the estate you have i'th' Moon; When shall you take possession, thinke you, of your Lordship of Lunacy in the Cynthian Orbe?

Men. I shall climbe thither fir without the helps Of your Heaven-scaling ladder of Philosophy.

Ra. Nay then fir heare me.

Men. What in private fir?

Fre. Remember, sweet, your vow.

Cha. Mast constantly. And let mee conjure you by this.

Kisse.

Fre. And this

Cha. That you forget not yours.

Gab. Quick, quick! i'le stand before you.

Cha. And time at length will point us out a meanes

After a short long-seeming separation

To meet and reunite our vowes and faiths

With greater strength and fervour.

Men. Ha ! i'le part you.

Was it for that you whilper'd, politick fir?
And couldit thou stand their screene? thou treacherous variet out of my dores.

Gab. For what offence?

Men. Darft thou expositulate?

Thou death deserving Villaine. Hurts him.

And Husting get you in a your men depart for

And Huswife get you in : you may depart firs Has your love blinded you? i'le lead you then.

Men. Will you along!
Cha. O fir you are unkinde.

Love then a wilfull father is leffe blind. Exis.

Ra. Friend, has he hurt thee ? Gab. I am fure I bleed for'r.

Ra. Why how now Frederick? despaire not man. He has vex'd me; and out of my vexation. Shall spring thy comfott. I will labour for thee, I'le study nothing more then to beguile. This watchfull sury; this Hisperian Dragon. Say to thy selfe and boldly shee's thine owne, And for thy meanes, (Basta) let me alone.

Fre. You are my noble Patron.

Gab. Turn'd away:

As I was his fervingman, I am rewarded;
Tis common with us creatures to ferv'd for
But, as I am no more his fervant, I
Am free to vindicate my fel e out of
The wrong done to my blood (which is the fame
With his,) by him rejected and despis'd.

Enter

Enter Cit-Wit.

Cit. Sir Andrew Mendicant at home?

Gab. Not to be spoken with at this time fir.

Cit. Pray let him know that the Lady Strangelove Requires him fodainly to remove his Madman Out of her house; or shee must take a course Much to his disadvantage.

Gab. In good time fir.

Cit. This is a furly fellow, and the I have fworn
The humor of fighting is scarce warme in me yet,
And she advises him to find a better Doctor for him,
For this has taken a wrong course.

Gab. Say you so fir ?

Cit. I'le tell't you as a secret. The Physician thought to have cur'd his patient, (who has bin a notable Gamester at In and In) between my Ladies legs. If I and two or three more (but chiesly my selfe indeed) had not rescued her, the Doctor had held the Lady-cow to the Mad-bull.

Gab. May I believe this?

Cit. He thinks I lie now. And should he gi' me the lie, the vertue of my Oath were questionable.

Gab. Is this upon your knowledge fir?

Cit. True upon my life. So farewell honest friend. Exit

Gab. This may prove sport and businesse too.

Ra. We will do fomething fodainly.

Gab. What if you take me into that fomething too? I guesse it is some stratagem to beguile

The cautious father of his injur'd daughter.

Ra. This fellow will betray us.

Fre. I will venter

All that I have, my fortune in Chariffa On his fidelity, fir his thoughts are mine.

Ra. Cupid and Mereury favour our designe. Ex.Om. SCENE

ACTIV. SCENE II.

Con. Y Our judgement (by your favour) Mr. Doctor Much faild you in that case.

Doc. Your reason yet may plead

Mine innocence, that drew her but to visit him.

Cou. But that drew on his fury; and though reason May argue much for you, shee can heare none, Nor any understand. The swift affrightment Upon her strength of passion, struck so deepe A sense into her, that is has deprived her Of all her proper senses. She is even mad fir.

Doc. Not pass my cure; and by a present meanes Pray, win her hither to see a madder object Then is her selfe, and see how that will worke.

Con. I'le gladly ad my paines unto your skill. Exit. Doc. Come forth into the aire. Conduct him gently.

Enter Frederick with the fervants.

Fre. Into the aire! Set me upon Mount Lathmos, Where I may see, and contemplate the beauty Of my ador'd Diana; or carry me Up to Hymetius top, Cytheron, Othris or Pindus Where shee affects to waske and take the ayre; Or tarry, stay, perhaps shee hunts to day I'th' woods of Merathon, or Erymanthus.

Doc. That's a long journey fir. Fre. Y'are a long bearded foole.

Doc. I thought I had been a Phisitian. But sir You shall not need t'expose your selfe to travel!, Your Goddesse will descend into this Garden, Passe but time here a while and shee'l come to you.

Fre. We will have joviall pastime. Shall we run At base, or leape frog, or dance naked To entertaine her, or what do you thinke Of downe-right drinke and singing?

Doff.

Doc. That's belt of all

Fer. Let's have a mad catch then.

Enter Court-Smaine Strangelove.

Con. Here Madam may you fee the Madmans Revels.
Sw. And after that the Doctors Tragicomedy.

Fer. Are not your wind pipes tun'd yet ? Sing

A Catch.

So now a Dance, I am all ayre—Ahaigh—Ahaigh
I thanke thee Mercury that halt lent thy wings
Unto my feete. Play me my Countrey Dance,
Stand all you by. These Lasses and these Swaines

Are for my Company.

He Dances a conceited Countrey Dance, first doing his honours, then as leading forth his Lasse. He danceth both man and womans actions, as if the Dance consisted of two or three couples, at last as offcing to Kisse his Lasse, hee fancies that they are all vanished, and espice Strangelove.

How now I all vanish'd, ha f
It is no mervaile that the lesser lights
Become obscur'd when Conthin appeares,
Let me with Adoration fall before
Thy Delty great Goddesse.

Str. Keepe him from me.

Sw. You must approach no nearer sir. The Goddesse Is not so consident in her Divinity

As to trust you in reach of her.

Con. Keepe back fir.

Fer. What Hydras, Gorgons, and Chymaras are you s Centaures and Harpies that dare interpola Between my hopes, and my felicity I

Con. Doctor, away with him.

Doc. Carry him to his Chamber,
And hold him down. His raging fit is on him

Fer. Was Night made to surprise men at Noon-day?

Or shall the charmes of Heccare take force
To dimne Appolle's brightnesse? So't must be,
When Gode themselves give way to Desine

When Gods themselves give way to Deltine. Eximat

Sw. They are enough to hold, and binde him too. (Swa. Come you afore the Lady. (pulls back

Daff. What's her pleasure? (she Doller.

Stirre or cry out or give the least resistance, And I will cut thy head off before judgement.

Dott. What outrage doe you intend?

Con. Outrage 1 Can you thinks of an outrage above the horror you offerd to this Lady, To violate her chaffity? her honor?

Dolf. You cannot fay fo.

Sw. Tis faid, and you are guilty. Proceed to judge ment Madam.

Str. I first would heare your consures.

Enter Cit-wit.

Cit. And mine among the rest good Madam. I have taken care that a new Doctor shall be brought. Therefore in the first place my censure is, that this be presently hang'd out o' the way.

dam, if to rectify his judgement, wee pick'd all the crours of his braine; First, opening the Perioranion, then take out the cerebrum; wash it in Albo vino, till it be throughy clens'd; and then

In. Pox o your Albo vine, and his cerebram taking out, that were a way to kill him. Wee must not be guily of the death of a Doglesch, but have him purg d a safer way.

Str. How ? Proceed.

Sw. We will fill his belly full of Whey, or Butternulke, put him naked into a Hogs-had, then put into the

the fame an hundred broken Urinalls, then close up the Veffell and roll your Garden with it.

Dott. I crust they cannot meane any such mischiefe.

Str. Hearke yee Gentlemen. Do you heare? (A Guel. Cit. Yes Madam, tis a Sowgelder. (ders horne. Ser. Fetch in that Minister of Justice.

Cir. Who Madam? the Sowgelder?

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Sw. Wee'l make a Doctor guelder of him tho, and my Lady be so minded.

Cir. That will be sport indeed. Exis.

Com. But will you fee the execution Madam?

Sire Why not as well as other women have

Scene the diffections of Anotamies,

And executed men rip'd up and quarter'd?
This spectacle will be comicall to those.

Dost. They dare not doe the thing they would have me feare.

Sw. Now Doctor you look heavily methinks, You shall be lighter by two stone presently.

Dott. You will not murder me?

Sw. Stirre not; nor make least noyse

As you hope ever to be heard agen.

Doll. I would I could pray now to any purpose.

Enter Cit-wit, Guelden.

Cit. I have brought him. The rarest fellow Madam, And doe you thanks your fortune in him Doctor, For he can fing a charme (he fayes) shall make You feele no paine in your libbing or after it. No Tooth-drawer, or Corne-cutter did ever works. With solittle feeling to a Patient.

Ser. Sing then, he shall not suffer without a Song.

Song.

his baccches be enoughted any noon of Doff.

More rude then rage of Prentices.

Cit. Doctor it is decreed. Doll. You cannot answer it.

Con. Better by Law then you can the intent (Guelder Of Rape upon the Lady. (wheel bis

Doll. That was not to have beene my aft, (knife and nor was it done. (all in

Sw. When this is done wee'l talke w' ye, preparaticome lay him crosse this Table. Hold each of (on, Linnen, you a Leg of him, and hold you your peace (Bason, &c. Dodipoll. And for his armes let me alone, do you work Guelder.

Doff. Hold, I have a secret to deliver to my Lady.
Sw. You shall be delivered of your secrets presently.
Dost. If I tell her not that shall give her pardon
Then let me suffer. Heare me sweet Madam.

Str. Forbeare him, let him down.

Sw. Sweet fayft? Thou art not i'le be fworne.

Ser. Well sir your weighty secret now to save your

Dec. In private I beseech you Madam : for I dare but whisper't.

Str. You sh Il allow me so much warinesse as to have one at least to be my Guard, and witnesse.

Doc. This Gentleman then Madam.

Cit. We are shut out of councell,

Sw. No matter. I list not be no nearer him: no more would my cozen had he my nose. But where's Mr. Dainty and your finical! Mistris Phil all this while tho'?

Cit. No matter, but I ha' Iworn you know, Therefore

I fay no more, but I have sworn.

Con. VVhat a strange tale is this! I can't believe it.

Str. I doe, and did before suspect it; and fram'd this

counterfet plot upon you, Doctor, to worke out the discovery

discovery: would I ha' seene you guelt dee think? That would have renderd mee more brutish then the women Barbers. Looke fir this is no Guelder, but one of my house Musick. (Goe, your part is done—Exis. And for th'affright you gave me, Doctor, I am evenw'ye.

Sw. The Devill fright him next for a spurging, skitterbrooke. 'Twere good you would call to burne some

perfumes Madam.

Ser. But for the secret you have told me i'le keepe it secret yet, I will keepe you so too; and from your Patient.

Enter Boy.

There's a new Docter come already Madam to the

madman,

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Ser. From fir Andrew Mendicant ?

Boy. His fervant brought him.

Dec. I pray what Doctor is it?

Str. Ingage your felfe with no desire to know,
But, for the good you finde, fit thanks to owe;
So come with me, and come you Gentlemen. Ex. Omnes

ACTIV. SCENEIII.

Enter Frederick in a Doctors habit, Gabriel with two swords under his cloake, Ferdinand upon a Bed bound, and held down by servants.

Fer. Hape yet more Mountaines, Mountaines upon Mountaines, Pindus on Osa, Atlas on Olympus, I'le carry that which carries Heaven, do you But lay't upon me!

Fre. Porbeare you! Rifle him,
Take off the needlesse weight of your rude bodies;
Unbind him and stand off to give him ayre.

Ser. Sir though you are a Paisitian, I am no foole.

Take heede what you doe. Hee's more then fix of us bold when his hot fit's upon him. He would now tears you to pieces should you let him loofe.

Fer. The danger then be mine. Let him fit up. Is not

he civill now?

Ser. I, for how long? do you note that Heroules eye there?

Fre. I charge you quit the roome.

Ser. Tis but to come agen when we are exlict.

Pre. Be not within the hearing of a call, Or if you chance to heare me, though I cry Marder, I charge you come not at me.

Ser. Tis but a Doctor out o' the way; and that's no losse while there are so many, the best cannot live by the

worlt.

Fre. Keep the dore fall. You are much milt abroad fir, And chiefly by the Ladies, who now want The Court-fluips, Banquets, and the colly prefents In which you wonted to abound to em.

Field, Ha-

Fre. Nay, nay, fix still fix. They say y'are mad;
Mad with concert of being a favorite
Before your time, that is, before you had merit
More then a tumour of vaine-glory in you,
And in especial care for your recovery
I am sent to administer unto you; but first
To let you blood,

Dagger.

Ford, Ho! Murder, Murder, Marder.

Pre. Are you to fentible already? do not stirre Nor cry too lond. Dos the meere apprehention Of blood letting affright your madnesse? Then Reason may come agen.

Ford. The Battaile of Mufleborough Field was a

brave one.

Fre. O do you fly out agen?

Ferd,

Ferd. Sings part of the old Song, and acts it madly. >
Fre. This is pretty: but back from the purpole.
He sings agen.

Fre. Will you come to the point fir?

Ferdinand fings agen.

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ir,

Fre. We but lose time in this fir Though it be good testimony of your memory in an old Song. But do you know me?

Ferd. Not know my Soveraigne Lord? Curs'd be those Knees, and hearts that fall not proftrate at his Feete.

Fre. This wild submission no way mittigates
My wrongs, or alters resolution in me
To Cure or Kill you quickly. Do you know me now sir?
Or have you known Charissa? do you start sir? (Off his There's signe of reason in you then: But bee't (beard & By reason or by chance, that you awake (gown.
Out of your francick slumber, to perceive me,
My'cause and my Revenge is still the same,
Which I will prosecute according to
My certaine wrong, and not your doubtfull reason,
Since reasonlesse you layd those wrongs upon me
When you were counted wise, great, valiant, and what not
That cryes a Courtier up, and gives him power
To trample on his betters.

Ferd. Who talkes this mortall to ? I am a spirit.

Ferd. Who talkes this mortall to ? I am a spirit.

Fre. Sure I shall finde you field, and penetrable.

Ferd. I would but live to subdue the Pisidians,

And so to bring the Lydians under tribute—

Fre. You would be live t'abuse more credulous fathers With courtly promises, and golden hopes For your own lussfull ends upon their Daughters. Thinks (if you can thinks now) upon Charissa. Charissa who was mine, in faith and honour Till you ignobly (which is damnably)

By a false promise with intent to whore her

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Diverted

Diverted her weake Father from the Match
To my eternal losse. Now whether you
Have wit or no wit to deny't, or stand to't,
Or whether you have one, or ten mens strength,
Or all, or none at all i'le fight or Kill you
Yet like a Gentleman, i'le call upon you (Throw away
Give me the Swords. They are of equal length (bir dags.
Take you free choyce.

Ferd. Pish. Run back.

Fre. I cast that to you then. Hand it, or die a

Fre. I have a cause to be more mad then he, And in that cause 'ile fight.

Gab. He knowes not what you tell him.

Fre. I tell't the Devill in him then to divulge it
When I have disposses him. I have further
Reason to kill him yet, to crosse your Master,
VVho has beg'd his Estate. Now fight or die a Madman,

Ferd. Hold Frederick hold. Thou halt indeed awak'd

Me to fee thee and my felfe.

Gab. Hee's not fo mad to fight yet I fee that.

Fre. I'm glad you are your selfe fir, I shall fight Now upon honorable tearmes, and could Suppose before your madnesse counterfeit.

Ferd. Yet hold. His Mendicant beg'd me?

Fre. During your madnesse, VVhat should hinder

Ferd. Put up thy Sword.

Fre. Upon no tearmes, and you alive.

Ferd Not to obtaine Chariffa?

Fre. As your Guell fir.

Ford, It shall be by meanes if gold can win

Her Fathers grant.

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Fre. That's most unquestionable.

Ferd. Not that I dare not fight, doe I urge this,

But that the other is your fafer way.

Fre. Your gold's too light. I will accept of nothing From you while you dare tell me you dare fight. Perhaps you doubt of ods, goe forth. Nay I VVill lock him out.

Gab. You may: For I dare truft you while I go call Exit. the Lady.

Fre. Now are you pleas'd, or dare you now to fight fir ?

Ferd. I neither will nor dare fight in this cause:

Fre. This is a daring Courtier ! How durft you wind your felfe in fo much danger? And why take madnesse in you, to be bound, And grapled with fo rudely?

Ferd. Keepe my councell,

And take (bariffa. it will be to the line of the line

Fre. Tis a faire condition.

Ferd. First for the wrong I did thee noble youth In my designe against Chariffa's honour, It is confess'd, repented; and her selfe For fatisfaction to be given to thee, I'le fall upon thy Sword elfe, or be posted, And Ballated with all difgrace.

Fre. VVell yet.

Ferd. And for my shew of madnesse; 'twas put on For my revenge on this impetuous Lady To coole these flames (as much of anger as D. fire) with her disdaine, and tempting malice Had rais'd within mee.

Fre. You would have ravish'd her. Ferd. I rather thought, the like a cunning Lady VVould have consented to a Madman, who She might prefume could not impeach her honos

By least detection: Monkeyes, Fooles, and Madmen,
That cannot blab, or must not be believ'd
Receave strange favours.

Fre. And on that prefumption You fain'd your madacife.

Ferd. True.

Fre. But rather then to faile,

With your bawd Doctors helpe you would ha' forc'd And that's the councell you would have me keep

On your affurance of Chariffa to me.

That your proceeding in your madnesse here,

May yet finde meaner and opportunity

To exercise your violence.

Ferd. Suppose To.

Fri. Thou are not worth my Killing now.
Justice will marke ther for the Hangmans Office:
Nor, were Chariss in thy gift, were shee,
In that, worth mine or any good acceptance,
And for your councell, had within there Madam.

Ferd, Frederick-

Fre. The Lady of the house! where are you?

VVill you be pleas'd to heare a secret Madam?

Strangely discover'd?

Enter Strangelove, Gabriel, Dollor.

Str. I doe not fight your act in the discovery, But your imposture sir, and beastly practise VVas before whisper'd to me by your Doctor To save his Epididamier.

Dea. O your pardon.

Fred. I am difgrac'd, undone.

Str. Tis many power
To make you the perpetual shame of Court;
And will affuredly doe'r, if you comply not
VVith me to make this injur'd Gentlemans fortune
In his belov'd Chariffa.

Ford.

Which we must prosecute with art and spread of Ford. The be directed by you.

Fre. Nobest Lady.

Execute Owner.

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ACT V. SCENE 1.

policiely, or bear thee happeless of before I be and

ele Thiews comparativ ly too in respect cla ging

Emer Swayn-wit, Court-wit, Cit-Wit.

Sw. Ome Sir, must I take you in hand agen?

Citi My Ludy will convery her Madman to sir

Andrew Mendioents it seemes.

Sw. Tell mee that Toknow not; and inswer my

Cir. Shee and the Doctor, and the tother Doctor's gone-with him too.

Sw. Leave you by flim flams, and speake to the put?

Cit. You know I has fworned Doe you not know I has

Sw. To live and die a beaten Affe; a coward haft thou not?

Con. Prethee forbears him : Hee's not worth thy

Sw. Anger ! Is every Schoole-master angry that gives Discipline with correction?

Cit. Would he were at Penfans agen.

Sw. Didli not thou tell my Lady that I was a coward in my own Countrey, and Kick'd out of Cornewall?

Cit.

Cis. Comparatively I thinke I did in respect of Coring.

m, that wrastled and threw Giant after Giant over the cliffs into the Sec.

Sw. Pox o' your comparative lies; And didlt not thou say that he here was pepper'd so full o' the what. sha callums, that his spittle would poylon a Dog or 1 Rat?

Cit. That was comparatively too in respect of a pure Virgin; a chrisome child or so.

Cou. He never thall move me, I forgive him,

Cit. Meerly comparatively I speake it.

Sw. Forgi' mee for swearing i'le make thee speake positively, or beat thee superlatively before I ha' done with thee.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Gentlemen, my Lady

Sw. Hold a little. Didst thou not fay this child here was a Pickpocket? and that he pickt thine of thy money, and thy watch, when he was finging betweene thy Leggs to day?

Boy. Who I a Pick-pocket? Flies at him.
Cit. Forbeare good Lady it was comparatively.

Boy. A pick pocket and ma va nove

Con. Forbeare and hear him Hercules.

Boy. Lend me a fword i'le kill him, and heare him af-

Con. Nay I mult hold you then. How was hee

comparatively your Pick-pocket?

Gie. That is as much as any man I know; That is I accuse nobody; that is all are as innocent as the child, and her as the innocent unborne. And let that satisfy you.

Lady prayes you to follow her to fir Andrew Mendi-

CANES.

Con I know the bufineffe, 'Tis about our Revelle.

Sw. Suffer's child to best thee !

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Con. His caple was bad you know.

Sw. Incorrigible coward I Say now; art not thou thy felfe a pick-pocket, and a cut-purse ? fay.

Cit. Comparatively it may be faid, I am to a Church-

warden, a Collector for the poore or fuch.

Sw. The conclusion is, that if ever I heare thou mentions my name agen in any fense whatsoever, i'le beat thee out of reason.

Cit. In my good wishes, and prayers I may : Heaven forbid else.

Sw. Not in your prayers fir, thall you mention me, you were better never pray.

Cit. Heaven forbid I should then !

Sw. And make thine Oath good on that flie fellow that has taine away thy wench, or-

Cit. He has not cane her yet.

Con. You ha' not seene her or him these two houres : has not my Lady call'd too, and shee not to be found?

Cit. True, true : and if I be not reveng'd.

Sw. Do't then now, while thou art hot. Shee comes, here take, and keepe her while thou art hot and haft her.

Enter Philomel and Dainty.

Phi. Is the at your dispose fir ? (Court takes (ofide with Cit. Your Lady gave you me. Phi. Oram in her gift? (Dainty.

Cit. You are in my possession, nor shall Lawifer difpossesse me of her.

Phi. So valiant on a fodaine!

Cit. Have I not cause? M ? syralle and a de son

Phi. You'l have me with all faults?

Cit. Yes, and a match forever, Kife.

Swel How meanes thee by all faults? if world!

Cit. A word face alwayes ufes in waggery.

Con. By all meanes take her from him. What ! affraid

Sw. You must do's or take the share, hee should had a down-right beating. Forgi' me for swearing, hee's a veryer coward then tother.

Con. Hee will ferve the betrer to flesh him. And do

but note his tiranicall rage that is the vanquisher.

Sw. You will on.

Dad Sir thee is mine by promile.

Cit. Shee's mine by act and deed fir according to the field, let her deny't and flie can

Dai. That shall be try'd by Law.

cit. By Law of armes and hands it shall, take that, and let her god, and so hong da O state and hand and hand

Dai. Beare witneffe Gentlemen he ftruck me.

Phi. O piteifull Picture-drawer!

Cit. Willyou nordraw? I will then, Drath,

Dai. What would you have fir ? If thee be yours take her.

Cit. That's not enough, will make thee fight, what blindnesse save Fliv'd in E would not but be valiant to be Cofer.

Con. O brave Cit, O brave Cit.

Sw. Why doft not draw thou fellow thou?

Dan Shee's his he fayes, and the denies it not, thall

Gir Kle make thee fight, or cut thee into pieces.

Emi Ha thenes your words over to him.

Cit. VVhy dost thou weare a sword ? onely to hurt mens feet that Kick thee could kick thee

Con. Doe you observe? Nay thou are too severed Cir. Pray hold your penedic le jowle your heads together and so bear ton with tother else.

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Sw. Forgi' me for fwearing. Heed beat's all short.

Cit. VVhy dost thou weare a Sword I fay ?

Dei. Some other time fir, and in fitter place.

Cit. Sirrah you lie, strike me for that, or I will beat thee

Dai. You fee this Gentlemen.

Phi. And I fee'e too, was ever poor wench to couzend in a man?

Cit. The wench thou lov'ft and doat'st on is a whore,

Phi. How's that?

Cit. No, no, That was not right, your father was a cuckold tho, and you the fonne of a whore.

Sw. Good, I shall love this fellow.

Dai. I can take all this upon account.

Cir. You count all this is true then. Incorrigible coward I what was the last vile name you call'd moe Mr. Swain-wit? O I remember, surah thou art a Pickpocket and a Cut purse; And gi' me my money agen, and him his or I will cut thy throat.

Dai, I am discover'd.

Cir. Doe you answer nothing, doe you demurre

Dai. Hold fir I pray; Gentlemen so you will grant me pardon, and forbeare the Law ile answer you.

Con.Sw. Agreed, agreed. 12 1/11 5 10 16 16 16 17

Dai. It is confess'd : I am a Cut-purse.

Cir. Comparatively or positively doe you speake? Speake positively, or I will beat thee superlatively.

Sw. Forgi' me for fwearing a brave Boy.

Dai. Here is your VVatch, and Money; And here is yours. Now as you are Gentlemen use no extremity.

Con. Beyond all expectation!

Sw. All thought.

Cir. Miraculous ! O the effects of valour !

Phi. Was ever woman fo mistaken o' both sides?

Sw. But doft thou thinke thou are valiant for all this

Cit. You were best try; or you, or both, or come all

Sw. I fweare thou shalt have it to keepe up while thou

art up.

Cit. Is this your picture-drawing? are you the Kings Picture-drawer? A neat denomination for a Cut-purie, that drawes the Kings Pictures out of men Pockets.

Con. Come fir, come in with us.

Dai. Pray use me Kindly Gentlemen.

Cit. Yes, wee will use you in your kind sir.

Takes Phil by the hand. Exeunt Omnes.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter Mendicant, a Letter in bis band.

Men. This is the day of my felicity,
And is the same with that the Poet Sings
Is better then an Age. Come forth Charifa,
Enter Chariffa,

Now you appeare my comfort; and I can
No lesse then thanke thy sweet obedience
That hast comply'd with my directions.
Bride-like and glorious to meet a fortune,
So great as shall beget the present envy
Of all the Virgin Ladies of the Court,
And a posterity, that through all ages,
Shall praise and magnify thy act.

Cha. Your acceptation of my duty fir

Is all that II can glory in.

Men. How are we bound unto this noble Lady

That fent us our instructions.

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igi ie, Cha. Sure I am. If this be a true Coppy.

When. Let Musick in her foft but sweetest notes

Usher their welcome, whilst unto my thoughts Musick

The lowdest harmony resounds my triumph.

Enter Doctor, and Fred in Doctors habit, Strange. Priest, Ferd. in the chair as before borne by servants, Fab. as one of the servants.

Madam most welcome.

Str. In fewest and the softest words sic Andrew.
(He sleepes) and let him gently be convey'd
Onely with those about him to his Chamber,

Men. Charissa,go: be you his conduct, sofely, sofely, I see y'ave brought a Priest Madam. Ext.Om. Pret.

Ser. By all best reason,

Mendes Strang.

For when we found he us'd Chariffa's Name,

When he was calme and gentle, calling still

Chariffa! where's Chariffa? a good space

Before he slept, and being then demanded

What would he with Chariffa? He most readily

Reply'd, Ferch me Chariffa and a Priest.

The Doctors in their judgements (unto which

My full opinion affented) might

Foresee, that in removing him, where she

Might be his immediat object, when he wakes,

That fresher slames to instant marriage

Would then arise.

Men. Incomparably judicious Madam,

Ser. Yet not without your leave would I attempt it; Without your leave, knowing your watchfull care Over your Daughter.

Men. And that care of mine Was (Madam) by your favour Principall motive to this great effect,

Str.

Str. Take all unto your felfe, Tam content.

Men. I'd faine steale in and watch th' event of things.

Ser. But have you heard fir Andrew the mischance Of the unfortunate Lover, distracted Frederick?

Men. How ! what of him?

Sir. H'has made himselfe away. .

Men. Ift possible ?

Str. (Hee has by this time, or the Priest is tongue-

Men. He has left no estate worth begging, that's the

worst of'r.

My joyes come flowing no me -yet I would fee.

Str. And heare me good Sir Andrew, for the Love I bring to ad unto your joyes; for I Foreseeing the event of this nights happinesse Have warn'd some friends to follow me with Revells To celebrate the Marriage of your fortunes.

See they are come. Pray entertains 'em sir,

Enter Court. Swayn, Cit wit , Dainty, Phil. Boy.

Men. The Gallants that were to day so merry with mee.

Str. The fame : but very harmeleffe.

Cit. All but one fir. Did you not lofe your purse to day?

Str. What's the meaning?

Cou. Sw. Wee'l tell you Madam.

Men. My purfe? (I milt it at my Lady Strangeloves.)

Cit. This Picture-drawer drew it, and has drawne more of the Kings-pictures then all the Limners in the Towne. Restore it sirrah.

Men. I will not take it, 'twas my nelect that lost it, not he that stole it. This is my day of fortune; it comes home to me; more then I dare receive. O my joyes, let ne be able to containe you.

Cit.

Cit. Ha' you another purse to lose ?

Men. I have a purse ; which if I lose, i'le blame my

felfe, none else.

Cit. Let him but come so neare you as to aske forgivenesse for the last, and if he doe not take the next, though it be six fadome deepe, i' your pocket i'le hang for him when his time comes.

Men. I'le watch his fingers for that,

Sit.

Gon. Observe good Madam.

Dai, Sir at your feet I beg your pardon.

Men. It needs not, prithee rife.

Dai. Never, till you pronounce that happy word I pardon thee: or let me have some token Of sweet assurance that I am forgiven
Which I beseech you ____ I beseech you grant.

Which I befeech you __ I befeech you grant.

Men. In footh thou hast it. Heaven pardon thee as I doe.

Dai. I have it sir indeed, and as your gift i'le keepe it, promising before all these witnesses, i'le never venter for another.

Men. Fore me an expert fellow ; Piety he should be

hang'd before we have more of his breed.

Cit. Did not I tell you fir ? And these are but his short armes; i'le undertake, when he makes a long arme, he shall take a purse twelve skore off.

Men. I doe not like Thieves handfell though, This may

prefage some greater loffe at hand.

Sw. Now Gentlemen you know your taske, be expedition

Con. I have cast the designe for't already Madam. My inventions are all slame and spirit. But you can expect no great matter to be done extempere or in six minutes.

Sw. What matter ist so wee skip up and downe? our friend fack Dainty here, Mr. Cut-purse dances daintily tho?

Stro

Str. And Mr. Cit-wit, you have worthily wonne my woman fir.

Cit. I have her Madam, she is mine.

Sir. I'le make her worth a thousand pound to you, besides all she has of her own.

Cit. Her faults and all Madam, we are agreed o' that.

Phi. Suppose this Boy be mine.

Cit. I would he were elfe, that I might have him under lawfull correction, and the cause o' my side: for he beat me not long since.

Boy. And you be my father, and do not make much of me and give me fine things, i'le beat you agen fo I will;

and my mother shall helpe me.

Cit. Agree'd Billy, agreed Philly. Never was man so sodainly, to rich; Nay never looke Gentlemen, shee is mine, and hee's mine own, I am sure I ha' got him now; And all faults are salv'd.

Sm. Her word in waggery is made good in earnest

now tho'.

Str. To your busines Gentlemen; if you have a (They short speech or two, the boy's a prety Actor; and (conhis mother can play her part; women-Actors now (fult. grow in request. Sir Andrew 1 melancholly?

Men.I was thinking on the omen of my purfe. (Court Str. Fear no further mishap fir; tis ominous (draws his to feare. (Tables and retires to

Men. Pray let's go in and fee how (Phil, writes & fome-

Sir. Pray give mee leave to make the first discovery; Walke downe into the Garden ile come to you; And here are some would speak with you. Ex severally.

Enter 100 Projetters.

r. Into the Garden good, let's follow him.

2. Tis not the repulse he gave us in the morning shall quit him of us.

I.No

more fill his head with millions. Exit.

Dai. I'le make the Dance, and give you all (Practife the footing. (footing.

Sw. Stand further off o' my Pocket tho'.

Cit. No matter if we lose any thing, and he within ten miles of us i'le make him answer't.

Dai. I want a fift man, I would have an od.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. The Marriage is perform'd. The Priest has done his office—

Sw. Doctor can you dance?

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Dec. And fing too, I ha' forgot much elfe.

Phi.I'le speak the Speech : Ha' not I forgot my Actors tone tro? I shal remember't, I could have acted'em ail ore.

Boy: I can speak a Speech too Mother, must I call you Mother now?

Phi. I my Boy, now I dare vouch thee.

Doc. What think you of this tune sir for your dance? Tay dee. dee. &c.

Dai.I'le borow a Violl and take it of you instantly. Ex. Enter sir Raphael.

Pray sir, is sic Andrew Mendicant i'the house. (To Court-m.

Cou. Umh __ SHe writes in his tables sometimes scratch-

Is he within fir, can you tell? He's too busie it seemes. Can you tell me sir I pray, if sir To Cit-wit as be mov'd

Andrew be within? Stoward him, Cit-wie Very strange lamong what Nati- Dances looking on his

on am I arriv'd? [Feete, &c. Here's one in civill habit fure will answer me,

Sir may I be inform'd by you? faw you fir Andrew?

Ra. Te precor domine Doctor. He sings on. Stretches bis They are no Christians sure. He sings on. Throat in the Tune.

S 3

Sir

Sir may I be inform'd by you? (To Smayn. He Whistels & Blesse me; the people are bewitch'd. (Dances Sellingers Enter Dainty. (round, or the like.

Enter Dainty. (round, or the like. Do you belong to the house sir? To Dainty, he fidls to him the 4 dancing & sing.

I he pe for curtesishere Lady wil ling practise about him.
you be pleas'd—To Phil. she speaks in a vile tone like
a Player.

Phi. O by no meanes, we must speake Charon faire, Or hee's not wast us o're the Stigian Floud,
Then must we have a sop for Cerberus
To stop his yawning Chaps; Let me alone
To be your Convoy to Elizium.

Ra. This is most heathenish of all. (Dainty playes softly Phi I'le pass that snarling triple-headed Cur & Doctor Which keeps the pallace-gate of Pluto's Court, (with him And guide you fase through pitchy Acheron. (aside.

Ra. What Woman Monster's this? Sweete young

Gentleman, let me aske you a question.

Boy. Grim death, why rather didst thou not approach My younger dayes; before I knew thy feares?

Thy paines are multiplied by our yeares.

Ra. All Lunatick? or Gentlemen do you want leasure

Or civility to answer me ?

Cit. Ha' you done the speeches Mr. Court wit?
Cou. I have already from the forked top
Of high Parnassus fetcht'em.

Cit. And shall my wife and Billi boy speake 'em ?

Con. As i'le instruct you.

Cir. You write admirably I confesse; But you have an ill tone to instruct in; l'le read to em my selfe, you give your words no grace.

Dec. You have the tune right, will you inftrud the

Mulick men?

Dai. And you all in the Dance imediately.

Sw. But shall we have no silken things, no whim whams To Dance in tho'.

Cit. Perhaps the Bride can furnish us.

d'

e.

g.

ke

77

Sw. With some of her old Petticotes, can she?

Phi. No, no my Lady has tane care for all.

Dai. Come, come away to practife, and be ready. Exe.

Ra. Never was I in such a Wildernesse. (Om. Fidling, But my revenge upon Sir Mendicant (Footing, Shall answer all my patience, in the Jeere (Singing, I meane to put upon him. (Acting. &c.

I will possesse him with a braine-trick, now,

A meere invention of mine own (wherein

Heaven pardon me for lying) shall so nettle him.

Enter Mendicant, and Projecters.

Men. Goe back and be not seene till I come to you. Ex. Pro.

Ra. Hee's come. Ha' you heard the newes fir Andrew?

Men. What fir Raphael?

Ra. That Ferdinand's restor'd to's wits.

Men. I am glad on't.

Ra. Do you take the losse of his estate so mildly

Which might ha' bin your own?

Men. I hope you thinke mee a Christian sir, but how should he arrive at such a sodaine knowledge of it, if it be so? I will pretend tis true, yes sir, he is in's wits.

Ra. I thought I had ly'd when I did prophesie:

But fir my Nephew Fredrick-

Men. Has made himselfe away, I heard o' that too.

Ra. (I hope not so) yet there's another accident
Of which you have not heard, may touch you nearer,
And that indeed's my businesse, you sir, surjously
Wounded your Man to day.

Men. Not dangeroully I hope.

Ra. Flatter not so your selfe; Hee's on the point of dying.

Men.

Men. How !

Ra. Nor be too much dejected,
His life you may get off for (as 'twas done
In heat of blood) marry fir your ellate
(You'l pardon me) is beg'd; my felfe has don't,
And therein, beg'd the Begger.

Men. Hi!

Ra. Take not too deepe a fense of it: For if you'l yeild That Frederick yet shall have it with your Daughter, I will remit the Estate.

Men. Oisit fo?

Do you move this for a dead man?

Ra. No, he lives.

Men. Do you practife on me ? Madam where are Enter Strange, Ferd. Fred. Chariffa. Gabrie! behind.

Sir. Here fir, and am become your Usher to such guelts

As you must bid most welcome.

(Mend.

Ra. She here I i'm then agen confounded. (fands Ser, Nay fir Raphael, I potest we will be friends (amaz'd notwithstanding I have outstript you in your plot of inatching your Nephew Frederick, here to his love Charista.

Ra. But is it fo ?-

Fred. It is, in which I hope fir you are not offended, Who gave me leave by any opportunity
To take her, I broke no locks nor walls for her.

Cha. I beg your pardon, and your bleffing fir.

Ra. And is it so with you fir Ferdinand?

Ferd. It is and fir in teltimony of my recovery, I make demand of my ellate: of which you thought your felle possess.

Men. What hopes am I fallen from? and what misery fallen into; when the little I have is begid for Man-

Aughter !

Gab.

Gab. I quit you of that fir.

Men. How couldft thou deale fo with me?

Gab. To shew my gratitude.

You overpaid me for all my former fervices, For which I justly thought I cught you this.

Ferd. Nor thinke your Daughter undervalued fir, Three thousand pound I give him to augment

Her fortune in him.

Men. Dreames, dreames, All these are waking Dreames.

Ferd. All reall truth fir, whither flie you from us?

Men. Am I of all defeated; and by all

Abus'd and mock'd? More roome there: let mee

Ferd. You mistake strangely. Florish.

Str. Harke ! the Revellers.

Fer. That come to celebrate your joyes, which wilfully You will not apprehend.

Men. Tis all but shew, Let go, and I will do

Something shall ad to your delight imediatly. Exit.

Str. Let him goe and weare out his fit by himselfe.

Florish.

Enter Boy, and Philomel, as Cupid and Venus.

Venus and Capid; my Mother and I Helpe me agen; Noe, no, no.

Venus and Cupid; my Mother and I, Let me alone.

Venus and Capid my Mother and I.

Fred. There's an Actor now!

Fre. How doubtfull of himselfe; and yet how perfect

he was!

Ra. A felse millight is a fire step to Knowledge.

Str.

Str. Sententious sir Raphel.

Ra. Quarrells are ended Madam,

Ferd. Come hither Cupid.

Phi. From my Italian Mount I did espy
(For what is hidden from a Deity?)
How faintly Hymen did his Office here
Joyning two Lovers with the hand of feare;
Putting his Torch out for obscurity;
And made the Chamber (which belongs to me)
His Temple. But from hence let feare remove.
See here, the Champions for the Queene of Love.

1: Courage, sent from Mars; The Muses kill. 1 Swain-

From wife Apollo. And the God, which still Inspires with subtilty, sly Mercury

Sends this his Agent. Here's Activity 4 Citabit.

From Jupiter himselfe; And from her store 5 Dector.

Of Spies, the Moon sends This to keepe the dore.

With Art of Action, now, make good the place,
In right of Love to give the Nuptialls Grace.

After they have Danc'd a while, Enter Projectors, breakes 'em off.

Pro. Lay by your Jolity, forbeare your Sport, And heare a story shall inforce your pitty.

Fer. What black Tragedian's this?

Ga. One of my Mafters Minions, a Projettor.

Pro. You had a Master: But to all I speake. Your practises have sunk him from the Comforts Of all his hopes in fortune, to the Gulfe Of deepe despaire; from whence he rose inflamed

With

The Com: Begger.

With wild distraction and phantastick fury.

Fer. Hee's mad ; is he ?

Pro. Mad, and has hang'd himselfe-

Cha. Alas my Father.

La. How ! hang'd himselfe?

Pro. All over fir, with draughts of Projects, Suits, Petitions, Grants, and Pattents, such as were The Studies and the Labours of his Life, And so attir'd he thinks himselfe well arm'd Tincounter all your scornes.

Enter Mendicant attir'd all in Patents; A Wind: mill on his head, and the other Projector.

Men. Roome here: a Hall for a Monopolist, You, Common-wealths informers lead me on.] Bring me before the great Assembly. See, Fathers Conscript. I present all I have For you to cancell.

Sw. Here's a brave shew, [and out-shines our de-

vife.

Men. This is a Patent for the taking of poor John and Barrell cod alive, and so to preserve 'em in sale-water for the benefit of the Fishmongers.

Con. There's falt in this.

Sm. I this has some savour in't,

Min. This is a fresh one sir, For the catching, preservation, and transportation of Butter-slies: whereby they may become a native commodity.

Con. That's a subtle one.

Men. This is for profits out of all the Common-Cryes i' th' City, As of Oysters—Codlings—wood to cleave, Kitching stuffe, and the thousand more, even to the Matches for your Tinder-box, and all Forrainers to pay double; And a Fee out of the Link-boyes profits. But no cries to escape. Tis for a peace.

Dai.

Dai. What if some should cry Murder, murder?

Cit. Or Theeves, theeves ?

Con. Or Fire, fire ?

Sw. Or women cry out five Loves a penny?

Men. All all should pay. But I submit

My felfe to your most honorable censure.

Git. What dos he take us for ?

Sw. Powers, Powers; A lower house at least.

Men. And all my patents to be conceald.

Sm. Our Projects would not take with you, wee'l take

yours tho'.

Dai. He shall dance out of 'em: Musick! Play out our Dance, we will disrobe you presently.

Cit. Yes, and dismantle his Projectors too.

They all Dance. In the Dance they pull off his Patents;

And the Projectors Clokes, who appeare all ragged. At the end of the Dance the Projectors thrust forth.

Fer. An excellent Morrall! The Projects are all cancel'd, and the Projectors turnd out o' dores.

Alen. True Gallants, and now I am my feife agen,

I faw th'event of all with good effecme.

And would as well as you a Madman feeme,

And now my bleffings on your Son and Daughter.

Sw. This Bride, Dame Venus here, cooles all this while tho.

Dai. By Mr: Bride-groomes leave, i'le stirre her blood a little for the good meaning shee had towards me.

Git. You may doe so. He dare's not pick her pocket, And for her Maidenhead I dare trust him tho' he should Dance quite out of fight with her.

Dance. While they Dance
Ra, 'Tis well: And all are friends. the rest confer.

For You have my possible to and in that

Fer. You have my potestation : and in that,

Madam,

Madam, my faith before these noble friends.

Sir. Upon those honourable tearmes sis Ferdinande I will be yours.

Cit. Sheel' have him, it feemes at laft.

Sw. Shee's a wife widdow by't: for fure enough, the faw fomething in his mad naked fit, when hee put her to't, to choose a husband by, wo' not out of her thought yet.

What is there more to fay now Madam ?

Str. You quellion well, were gir soil with

Sw. But to Supper and to bed?

Str. You confider well.

Sw. We have had other pattime enough.

Str. You reason well, Would all were pleas'd as well I' absolve that doubt, to those we must appeale.

Then the love Herewith their influence

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FINIS.

Complete the ment year of the last of the last as a last of the la

I but I Boold of yee my Alecter for a Blow.

Sond. And will you now have your one of the house of some than an object of for your new woods and the Australians who have house the Australians would not feet the conference of the first of the conference of



EPILOGUE.

Strang. L. Adyes, your suffrages I chiefly crave
For th'humble Poet. Tis in you to save
Him, from the rigorous censure of the rest,
May you give grace as y'are with Beauty blest,
True: Hee's no dandling on a Courtly lap,
Yet may obtains a smile, if not a clap.

Ford. I'm at the Cavaliers. Heroick spirits,
That know both to remard, and atchieve merits;
Do,like the Sun-beames, vertuously dispense
Upon the lowest growths their influence,
As well as on the losty: our Poet so
By your Phebean favours hopes to grow.

Cit.W. And now you generous spirits of the City
That are no lesse in money then braine wity,
My selfe, my Bride, and pretty Bride boy too,
Our Poet for a Boun preferres to you.

Phil. And though you tast of no such Bride ale Cup, He hopes y' allow the Match to be chapt up.

Boy. And, if this Play be naught (yes so he said)
That I should gi' yee my Mother for a Mayd.

Swa. And why you now? or you? or you? I'le speak enough for you all, you now would tell the Audients they should not feare to throng hither the next day: for you wil secure their Purses cut-free, and their pockts pick-free. Tis much for you to do tho'. And you would say that all your

your projects are put down, and you'l take up no new: but what shall be (spectators) to please you. And you Poetick part induces you, t'appologize now for the Poet too, as they ha' done already, you to the Ladies, you tothe Cavaliers and Gentry; you to the City friend, and all for the Poet, Poet, Poet, when alls but begging tho. I'le foeak to em all, and to my Countrey folkes too if here be any o'em : and yet not beg for the Poet tho', why (hould we? has not he money for his doings? and the best price too?because we would hat the best: And if it be not. why fo? The Poet has shewd his wit and we our manners. But to fland beg, beg for reputation for one that has no countenance to carry it, and must ha' money is fuch a Pastime !- If it were for one of the great and curious Poets that give these Playes as the Prologue said and money too, to have 'em acted; For them, indeed; we are bound to ply for an applaule. Because they look for nothing elfe, and fcorn to beg for themselves. But then you'l fay those Playes are not given to you; you pay as much for your feats at them as at these, though you fit nere the merrier, nor rise the wifer, they are so above common understanding; and tho' you see for your love you will judge for your money, why fo for that too, you may. But take heed you displease not the Ladies the who are their partiall judges, being brib'd by flattering verses to commend their Playes; for whose faire cause, and by their powerfull voyces to be cry'd up wits o' Court, the right worshipfull Poets boast to have made those enterludes, when for ought you know they bought 'em of Universitie Scholars tho', and onely shew their own wits in owning other mens; and that but as they are like neither. As thus, do you like that Song?yes. I made it. Is that Scene or that Jeft good? Yes, Twas mine; and then if all be good 'twas all mine. There's wit in that now. But this small Poet vents none but his own, and his by whose care and

and directions this Stage is govern'd, who has for many yeares both in his fathers dayes, and fince directed Poets to write & Playersto fpeak, till he traind up thefe youth here to what they are now. I some of em from before they were able to say a grace of two lines long to have more parts in their pates then would fill fo many Dry. fats. And to be ferious with you, if after all this, by the venemous practife of fome, who study nothing more then his destruction, he should faile us, both Poets and Players would be at loffe in Reputation. But this is from our Poet agen, who tels you plainly all the helps he has or delites; And let me tell you he has made prety merry Tigges that ha pleas'd a many. As (le'me fee) th' Anipodes, and (oh I shall never forget) Tom Hoyden o' Tanton Deane, Hee'l bring him hither very fortly in a new Motion, and in a new paire o' flops and new nether flocks as briske as a Body-lowfe in a new To and tenger abort for the miclycs. But the softer

Netwoon while, if you like this, or not, why fo?

You may be pleas' to chap at parting tho'.

or you money, why forforms 200, you may

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LONDON,

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Fined by a. 8 for Arche Alarwit, and There's From and areto be told at their Shops in Test-fines, 165-3.



The Prologue.

Quot quot adestis, salvete, salvetote

Gentlemen,

On see I come unarm'd among you, sine Virga aut Ferula, without Rod or Ferular, which are the Pedants weapons. Idest, that is to say, I come not hither to be an Instructor to any of you. that were Aquilam volare docere, aut Delphinum natare, to teach the Ape, well learned as my selfe. Nor came I to instruct the Comedians. That were for me to be Asinus inter simias, the fool othe Company: I dire not undertake them. I am no Pædagogus nor Hypodidascalus here. I approach not hither ad erudiendum, nec ad Corrigendum. Nay I have given my Schollars leave to play, to get a Vacuum for my selfe to day, to Act a particle here in a Play; an Actor being wanting that could be are it with port and state enough. A Pedant is not easily imitated. Therefore in person, I for your delight have left

The Prologue.

left my Schoole to tread the Stage. Pray Jove the terror of my brow spoile not your mirth, for you cannot forget the fury of a Tutor, when you have layne under the blazing Comet of his wrath, with quæso Præceptor te precor da—&c. But, let feare passe, nothing but mirth's intended.

But I had forgot my selfe, A Prologue should be in

Ryhme, &c. therefore I will begin agen.

Kind Gentlemen, and men of gentle kinde, There is in that a figure, as you'll finde, Because weeltake your eares as 'twere in Ropes, Ile nothing speak but figures, strayns & tropes.

Quot quot adestis Salvete salvetoe.

The Schoolemaster that never yet besought yee,

Is now become a suitor, that you'll sit,

And exercise your Judgement with your wit,

On this our Comedy, which in bold Phrase,

The Author sayes has past with good applause

In former times. For it was written, when

It bore just Judgement, and the seal of Ben.

Some in this round may have both seen't, and heard,

Ere I, that beare its title, wore a Beard.

My sute is therefore that you will not looke,

To find more in the Title then the Booke.

My part the Pedant, though it seem a Columne

The Prologue.

Is but a Page, compar'd to the whole volume. What bulk have I to bear a Scene to passe, But by your favours multiplying Glasse. In nova fert Animus, then Ile do my best To gaine your Plaudite among the rest. So with the salutation I first brought yee, Quot quot adestis, salvete salvetote.

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so re

12

A 3 Drama-



Dramatis Personæ.

CRasy, a young Citizen, falling into decay.

Jeremy, his Apprentice.

Sarpego, a Pedant.

Sneakup, Crasyes Father in Law.

Pyannet, Sneakup's Wife.

Rufflit 3 two Courtiers.

Lady Ticket.
Josina, Craspes Wife.
Linsy-Wolsey, a thristy Citizen.
Toby, sonne to Sneakup.
Bridget, Iosina's Maid.
Crack, a Boy that sings.

Jabell Stwo keeping Women.

The



The City VVit.

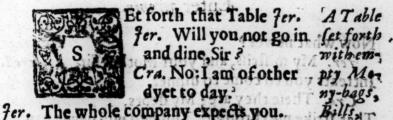
of West and On Port

The woman wears the Breeches.

ACT. I. Scene I.

A Dinner carryed over the Stage in covered Dishes. Exeunt.

Enter Crasy , Jeremy.



while I feed on this hard meat. And wait Booker of you within: I shall not change a trencher. accompts, Ler. Alas my good Master. Exit. &G.

A4.

Cra.

The City Wit.

Era. Here are the nests, but all the He takes Birds are flown. up the How easie a thing it is to be undone. bags. When credulous Man will trust his 'state to others ! Am I drawn dry ! Not so much as the Lees left ? Nothing but empty Cask ? have I no refuge To fly to now? Yes, here, about a groats He takes worth up the bils Of paper it was once. Would I had now & papers. Greens groats-worth of wit for it. But 'twill serve To light tobacco-pipes. Here (let me fee) Here is three hundred pound, two hundred here. And here one hundred, and two hundred here; Fifty; fifty; fifty; and one hundred here, And here one hundred and fifty. Besides A many parcells of small debts, which make Two hundred more. I shall not live to tell it. But put it up, and take it by the weight. He puts O me! how heavy 'tis! And, doubtless. the Bills fo 'twould be & Bonds At some mans heart. It troubles me a little. into a Bag.

Enter Jeremy.

Now what newes?

He takes up

fer. My mistris, and your Mother Sir, a scroll.

Intreats you to come to dinner.

Cra. These they are; My debts,

That strike me through. This bag will never pay

Any of these.

Fer. Sir, shall I fay you'l come ?

Cra. How well it were, if any of my Creditors Could once but dream that this were current mony ler. What shall I say?

Gra. Even what thou wilt, good feremy.

fer.

Jer. Alas you know, this dinner was appointed A friendly meeting for most of your Creditors, And many of your Debtors.

Cra. But I hope

25

Few of the last appeare. (dare fer. None but some priviledg'd Courtiers, that Put in at all mens Tables. They're all set.

Your Creditors on one fide, and your Debtors

On t other; and do only stay for you.

Cra. To feed on; do they? Goe. I will not come.

fer. I feare, Sir, you will overthrow the good.
That was intended you. You know this meeting.
Was for the Creditors to give longer day,
As they should find your Debtors to acknowledg.
The summes they owe you. Sir I should be forry.
To see you finck, or forc'd to hide your head,
That look'd as high, as anyin the City.

Cra. Prithee go in. And if they feem to stay, Pray 'em fall too; tell 'em I take this time Only to order my Accompts, and that as soon As they are full, and fit to talk, I'le come:

Good Feremie goe.

Gra. A right good Boy thou art. I think on thee? What must I do now? All I have is lost, And what I have not, sought to be forc'd from me, I must rake nimble hold upon Occasion, Or lie for ever in the Bankrupt ditch, Where no man lends a hand to draw one out? I will leape over it, or fall bravely in't, Scorning the Bridge of Baseness, Composition, Which doth insect a City like the Plague, And teach men Knavery, that were never born to't? Whereby the Rope-deserving Rascall gains Purple and Furrs, Trappings and golden Chaines.

Base

The City Wit.

Base Composition, baser far then Want,
Then Beggery, Imprisonment, Slavery:
I scorn thee, though thou lov'st a Trades-man dearly
And mak'st a Chandler Lord of thousands yearly.
I will have other ayd. How now! Againe?

Enter Ieremy:

Jer. O, Sir, you are undone.

Cra. Haft thou no newes, feremie?

fer. Alas your Mother Sir

Cra. Why what of her?

Is there a Plate lost, or a 'Postle-spoon A China Dish broke, or an ancient Glass,

And stain'd with Wine her Damasque table-cloath?

Or is the Salt faln towards her? What's the matter?

fer. Her mischievous tongue has over-thrown the Was meant to you. (good

Cra. What Good, good feremie?

To do you good, and madly the oppos'd it,
And with a vehement voyce proclaims you a Beggar;
Says, you have undone her Daughter; that no good
Is fit to be done for you: And such a storm
Of wicked breath———

The Tongue-ague, whose sit is now got up
To such a height, the Devil cannot lay it.
The learned School-master, Mr. Sarpego
Has conjur'd it by all his parts of speech,
His Tropes and Figures; and cannot be heard
I'th surious Tempest. All your Creditors
Are gone in Rage; will take their course, they say.
Some of your Debtors stay, I think, to laugh at her.
Enter

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. Now deafeness seize me. I disclaime my hearing. I desie my auditual part. I renounce mine ears. Mistris Pyannet, a desperate Palsey is on thy lips, and an everlasting Feaver on thy Tongue?

Cra. What raging Rout hath rent thy rest; What Scold hath scatched thy skonce: Sar. I'le breath it to thy bolder breast.

That asket me for the nonce.

bd

You understand or know, that here hath been a Feast made, to take up a ponderous difference between Mafter Sneakup, your Father in Law, and your Selfe Mr. Crafy; and between most of your Creditors and Debitors. Food hath been eaten ; Wine drunck; Talke past; Breath pent; Labour lost: For why? Mi-ftris Pyannet, your Mother in Law, Mr. Sneakups Wife (though thee will be call d by none but her owne name) that woman of an eternall Tongue; that Creature of an everlasting novie, whose perpetuall talke is able to deafen a Miller ; whole discourse is more tedious then a Juffices Charge; Shee, that will out-scold ten carted Bawds, even when she is sober; and out-chat fifteen Medwives, though fourteen of them be halfe drunk: this Shee-thing hath burft all Demosthenes himtelfe would give her over. Therefore hopelels Sarpego is filent.

Enter Pyannet, Sneakup, Sir Andrew Ticket, Rufflit, La. Ticket, fosina, Linsq-Wolfy.

Py. O, are you here Sir! You have spun a fairthred. Here's

Mere's much ado, and little help. We can make bolt nor shaft, find neither head nor foot in your business. My daughter and I may both curse the time, that ever we saw the eyes of thee.

Cra. Sir, you have the civill vertue of Patience in

you. Dear Sir hear me.

Py. He sayes he heares thee, and is asham'd to see thee. Hast not undone our Daughter spent her Portion; deceiv'd our hopes; wasted thy fortunes; undone thy credite; prov'd Bankrupt?

Cra. All was but my kind heart in trufting, in tru-

Sting, Father.

Pi. Kind heart! What should Citizens do with kind hearts; or trusting in any thing but God, and ready money?

Cra. What would you, dear Father, that I should

do now ?

Py. Marry depart in peace Sir. Vanish in silence Sir. I'le take my Daughter home Sir. She shall not beg with you Sir. No marry shalt thou not; no, 'deed Duck shalt thou not.

Cra. Be yet but pleased to answer me, good Sir. May

not an honest man

Py. Honest man! Who the Devill wish'd thee to be an honest man? Here's my worshipful! Husband, Mr. Sneakup, that from a Grasser is come to be a Justice of Peace: And, what, as an honest man? Hee grew to be able to give nine hundred pound with my daughter; and, what, by honestie? Mr. Sneakup and I are come up to live i'th City, and here we have lyen these three years; and what? for honesty? Honesty! What should the City do with honesty; when 'tis enough to undoe a whole Corporation? Why are your Wares gumm'd; your Shops dark; your Prizes writ in strange Characters? what, for honesty? Honesty? why is hard ware call'd

call'd Merchants waxe; and is said seldome or never to be rip'd off, but it plucks the skin of a Lordship withit? what! for honesty? Now (mortified my Concupificence!) Dost thou think, that our Neighbour, Master Linsy. Wolsie here, from the sonne of a Tripe-wife, and a Rope-maker, could aspire to be an Aldermans Deputy; to be Worshipfull Mr. Linsie-wolsie; Venerable Mr. Linsie-molsie; to weare Sattin sleeves, & whip Beggars? And, what? By honesty? Have we bought an Office, here, for our towardly and gracious son and heire here, young Mr. Sneakup——

Tob. Yes forfooth Mother.

Py. And made him a Courtier, in hope of his honesty? Nay, (once for all) Did we marry our Daughter, here, to thee; rack'd our Purses to pay Portion; lest Country house-keeping to save charges, in hope either of thine, or her honesty? No, we look'd, that thy Ware-house should have eaten up Castles, and that for thy narrow Walke in a Jewellers shop, a whole Countrey should not have suffic'd thee.

Cra. If my uncunning Disposition be my only vice.

then Father

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Py. Nay, and thou hast been married three years to my Daughter, and hast not got her with Child yet! How do'st answer that? For a woman to be married to a fruitfull Fool, there is some bearing with him yet. (I know it by my self) but a dry barren Fool! How dost thou satisfie that?

Cra. It may be defect in your Daughter, as proba-

ble as in me.

Ohorrible indignity! Defect in my Daughter? Ohorrible indignity! Defect in my Daughter? Nay, 'tis well known, before ever thou sawest her, there was no defect in my Daughter:

Cra. Well: If to be honest, be to be a fool, my utmost

Ambition

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Ambition

Ambition is a Coxcomb. Sir, I crave your farewell.

Py. Marry Sir, and have it with all his heart. My Husband is a man of few words, and bath committed his tongue to me: And I hope I shall use it to his Worship. Fare you well Sir.

Tic. Thanks for your cheer and full bounty of En-

tertainment, good Mr. Sneakup.

Py. He rather thanks you for your patience, and kind visitation, good Sir Andrew Ticket. Yes indeed forfooth does he.

La. Tic. Itake my leave Sir, too.

Sneak. Good Madame-

Py. Uds so ! ther's a trick ! you must talk, must you? And your Wise in presence, must you? As it I could not have said, good Madame. Good Madame! Do you see how it becomes you?

La. Tic. Good Miftris Sneakup.

Py. Good Madame, I beseech your Ladiship to excuse our desiciency of Entertainment. Though our power be not to our wish, yet we wish that our Power were to your Worth, which merrits better service—

La. Tic. Pardon me.

Py. Then our rudenesse-

La. Tic. You wrong your felfe.

Py. Can tender, or possibly expresse by-

La. Tic. I befeech you forfooth ____

Py. Our best labour, or utmost devoire. Yes I protest sweet Madame. I beseech you, as you passe by in Coach sometimes, vouchsafe to see me; and, if I come to Court, I will presume to visite your Ladiship, and your worthy Knight, Good Sir Andrew! And I pray you Madame, how does your Monckey, your Parrot, and Parraquitoes? I pray commend me to em, and to all your little ones. Fare you well, sweet Creature.

Exit.

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Ruff. Wee'll leave you to take private farewell of your Wife, Mr. Crasie.

Tob. Wee'l meet you at your Horse, brother.

Exeunt omnes, prater Crass, fosina.

being, will you needs take your journey? I shall fall before your return into a Consumption. If you did but conceive what your departure will bring upon me. I know (my sweet) nay I do know—but goe your ways; strike my finger into mine eye: 'Tis not the first true teare a married woman has shed.

Sound, your Mother. I must travell down, or not keep

up. Yet-

Jos. Nay, goe I beseech you; you shall never say, I undid you. Goe I pray: But never look to see me my owne woman again. How long will you stay forth?

Cra. A fortnight at the least; and a moneth at the

most.

7 of. Well, a fortnight at the least. Never woman took a more heavy departure. Kisse me. Farewel. Kisse me againe. I pray does your Horse amble, or trot? Do not ride post as you come home, I pray. Kisse me once more. Farewell.

Exit Cra.

Hay hoe! How I do gape.

Enter Bridger, Feremy.

Bri. What's a clock Bridget.

Fos. The past sleeping time then, Bridget. (means. Bri. Nothing is past to those, that have a mind and fos. Thats true and tryed. Go lay my Pillow Bridget.

Exit Brid.

Lord, what a thing a woman is in her Husbands ab-Wast thou ever in love, feremy? (sence!

fer. Who I forfooth? No forfooth.

Jos. I forsooth, and no forsooth? then I perceive you are forsooth. But I advise you to take head, how you levell your Affection towards me: I am your Miftris; And I hope you never heard of any Apprentice was so bold with his Mistris.

fer. No indeed forfooth. I should be forry there

should be any such.

fos. Nay, be not sorry neither feremy. Is thy Master gone? Look. A pretty youth, this same feremy! And iscome of a good Race. I have heard my Mother say, his Father was a Ferretter—

Enter feremy.

Fer. He is gone forfooth.

Fos. Come hither feremy. Dost thou fee this Hand-kerchief?

fer. Yes forfooth,

fos. I vow'd this Handkerchief should never touch any bodies face, but such a one, as I would intreat to lie with me.

Fer. Indeed forfooth!

Fos. Come hither feremy. There's a spot o'thy Cheek, let me wipe it off.

fer. O Lord forfooth. I'le go washit. Exit fof.

70s. Heaven made this Boy of a very honest Appetite, sober Ignorance, and modest Understanding. My old Grandmothers Latine is verified upon him; Ars non habet Inimicum prater Ignorantem. Ignorance is womans greatest Enemy. Who's within? Bridget.

Enter Bridget.

Bri. Here forfooth.

C

Jos. Go your wayes to Mistresse Parmisan, the Cheesmongers Wife in old Fishstreer, and commend me to her; and intreat her to pray Mistresse Collissore the Hearb-woman in the Old Change, that she will desire Mistris Piccades in Bow-lane, in any hand to beseech the good old dry Nurse mother, Et cetera, sheeknowes where, to provide me an honest, handsome; tecret young man; that can write, and read written hand. Take your errand with you; that can write and read written hand.

Bri. I warrant you forfooth.

Exit.

70s. So, now will I meditate, take a nap, and dreame out a few fancies.

ACT I. Sene II:

Enter Crasy, booted. Ticket, Rufflit, Tobias Sarpego, Linsy woolsy.

Tic. WEE take our leaves Mr. Grafy, and wish good Journey to you.

Raff. Farewell good Mr. Grafy.

Tob. Adieu Brother.

Sar. Iterum iterumque vale.

Lin. Heartily Godbuy, good Mr. Craft?

B

Cra. Nay

Cra. Nay but Gentlemen: A listle of your patience you all know your own Debts, and my almost impudent necessities, satisfieme, that J may discharge others. Will you suffer me to sink under my Freenes? Shall my goodnesse, and ready Pietie undoe me? Sir Andrew Ticket, you are a profest Courtier, and should have a tender sense of honor. This is your day of pay-

ment for two hundred pound.

Tic. Blood of Bacchus, tis true, tis my day, what then? Dost take me for a Cittizen, that thou thinkest I'll keep my day? No, thou'st find that I am a Courtier, let my day keep me and 'twill. But dost heare? Come to the Court. I will not say what I will do for thee. But come to the Court. I ow the two hundred pounds: I'll not deny't, if thou ask seven years hence for't, sarewell. I say no more, but come to the Court, and see if I will know thee.

Cra. O, Sir, now you are in favour, you will know

no body.

Tic. True: tis just. Why should we, when we are in favour know any body; when, if we be in disgrace, no body will know us? Farewell honest Tradesman.

Exit.

Sar. That is Synonima for a fool. An ironicall E-

pithite, upon my Facunditie.

Cra. O Master Sarpego! I know you will satisfie your own driblet of ten pound, I lent you out of my Purse.

Sar. Diogenes Laertius on a certaine time, demanding of Cornelius Tacitus an Areopagit of Syracufa; what was the most Commodious and expeditest method tokill the Itch, answered

Cra. Answer me my monyes I beseech you.

Sar. Peremptorily, Careo Supinis; I want money. I confesse, some driblets are in the Debet. But, me thinks

thinks, that you being a Man of Wit, Braine, Forecast and Forehead, should not be so easie, (I will not say foolish, for that were a figure) as to lend a Philosopher money, that cryes, when he is naked, Omnia mea mecum porto. Well Sir, I shall ever live to wish, that your owne Lanthorne may be your direction; and that, where ever you travell, the Cornu copia of Abundance may accompany you. Yes sure shall I. Vive valeque.

Exit.

Tob. Why look you Brother, It was thought, that I had a tender Pericranion; or, in direct Phrase, that I was an unthrifty fool. Signior no: you shall now find, that I cannot only keep mine own, but other mens. It is rightly said, He that is poor in Appetite, may quickly be rich in Purse. Desire little; covet little; no not your own: And you shall have enough.

Cra. Enough?

Tob. Yes Brother, litle enough. I confesse I am your Debtor for the loane of some hundred Marks. Now you have need: who has not? you have need to have it. I have need to pay it. Here's need of all hands. But Brother, you shall be no looser by me. Purchase Wit; Get wit (look you) wit. And Brother, if you come to the Court, now my Mother and my Father have bought me an Office there, so you will bring my Sister with you, I will make the best shew of you that I can. It may chance to set you up againe, Brother; tis many an honest mans fortune, to rise by a good Wise. Farewell sweet Brother. Prithee grow rich againe; and weare good Cloaths, that we may keep our Acquaintance still. Farewell, deare Brother.

Cra. Mr. Rufflit-

Ruff. VVhat, does thy fift gape for mony from

Cra. I

Cra. I hope it is not the fashion, for a Gallant of fashion, to break for so small a Portion as the summe

of an hundred Angells.

Ruff. For a Gallant of fashion to break, for a Gallant of fashion? Dost thou know what a Gallant of fashion is? I'll tell thee. It is a thing that but once in three Moneths has money in his Purse; A creature made up of Promise and Protestation: A thing that soules other mens Napkins: towseth other Mens Sheets, slatters all he seares, contemns all he needs not, sterves all that serve him, and undoes all that trust him. Dost ask me mony, as I am a Gallant of fashion, I do thee Curtesie, I beat thee not.

Cra. I lent it you on your fingle word.

Ruff. Tis pittie but thou shouldest loose thy Freedom for it: you Tradesmen have a good Order in your Citty, Not to lend a Gentleman money without a Cittizen bound with him: But you forsooth scorne Orders! By this light, tis pitty thou loosest not thy Freedome for it. VVell, when I am slush, thou shalt feel from mee, Farewell. Prithee learne to have some witt. A handsome streight young fellow, grown into a pretty Bear, with a proper bodyed VVoman to his VVise, and cannot beare a Braine! Farewell. Dost heare? Be rul'd by me, Get money, do, Get money and keep it; wouldst thrive? Be rather a knave then a Fool. How much dost say I ow thee?

Cra. Fifty pound.

Ruff. Thou art in my Debt. I have given the Counfell worth threeskore, Dog-cheap, well I'll rent the odde mony.

Exit.

Lin. Strange mad fellows these same, Mr. Crasie, me

thinks to deale withall.

Genius had directed me, to deale alwayes with such honest

honest neighbourly men as your selfe. I hope you will not deny me a Curtesie.

Linf. Not I, I protest, what is it?

Gra. You took once a Jewell of me, which you fold for thirty pound, for which I have your Bond for fixty, at your day of mariage. If you will now, because J want present money, give me but twenty pound, I'll

acquit you.

Lin. My good friend Mr. Crasse, I have no tricks and Jerks to come over you as the witty Gentleman had ere while: But I know a plaine bargaine is a plaine bargaine: and wit is never good till it be bought. If twentie pound will pleasure you, upon good security I will procure it you. A hundred if you please, do you mark Mr. Crasse? On good security. Otherwise you must pardon me, Mr. Crasse. I am a poore Tradesman Mr. Crasse, keep both a Linnen and a VVollen Drapers shop, Mr. Crasse, according to my name, Mr. Crasse, and would be loth to lend my money, Mr. Crasse, to be laught at among my Neighbours, Mr. Crasse, as you are Mr. Crasse. And so fare you wel, Mr. Crasse.

Cra. Is this the end of unsuspicious Freenesse?
Are open hands of Chearfull Pietic,
A helpfull bounty, and most easie Goodnesse,
Rewarded thus?
Is, to be honest, term'd to be a sool?
Respect it Heaven. Beare up still merry heart.
Droop not: But scorne the worlds unjust despising.
Who through Goodnesse sinks, his fall's his Rising.

Enter feremy.

O Master, Master, upon my knowledge, my Mistres is forced since your departure to be

B 3

Cra. What

Cra. What feremy?

Ier. Honest Sir. Get up your Debts as fast as you can abroad: For on my understanding (which great Iove knowes is but little) shee will take up more then your due at home easily.

that the Lord was no tooner off from his Horse-back bur the Lackey got up into the Saddle and rode home?

fer. Yes Sir, tis common.

. Cra. I scorne not my Betters Portune. And what is not my sinne shall never be my shame.

fer Introth I was faine to make my felfe an Affe, or

elfe I had been tempted to have been a knave.

be free. Poverty shall ferve it felfe. Yet do one thing for me.

Fer. If it be in the power of my poore Sconce.

Car. If ever it be in thy possible ability, wrong all Men, use thy wit, to abuse all things, that have but sence of wrong: For without mercie, all men have injur'd thy mistrustles Master, Misk'd my thoughts from my heart, and money from my Purse, and, last, laught at my Credulity. Cheat, chosen, live by thy Wits: Tis most manly, therefore most noble. Horses get their living by their Backs, Oxen by their necks, Swine and Women by their Flesh, Only man by his Braine. In briefe be a knave and prosper: For honesty has beggerd me:

Ier. Farewell Master. And if I put tricks upon some of them, let the end of the Comedie demonstrare.

Exit.

Cra. I am resolv'd I will revenge. I never provok'd my braine yet. But now if I clap not fire in the tayles of some of these Samsons Foxes—seems my desect of Fortune want of wit? Noe.

The

The City Wit.

The lense of our slight sports confessed shall have, That any may be rich, will be a knave.

ACT. II. Scene I.

Sarpego, Tobias.

A Purfe

Sar. Gregious and most great of Expectation, my right dignissed and truly Ciceronian Pupill, now that I have brought you into the Amoene fields with my ready thankfullnesse for the loane of this ten pound, I commit you to the grace of Court.

Tob. I shall expect that money shortly. Care to fend it; For I purchas d my place at a rack'd recom-

pence.

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Sar. Your Sarpego is no slipperie Companion. You know I am to marry, and this money shall provide me Complements.

Sis bonus of alixque tuis. I pede fausto.

Exit Tob.

Enter Crafy like a lame Souldier.

Cra. Beloved of Phabus, Minion of the Muses, deare Water Bayley of Helison, let it not be distastfull to thy Divine eares, to receive the humble set ition of a poore Creature, made miserable by the policie of Providence. That thy rare and absolute Music cence might supply what fortune had lest defective: I kisse thy learned toes.

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Sar. Itell thee, by the Axiomes of the Peripateticall Aristotle, thou art a Monster. My reward shall be therefore like thy selfe, monstrously lame. This is a figure in Eloquution call'd Apoxegesis.

Cra. I am not fed with Figures Sir.

Sar. You are an idle yagabond, and lye in wait for

the blood of the learned. Labour, and live.

Cra. Right eloquent and well-phrased Sir, my education has been liberall. I sometimes sed my slock on horned Parnassus: But my wants forc'd me to my Sword.

He shews his blade halfe way.

Sar. You did peradventure sip on the top of Science, Primoribus labijs, or so, but did not convert it in Suc-

cum & Sanguinem.

Cra. That I may ever remaine a true man --- Extend.

He drawes.

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The Sun, Moon and the seven Planets are my invoked witnesses, I should be grieved, that necessity should make me grow violent on so adored, adorned Grammaticall Disciplinary—Be gracious in Contribution

Sar. J will give thee an infinite treasure. Sis integer

vita, scelerisque purus. Vale poore Rogue.

Cra. Sir, this Sword can bite—But, J know you had rather give it freely out of your own Proclivitie.

Sar. Yes I protest, as I am Erudice. Here dreadfull

Mavortian, the poor price of a Dinner.

Car. If I might in modesty importune the poore

price of a Supper too.

Sar. I do speak it in the Optative Mood, I do wish it lay in the modell of my Fortune to give harbour to your shaken state, yet receive this with appealed clutch.

Cra. Is I might not seem audacious even to impudence, I poore Freshman in Literature, would implore

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of your well-falted, & best season'd vertue, some larger allowance to supply my defects of Rayment, Books, and other necessaries: which magnificence shall ever intitle you, my most bount cous Mecanas. Be induc'd to it Sir.

Flourish Sword

over him.

Sar: Yes, yes, yes, that you may know how deare you are to me; Know this is more then usuall largesse—for non omnibus dormio—There's a Figure too.

Well. Now deare Mecenas, let me implore a Purse to inclose these Monyes in — Nay if you impart not with a chearfull forhead, Sir Sword a-

gaine.

Sar. Va misero mihi! sweet Purse adieu. Iterum ite-

Cra. May you be importun'd to do it, Sir. Sword.
Sar. You shall have it instantly, I will only deprome,

or take out a little Auffing firft.

Cra. Tis no matter. As it is, As it is, good Sir, as it is. Jle accept it as it is. Most fragrant phrased Matter, suffer thy selfe to be intreated. Doe Sword.

Sar. You have most powerfully perswaded: Take

Cra. Most exorbitantly bounteous Mecenas, you have given me all this, have you not?

Sar. Yes, yes, and you have taken all that, have you

not ?

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Cra. Yes, yes, but as your gift. Iove bleffe thy browes, and make cleer thy Phisnomy. Vale. Your learned Worship stincks.

Sar. Now Barbarisme, Incongruity, Grasie falls and false Orthography shame thee; back. The curse of Priscian take thee. All the parts of speech

defie

defie thee. All the Interjections of forrow, as Heu heis of Shunning, as Apage; of Disclaiming, as Hem vah; of Scorning, as Hui; of Exclaiming, as Proh Deum atque hominum sidem take thee. My deare Pupils lendings hast thou lewdly lick'd away: And sorrowfull Sarpego is lick'd dry. There's a figure left yet! But of thou Castalion Traytor, Pick-purse of Parnassus, and Hang-man of Helicon: Dives thirst in thy Throat; Ixions wheel on thy back; Tantalus hunger in thy guts; and Sisyphus stone in thy Bladder.

Exit.

Gra. O fearfull curse! Well; I have given my first pinch, and a little scratch'd my Goat-bearded Grammarian, that Broke jests on my uncunning easiness. But he with the rest shall seele, that modest Simplicity is not alwayes a defect of wit, but will: What my willing honesty hath seem'd to loose, my affected deceits shall recover. I'le rid'em one after another, like Guts, till

they shall flink worse then Tewes.

And they shall find with most ashamed eyes, The honest Breast lives only rich and wife.

Exit.

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ACT. II. Scene 2.

Josina, Bridget.

Tof. Bridget.

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Bri. Here forsooth.

fof. Bridget, I fay.

Bri. Here, Lady.

Fos. That's comfortably spoken! Nay blush not? We women can never have too much given us. And Madame. Fosina would sound well.

Bri. Yes indeed, Madame fosina Crasie.

fos. No; not Crasse; hang Crasse: Crasse is my Hulbands name. I wonder why Women must be called by their Husbands names, I.

Bri. O, they must forfooth.

Iof. And why not men by their Wives ?

Bri. Marrie for footh, because that Men, when they marry, become but halfe men: And the other half goes to their Wives. And therefore she is called Woman; where before she was call d but Mayd.

Iof. Is a married Man but halfe a Man? what is his

other halfe then ?

Bri. Truly, oftentimes, Beaft. Which part the wife gives to boot, in exchange of her name. One knocket

Iof. Heark, some body knocks; goe see: What should any body knock at my Garden door for a I doe not use to be visited in my Garden.

Bri. Yonders a Gentleman craves admittance to

converse with you.

Iof The converse with no Gentleman. What have I to do with Gentlemen?

The City Wit.

Bri. A fair-spoken, comely, modest Gentleman he

Iof. Is he so? I'le speak with no modest Gentleman: You were best be his Bawd. But are you sure he is a true Gentleman? does he weare clean Linnen, and lack Money?

Bri. Here he comes forfooth.

Enter Crasy, like a Physitian.

Isf. He is very confident, and forward, me thinks. Cra. Exquisite; very Elixir of Beauty, vouchsafe to receive the tender of my Faith to you; which I protest is zealously devoted to your particular service.

Mayd is very thick of hearing, and exceeding weake fighted.

Cra. Then, Lady, let it be spoken in bold phrase, I

Cra. My name is Pulse-feel: A poor Doctor of Physick, that we are three-pile velvet in his Cap; has paid a quarters rent of his house afore-hand; and as meanly as he stands here, was made Doctor beyond the Seas. I vow (as I am right Worshipfull) the taking of my Degree cost me twelve French crowns, and five and thirty pound of salt Butter in upper Germany. I can make your beauty, and preserve it; Rectifie your Body, and maintain it; perfume your skin; tinct your haise; enliven your Eye; Heighten your Appetite. As for Gellies, Dentifrices, Diets, Minerall Fucusses, Pomatums, Fumes, Italian Masks to sleep in, either to moysten, or dry

dry the Superficies of your face; paugh, Gallen was a Goose, and Paracelsus a Patch to Doctor Pulse-feel. Make me then happy, deare sweeting, in your private savours: The which I vow with as much secrefie, constancie and Resolution, to preserve, as you, with Bounty, sweetnesse and Freeness shall impart.

fof. I protest you speak very farre within me; I re-

Cra. Then Ile attend you at your Chamber: where the best pleasure, youth, Cupid can minister shall entertaine you.

Iof. Entertain me with pleasure? what pleasure I pray you?

Cra. Nothing but kiffe you Lady, and so forth:

Iof. Well, for kiffing and so forth, I care not;
But look for no dishonesty at my hands, I charge you.

Cra. I will be provident.

1of. And honest, I beseech you: And secret, and resolute, I advise you.

Cra. Good.

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Iof. And very chaft I command you. But a kiffe, and so forth.

Cra. I understand you, This be my pledg of faith.

Iof. And this of mine. —— The thought of me rest with you. And heare you Doctor; I prithee procure me some young Fellow, that can write: For I am so troubled with Letters, that I neither read nor answer——

Cra. Rely npon me. I can fit you rarely. I know a well qualified fellow, that danceth rarely, playes on divers

vers Instruments, and withall is close.

1of. I marry, Close ! Pray let me have him. Kiffe

and adiew. Exit.

Cra. I will maintain it. He only, that knows it, permits, and procures it, is truly a Cuckold. Some fellow would be divorc'd now. Crasie, speak ; wilt be divorc'd? why, what and I were? why then thou art an Affe, Crasie. Why Sir ! why Sir ! why prithee tell me. what would thy Divorce hurt her? It would but give Shee should have bounteous Cuher more liberty. stomers; Gallants, that would hoist her tires, bestow deep on her. And the thould be paid for't. You fpeak somewhat to the matter Sir. Nay Crase, believe it. though the be not a very modest woman for a Wife. thou mayst force her to be a reasonable private wench for a Whore. Say you fo ? Birlady, and I'le take your Counsell. 'Tis a pretty Drabb. I know not where to compasse such another? troth Sir, I'le follow your advice.

And, if my hopes prove not extreamly ill, I'le keep her flesh chast, though against her will.

. Enter Crack finging.

Stac. He tooks her by the middle so small And laid her on the Plain: And when he had his will on her, He tooks her up agains.

And what was the then the worle for wearing? Can you tell Mr. Doctor?

Craf. What art thou?

Crac: One Sir (I dare tell you in private) that can conduct you to a more lovely Creature, then her you last courted.

Craf. A

The City Wit.

Cras. A young Pimpe, a very sucking-pig Pimpe! What an Age is this, when children play at such great game! So young, so forward!

Crac. Sings.

The young and the old mun too't, mun too't, The young and the old mun to it; The young ones will learn to do't, to do't, And the Oldforget not to do it.

Cras. This Infant piece of Impudence amazes me? Prithee what art thou? or whom dost thou serve, or broke for.

Crac. As delicate a piece of Woman-flesh as ever Mortall laid lip to. O she is all Venns! And, to come close to you, shee wants a Physician. You are one I take it: I am a foole else.

Cras. I am catch'd? This habite will betray me. What is shee, I say.

Crac. Sings.

O she is, she is a matchle se piece, Though all the world may woose her; Nor golden showre, nor golden sleece, Is price enough to do her.

Cras. For what wants the a Physitian?

Crac. For what you please, when you come to her? Sir, upon my life, shee's free from any Disease, but the Counterfeits. Will you know all Sir? she wants a wise mans counsell to assist her in getting a Husband. I take hold of you for that wise man, shee relyes upon my Election. Will you go Sir? Tis in an exceeding civil house

The City VVit.

honse; a precise one, indeed. Know you not Mr. Lin. fey woolsey?

Craf Not at his house?

Crac. Pardon me Sir. At his very house. All the wise wenches i'the Town will thwack to such Sanctuaries, when the times are troublesome, and Troopers trace the streets in terror.

Craf. Prithee, what call'ft thy Miftres?

Crac. There she lies Sir, by the name of Mistresse Tryman; a rich young Cornish Widdow; though she was borne in Clearken-well; and was never halfe a dayes Journey from Bride well in her life. Her Father was a Pinn-maker—Sings.

Along along, where the Gallants throng
By twenties, away the Widow to carry:
But let them tarry: For shee will carry
Twenty, before that one she will Marry.

Will you along Sir?

Cras. Tis but a weak ingagement: yet Ile goe; Needlesse are seares, where Fortunes are so low.

Exeunt?

ACT II. Scene II.

Enter Ticket and Rufflit.

Middow! what is shee? or of whence?

Ruff. A lustie young wench, they say:

A Cornish Girle; able to wrastle downer

stronger Chines then any of ours.

Tic. But how is the puri'd, fack? Is the ffrong that

way?

Ruff.

Ruff. Prettie well for a younger Brother; worth 7 or 8 thousand pound.

Tic. How man!

Ruff. You are a married man, and cannot Rivall me; I would not else be so open to you.

Tic. I sweare Ile help thee all I can. How didft find

her out?

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Ruff. I have intelligence, that never failes me, thee came to town neither but very lately; and lodged at Mr. Wolseys.

Tic. Who, Linsy wolse, the Hermaphroditicall Draper! That's a precious Nott-headed Rascall. Hee'll goe

neare to ayme at her himselfe.

Ruff. Like enough. He may aime at her: But shee will be hit by none but a Gentleman, that I heare too. Oh shee has a fierce Ambition to a Ladyship, though her late Husband was a Tanner.

Tic. A Tanner, well fack, take heed how thou venturst on her to make her a Gentlewoman: She will kill thee at her Husbands occupation before thou wilt be able to make her Hide gentle. Thou wilt find a tough peece of Curriers work on her. Look who here is.

Enter Toby, and Linsey Wolfie.

Lin. Truly Mr. Toby Sneakup, me thinks I find an alteration in my felfe already.

Mind to it, you would be a Gentleman quickly.

Tic. How's this? let's stand aside alitle.

Ruff. Sure, hee's about to turne himselse into a Gentleman to winne to the Widdow !

Tic. And what a Tutor he has pickt out to instruct

Lin.

Lin. Me thinks I love the name of a Gentleman a

great deale better then I did.

Tob. But could you find in your heart to lend a Gentleman a score of Angell», Mr. Wolfey, on his word?

Lin. Uhm — I is not gone so farre upon me yet. Tob. Oh, but it must though, Iknow it. A Cittizen can never be a Gentleman, till he has lent all, or almost all his money to Gentlemen. What a while it was ere the rich Joyners son was a Gentleman? when I my selfe was a Gentleman first, my mony did so burne in my Pockets, that it cost me all that ever I had, or could borrow, or steal from my Mother.

Lin. But Mr. Toby, a man may be a Countrey

Gentleman, and keep his money, may he not?

Tob. You see Sir, This Wiedow is remov'd from the Countrey into the City, to avoyd the multiplicity of Country Gentlemen that were here suitors. Nay you must be a Citty Gallant; or a Courtier.

Lin. I fee no Courtiers, but are more apt to borrow,

then to lend.

Tob. I, those that were born, or bred Courtiers I grant you, But to come to't at your yeares —

Lin. I can the fooner learne. Your Courtier Sir, I

pray.

Tob. Ile tell you in a breife character was taught me. Speake nothing that you mean, performe nothing that you promife, pay nothing that you owe, flatter all above you, scorne all beneath you, deprave all in private, praise all in publike; keepe no truth in your mouth, no faith in your heart; no health in your bones, no freindship in your mind, no modesty in your eyes, no Religion in your conscience; but especially, no Money in your Purse.

Lin. O that Article spoyles all.

Tob. If you do, take heed of spending it on any thing but Panders, Puncks, and Fidlers; for that were

most unsassionable.

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Lin. Ithank you Sir, for your Courtly and Gentle-manlike instructions, and wish you grace to follow them: I have seen too fearfull an example lately in my neighbour Crasy, whose steps I list not trace; nor lend my Money to be laught at among my Neighbours. Fare you well Sir.

Tob. Ha ha ha?

Ruff. Mr. Wolfie! Well met. How does your faire Gueft at home, Mrs. Tryman? Ticket talks

Lin. How should be come to a side with the knowledge of her? Some of Toby. these Gallants will snatch her up, if I prevent not speedily.

Raff. Why speak you not Mr. Welfie? How does

the Widow?

Lin. Truly not well Sir. Whether it be wearinesse of her journey, change of ayre, or dyet, or what I know not; something has distemperd her.

Ruff. Or Love, perhaps of you Mr. Wolfie.

Lin. Me? Alasse, I look like no such Gentleman.

Ruff. You may in a short time. They two Harke hither Mr. Wolsie. go aside:

Tie. We overheard you man: And I guest as much

before.

Tob. Tis very true Sir, shee is worth nine thousand pound: But marry she will not but a Gentleman: And I think I have beat him off o'th condition. I have put him off o' that scent for ever, with a false character, Heaven and the Court forgive me.

Tic. Thou hast introth Boy: And on purpose to

have her thy felfe, I perceive it-

Tob. He does not, He's an Affe.

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Tie:

The City Wit.

Tic. Well, if I were a Batchelor, I should envy thy wit, and thy fortune. Is she very handsome?

Tob. So io: You shall fee wee'll make a shift with

her.

Ruff. Mr. Wolsie. I would you had her with all my heart; you shall not want my good word and best wishes.

Lin. Do you speak this in earnest Sir, or as you are

a Courtier:

Ruff. In earnest I, and as I am a Gentleman.

Lin. Then in earnest, and as I am an honest man, I do not believe you. Mr. Toby Sneakup has told me what Gentlemen and Courtiers are, too lately.

Ruff. Mr. Sneakup, well met. Tob. Good Mr. Rufflit.

Enter Crack singing.

Now faire Mayds lay downe my Bed,
And draw the (urtaines round:
Tell the World that I am dead,
And who hath given the wound,
Ah me poor Soul!
Alack for love I dye,
Then to the Sexton hie,
And cause the Bell to towle.

Crac. O here he is! Mr. Wolsie, indeed my Master Wolsie, if ever you will see my Mistres your Sweetheart alive, you must goe home presently.

Lin. My Sweetheart!

be so. I speak by what she sayes, and others think.

Tob. Tis the Widows Boy, Lin. Is she sicker then she was. Crac. O shee is even speechlesse, and calls for you exceedingly. I fetcht a Doctor to her, and he can do her no good. Master Sarpego has made her Will and all.

Lin. Has shee given me any thing?

Cras. Quickly goe and see Sir, you will come too late else, I am going to get the Bell to towle for her.

Lin. Fare ye well Gentlemen.

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Tob. Tic. Ruff. Nay, wee'll along with you.

Crac. Sing. Exebnt.

Did never truer heart Out of the World depart, Or cause the Bel to towle.

Exit.

ACT. III. Scene I.

Enter in the Tryman, attended by Isabell, Jone, Crasy, with an Urinall.

Isa. L Ook up Mistres.

70. Take a good heart, the worst is past, feare not.

Try. Ah, ah, ah.

Isa. Reach the Bottle againe of Doctor Stephens water.

Cra. No no, apply more warme cloaths to her stamack, there the matter lyes which sends this distemperature into her braine. Be of good cheer Gentlewoman.

Try. Is Mr Wolfie there?

Ifa. Nothing but Mc. Wolfie ever in her mouth.

fraid of her. C3 Cras.

The City Wit.

Cras. Let me see, to night it will be full Moon. And she scape the turning of the next Tyde, I will give her a gentle Vomit in the morning, that shall ease her stomack of this conflux of venomous humours, and make her able to sit a hunting Nag within this sennight.

70. A rare man sure. And, I warrant, well feen in a

Woman:

Try. Uh, uh, uh, uh. Cough and spit.

Cras. Well sayd, spit out gently, straine not your selfe too hard.

Try. Agh - fagh.

Cras. Tis very well done. La'you. Her colour begins to come. Ile lay all my skill to a messe of Temks-bury Mustard, shee sneezes thrice within these three houres———

Enter Linfy-wolfie.

Lin. Good Sir want nothing, that your skill shall approve necessary in this time of need. Good Wives and kinde Neighbours, I thanke you for your cares.

Try. Is Mr. Wolfie there?

Isa. She does nothing but call for you Sir, pray speak to her.

Try. Where's Mr. Wolfie.

Lin. Here Lady. How do you?

Try. Then I am even well me thinks -- agh -- agh --- Lin. Shee's very farr gone I feare, how do you find

her difeafe Sir ?

Cras. Dangerous enough Sir. For shee is sicker in minde then in body. For I finde most plainely the effects of a deep melancholly, falne through her distemperature of passion upon her Liver; much disordering, and withall wasting the vitals, leaving scarce matter for Physick to worke on. So that her minde receiving

the first hurt, must receive the first cure.

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Try. Agh agh ah - pagh fagh - Cough up in a Bason

Cras. So so: Straine not your selse too hard. No hurt; so so.

Here's meiancholly and choller both in plenty.

To. He speaks with great reason, me thinks, and to the purpose. I would I understood him.

Cras. Do you not know. Sir, any that has offended

her by open injury, or unkindnesse?

Lin. Alas Sir, no such thing could happen since her coming hither.

Craf. Then, on my life, tis Love that afflicts her.

Try. Oh oh uh oh -

Cras. I have toucht her to the quick. I have found her disease, and that you may prove the abler Dostor in this extremity.

Lin. Who I? Alas I beleeve no such matter.

Try. Mr. Wolfie, Mr. Wolfie.

Cras. Here he is Lady. Pray speak your minde to him. Must I pull you to her? Here he is. What do you say to him? Pray speak.

Try. Oh no, no no no —

Cras. She hath something troubles her that concernes onely you. Pray take her by the hand, do as I intreat you. Lady we will go, and leave you in private awhile, if you please.

Try. Pray do. O but do not, pray do not.

Cras. Do you perceive nothing in this passion of hers?

How does the feel your hand?

Lin. O, the does to quiddle it, shake it, and gripe it!

Cras. You are then the man Sir, the happy man. For she shall recover suddenly.

Lin. Who I? Alack a day.

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Try.

Try. What will you have me dye intestate. Is not my Will made, as I directed?

Io. Where are you Mr. Sarpego, with the Will.

Enter Sarpego, Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.

Sar. Ad manum. Sweet Buds of Generosity, forbeare: you may Admirare, at the abundance here specified: But not find a Legacie bequeathed among you.

A Will.

Tic. We expect nothing.

Ruff. I only wish your health, Lady; and that it may, or might have been my happiness to sue to you for Love; as I do now to the highest power for Life.

Tob. Would I were married to her, as shee is; and twere but for an hower, I car'd not. Had my mother been but acquainted with her, before shee fell sick, here had been a match!

Sar. O Dij immortales! A rich Widdow shall have

Suiters on her Death-bed.

of these things. I only crave and wish Ruff.
your prayers in your absence: This place can yield
no pleasure to you I know. Mr. Wolsey, pray your
hand againe: I could be even content to live me thinks,
if I had but such a man as you to my Huh, uh, uh,
uh.—— Shee Conghes.

Women. Beare up her Body a little. Bow it forwards. So, speak to her, Sr. Good Lady drink of this Cordyal.

She drinckes.

Lin How do you now forfooth?

Craf., What now shee is drinking — Now speake Sir, you or no man must do her good.

Lin. How do you forfooth? Craf. Well

Cras. Well said Sir, speak chearfully to her.
Lin. How dee doe? how dee doe, Mistris Tryman
How ist now, ha?

Tic. Very comfortably spoken!

Ruff. I, was it not?

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Lin. Alas shee cannot speak. I'll call my Neighbour Mistres Sneakup, If any body can make her speak, 'tis shee.

Tob. I'll call my Mother for you. Shee will make her speak, if shee have but a word left in her belly

-Masse here shee comes.

Enter Pyannet a nd Iosina.

Gentlewoman sick in your house, and not send for me? Let me seel her hand. Alasse she is shrewdly distemper'd. When had shee a stoole Sir, Prithee Daughter step home to my Closet, and bring the Viall of my owne Water, which stands next to my blew Velvet Cabinet.

10s. That's my Doctor was with me to day

Exit.

Py. Shee's a young Gentlewoman; may have many Children yet, let me note her eyes: I finde nothing there. When did you see her water Mr. Doctor?

Craf. What Devill lent this fury among us?

Py. In troth I beshrew you, Mr. Wolsey, you sent not for me, but I hope I come not too late. Pluck up a Womens heart, you shall find a good Neighbour of me.

Try. I will thank you in my Will. I shall not live

to thank you otherwise.

Py. Alas talk not of your will. You shall have time enough to think of that many yeares hence.

ral. I

The City VVit.

Craf. I tell her lo, Lady, yet thee calls for it still. Try. Pray let me fee it , that I may figne it. Th

Py. Lord how my Daughter stayes. Good Sir Andrew Ticket! worthy Mr. Rufflit! My Sonne Tobias is highly honor'd in your noble Acquaintance. and Courtly conversation.

Tic. We rather hold our selves dignified, in being

his indear'd Companions.

Tob. I affure you Mother, we are the three of the Court.

Py. I most intirely thank you for him. And I do befeech you make your felves no strangers to my poor house. Wee are alone; can give but light entertainement, my Daughter and I; fince my Sonne Crakes misfortune drave him from us-

Enter Iosina with a Viall.

O welcome Daughter - I beseech you noble Sirs estrange not your selves to us your Servants.

Cra: Pox o'your Complement.

Pr. Give me the Viall Daughter. Take up the Lady. Tast of this. It is a Composition of mine owne distilling. Try.drinks.

Try. Uh, uh, uh, umh -

Py. Well done. Nay it will make you break wind, I tell you.

Ticket and Rufflit Court Iofina.

Tic. By the service I owe you sweet Mistres, tis un-

fained. My Wife desires to see you.

Ruff. As I can best witnesse; And feares you enjoy not the libertie of a Woman, fince your Husbands departure

parture. Your Brother having promis'd too; to con-

To. It is confest, and I will do it.

Tic. Where the best entertainment a poore Ladyes chamber can afford, shall expect you.

Iof I shallembrace it.

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Cras. Ssoot, tis time to part you --- Mistres, I beseech your help, joyn'd with your vertuous Mothers. He pulls her aside.

Iof. You forget the young man, that can Dance

Write, and keep Counsell.

Craf. I forget you not Lady. But I wish you to beware of these Courtiers, till I tell you what they are:

Ruff. I'll be hang'd if this Doctor be not of her smock Counsell.

Py. How is it now, good heart?

Try. Much enlightned, I thank Heaven and you! Now, pray, read Sir my will.

Sar. In Dei nomine. Amen. Tic. O let us heare the Will.

Sar. I lane Tryman of Knockers hole, in the County of Cornwall, Widdow, Sick in Body, but whole in Mind, and of perfect memory, do make my last Will and Testament, in Manner and Forme following.

Cras. As for the Manner and Forme tis no matter.

To the Legacies, briefly.

Sar. Hum hum. Imprimis, A Dole of Bread to be given to the Poore of this Parish five pound.

Try. Stay. This I intreat of you Mr. Wolfer, that whether I live or dye, this Dole may be given to morrow. Inwas the Charge of my Mother to fee it done; Saying, it was better to take the Prayers of the Poore with me, then leave them to be fent after.

Lin. It shall be done: and you, I hope, shall fee it. Sar. To Mr. Sarpego, the Writer hereof, A Mourn-

ing

ing Gown, and forty pound, to Preach at the Func-

Lin. How! forty pound?

Sar. Di boni! No. Tis forty shillings. Item to my Nephew, Sir Marmaduke Trevaugh an of St. Mine ver, one thousand pound in Gold. Item to my Nephew Mr. Francis Trepton, one thousand pound in Gold. Item to my Kiniman, Sir Stephen Leggleden, I do forgive two rhousand pound, for which his Lands are Mortgaged to me. Item to his Daughter, my God-daughter lane Leggleden, five hundred pound in money: my best Bason and Ewer: two silver Flaggon Pots, and three filver and gilt standing Cups. Item to the poore of the Parish of Knockers-hole, ten pound. and forty pound towards the reparation of their Church. Item to Mr. Linsey wolfey the Ring, which was my Wedding Ring, and fifty other Rings, with severall stones in my Trunck, in his house, valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. Item to all his fervants, and to the Women that attended me in my sicknesse, five pound a piece.

fone. Now the Lord receive her to his mercy.

If My Legacy will fave her life; for never any

body dyed yet, that bequeathed me any thing.

Sar. Item, to my Page Jeffery Crack forty pound. And all my other Servants ten pound a peice. Item to my Neece Barbara Tredrite five hundred pound; my second Bason and Ewer, a dozen of filver Dishes, and four dozen of filver Spoones. Lastly, all the rest of my Lands, Jewels, Plate, Money, Debts, Moveables and Unmoveables, to my dear and loving Brother, Sir Gregory Flamsted, whom I make my full Executor. In cuius rei testimonium, &c. This is the briefe of it.

Chaine also in my Trunk to this vertuous Gentlewo-

man. And another Chaine, that is there of Pearle, to her Daughter. To this learned Doctor twenty pound. And to the Gentlemen which have visited me, for them and their freinds an hundred pound to be spent in a Banckquet.

Sar. Hoc nihil refert. I must write all over againe

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Try. Do so then. And make your forty shillings five pound.

Sar. Gratias velingentes ago. It shall be done -

Exit:

Try. Now Mr. Wolsie, and your vertuous Neighbour here, I intreat, that when I have signed this Will, that you keep it til my Brother comes to Town. This Doctor shall direct you in all. And that he may be the better able so to do, I desire you all that I may a while be private with him.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

Exeunt omnes prater Craft.

Try. Are they all gone?

Tryman.

Now Mr. Doctor, what think you of the fick Widow?

Has she done her part hitherto?

Craf. Beyond my expectation! Better then I for a

Doctor.

Try. You are right. And I am even the same for a Widow as you for a Doctor. Do not I know you? Yes good Mr. Craly. I dare trust you, because you must trust me. Therefore know, that I the rich Widow am no better, then a Lady that must live by what I beare about me. The vulgar translation you know, but let them speak their pleasure, I have no Lands, and since I am borne, must be kept, I may make the best of my owne, and if one member maintaine the whole body, what's that to any one?

Craf. I collected as much by your young Whiskin

that brought me hither.

Try. It was by my direction that he did so. And, by my Instructions, he has had an Eye upon you in all your disguises ever since your pretended Journey out of Towne. Nay startle not, nor muse at my acquaintance with you: I have had you in my Purlews, before you were a Freeman: And will hereafter give you certaine tokens of it. In the mean time, if you comply with me you can be no looser by it. I am grown weary of my old course; and would saine, by wiser, do my selfe good, before Age or Diseases make it too late.

Cra, I will work close and friendly with thee. Therefore say, this rich Cockscombe is thine owne.

O here comes your Pigg-wiggen.

Try. He is of Counfell, and one of us. He is indeed my Brother, and has been one of the true blew Boyes of the Hospitall; one of the sweet singers to the City Funeralls with a two penny loase under his arme.

Crac., Well: He never fung to the wheele in Saint

Brides Nunnery yonder.

Try. Nay feff, be not angry; thou hast sung to the Organs I know, till fearing their downfall, thou betookst thy selfe into my more certaine service. All freinds, good feff.

Craf. Yes, yes, we must all agree, and be linckt in

Covenant together.

Crac. By Indenture Tripartite, and't please you,

like Subtle, Doll, and Face.

Craf. Witty feff. I cannot see which can' be spar'd from the rest, least the whole trade break.

Crack sings.

Then let us be freinds, and most freindly agree.

The Pimp and the Punck and the Doctor are three,

That cannot but thrive, when united they be.

The Pimp brings in custome, the Punck shee gets treasure,

The City Wit.

Of which the Physitian is sure of his measure, For work that she makes him in sale of her pleasure. For which, when she failes by diseases or paine, The Doctor new Vamps and upsets her againe.

Cras. Thou art a brave Lad, and in the high way of preferment.

Crac. Not the high Holberne Way . I hope Sir.

Cras. And for you Damsell, as I sayd before, say to

your selfe, the Match is yours.

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Try. I mean to fay, and know it shortly. Some three dayes hence all may be compleated. Now draw the Curtaines; and follow your affaires, while I put on my sick Face againe. Th, uh, uh.

They put in the Bed, and withdraw all.

Excunt.

ACT. III. Scene II.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. Now could I Accoss that Catlinarian Traytor, that deseated me of my ten pound, I have a precogitated Oration should make him suspend himselfe. But Abiit, evasit, erupit. Or if the rich Widow would have dyed, there had been a supply. But she is nearer a Nuptiall, then a Funerall: And hopelesse Sarpego, that should wed, has not to surnish him to his intent, Va mibi misero nec Aurum, nec Argent -- tum! Here comes my Beatitude.

The City VVit.

Enter Bridget

Bri. O, are you here Sir? I was to feek you. My old Mistresse would speak with you instantly.

Sar. My Legitimate Spouse, when is our day of con-

junction ?

Bri. Our day of conjunction? Mary faugh Goodman Fiste. Our day of conjunction?

Sar. Did you not once vow you did love me?

Bri. Did not you once swear you had money? Sar. Hic jacet, I am now but a dead man.

Enter Pyannet, Sneakup, Crasie ---- like

Py. O where's Mr. Sarpego? Fortunate Mr. Sarpego? Venerable Mr. Sarpego? O Sir, you are made. Never thinke under right worshipfull. Imagine nothing beneath Damasque Gownes, Velvet Jackets, Satten Sleeves, Silk Nightcaps, two Pages and a Footcloth.

Sar. The Son of Phabus rectifie your Brain-pan.
Sne. Indeed, and't shall please your Worship, it

is ---

Py. It is! What is it? You will be speaking, will you? And your Wise in presence, will you? you shew your bringing up. Master Sarpego, blesse the time that ever you knew the Progeny of the Sneakups: my worshipfull Son and Heire apparent hath preferred you to be the young Prince his Tutor. Here's Mr. Holymater, a Gentleman; of place, a Courtier; of Office, is sent for you.

Cras. Right fortunately-learned Sir. So passionately doth his Grace approve the Language, Literature, and Haviour of your sometimes Pupill. Master To-

bias Sneakup.

Sar. Umh.
Craf. That I was, with all expedition, commanded to intreat your instant Attendance.

Sar

Sar. Umh Umh-

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Cras. Tis even so Sir; You are like to possess a Princes eare; you may be in place, where you may seem your foes; countenance your friends; cherish vertue, controule vice, and despise fortune: Yes sure shall you Sir. And (which I had almost forgot) your old Pupill intreats you to send him by me the ten pound he lent you: An odten pound, that he may be furnish'd with the more seemly Complements to conduct you to his Grace.

Sar. Quid nunc?

Py. Whist Mr. Sarpego. Let not your poverty be read in your face. Here's ten pieces. Bear it as your own payment: You talk of ten pound for my Son, Sir.

Sar. O, an od driblet. Here, Friend, I use not to carry Silver: Convey it in Gold.

Bri. I hope, dear Love, you will not forget your

Bri. Now am I but a dead woman.

Cras. I am much griev'd for't. It was your sonnes much labouring, that Mr. Crasse was sent for , to sell his Grace some Jewells: But since his for: unes are so sunk that he hides his head, I can but lament his losse.

fide;) My Son-in-Law Crasse is not now worth---his very wife. We hop'd he would have prov'd a crassy Merchant, and he prov'd an honest man, a Begger (if I chance to speak above your capacity, I pray tell me of

it) And as I said, when I perceived he began to melt, and that every stranger abused him; I, having some wit, sell too, and most cozen'd him my self. I look'd for my daughters good: And so beswint us, sound the crick to get, or steale from him two Jewells of good deep value, being indeed the main of his rest of Fortune. Now Sir, I come to you.

Cruf. I, now you come to the point.

Py. Right Sir: For there is no woman, though she use never so many by-words, but yet in the end she will come to the point. Now Sir, I having these Jewells, will send them by my husband. A poor take weak man, as you see; but very obedient in truth-

Eraf. By your husband.

Py. Yes, do you mark? By my husband. But now none my wit: His Grace knows not Grafe: My husband, habited like a Citizen, shall take the name of Grafe upon him; offer his Jewells to the Prince; you shall prefent them; praise them and raise them: His Grace payes; my husband returns; and we will share. Do you approve?

Cruf. Nay admire.

good wits; but away. Come your wayshi- Oral. ther, good man; Put off your hat; Make a leg; Look simply. Why so! Pish, ne're tell me: He will make a rare Citizen. I have Jewells for you to carry to the Prince.

Sneak. Yes forfooth . He carry them.

Py. La! you are so quick! I have charg'd you not to shoot your bolto before) you understand your mark. And you shall carry them like a Citizen; call your self Crase; sell the him to of your understanding. Now Sir, how will you bear your self to his Grace?

How behave your felfe at Court ?

Sneak. I hope I am not too wife to learne.

Py. Why, that was well spoken. Modest mistrust is the first step to knowledge. Remember that fenponce. Now mark, I will instruct you: When you come at the Court gate, you may neither knocke nor piffe. Do you mark? You go through the Hall cover'd a through the great Chamber cover'd; through the Presence bare; through the Lobby cover'd; through the Privy Chamber bare; through the Privy Lebby cover'd; to the Prince bare.

Sneak. I'le doe't I warrant you. Let me fee. Atthe Court pate neither knock nor make water. May not a

mandbreak wind?

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ailly Umh, yes . but (like the Exchaquer payment) somewhat abated.

Sweek. Through the great Chamber bare.

Py. Cover'd.

Sweek. Coverid? Well: Through the Prefence cover'd.

Py. Bare.

Sneak. Bare? I will put all dowe in my Table-book?

and con it by the way.

Pr. Well thought on. Something he has in him like my husband! But now you come before the brow of Royalty. Now for your carriage there Sir: Suppose me the Prince. Come in , and present. Here sits the Prince. There enters the Jeweller. Make your honors. Let me ice you do it handsomly.

Sneak. Yes, now I come in ; make my three legs-

And then---

Dol, (chat chou faifelendit tone A Break Yesmand lay- and I donor M

-mBy What & good flood as will no when Landock

Sneak Nay, that I know not 11077

Py. An't please your Grace, I have certain Jewells to present to your liking.

Sneak. An't please your Gracey I have certain Jewels

to prefent to your liking.

Jewells? It is that honest man, so please your Highnesse. That's for M. Holywater, the by-flatterer to speak, You are a Cuekoldly Knave, Sirrah, and have often abused me with false and deceitful stones.

Sneak. My stones are right, so please your Ex-

cellence.

there is a certain infection taken with lying with a woman that hath a good wit. I finde it by my husband, Come, I'le difguise you, and away to Court instantly.

Sneak. Truly wife, I fear I shall be discover'd among

the Gallants presently.

men. Exeunt.

wide A.C.T. III. Scene III.

Enter Tryman, Crafy.

weel-sidal ym nia noll a mg liw I san

- 1921 231d ym salam Crasy in bis Court habit.

Cras. WEI Dol, (that thou saist is thy name) though I had forgotten thee, I protest. About London-wall was it (saist thou?) Well, I cannot but highly commend thy wisdom in this, that so well

well hast mended thy election; from being a fountain of aches, bald brows, and broad plasters, thus to

remember thy Creation.

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Try. I did confider, and I thinke rightly, what I was : and that men that lov'd my use, lov'd it but to loath me : Therefore I chang'd my felf into this fhace of a demure, innocent Countrey Widdow, that had scarce beauty enough to be tempted , but not wit enough to be naught; and quite forfook the path I trod in, and betook me to this private course of cozenage.

Craf. But all my wonder is at the means, how thou gott'ft into this house and reputation. And to be held

a woman of fuch an estate.

Try. That shall bee made plaine to you hereafter.

Enter Crack.

Now Brother Geffrey, where left you M Wolfie? Crack. Among the Mercers, so troubled, as if all the Sattin in Cheapfide were not enough to make you a wedding Gowne. He is over-joy'd that his happy day is at hand; and I over-heard him invite one speciall friend to his Nuprialls, He cannot contain himfelf. On a sudden he fell a singing, O shee's a dainty Widdow. O are you come Sir, in your new have! Dos not that beard fit you handlomly? Thank my acquaintance with the Players.'

(raf. I thinke thou art acquainted any way, to fet

out knavery. Her I Grac. If you can perform your part as well, tis well. Heark, I hear him coming, as svot swoy to manugua

charge of fastings think you love me elle. ningeath you Sir, if you All take thin y pound in fall SHAFOVEO

Enter Linke VV oolfie.

Lin. VVhere are you sweet Widdow? Look you,

Look you : How do you like these patterns?

Try. Sir, here's a Gentleman has a Letter to you: He tells me it imports the making, or the undoing of his dearest friend.

Lin. From whom, I pray you? Lin. Cra. Your fordetimes neighbor Sir, M. Crafy. reads.

Try. It shall take effect, doubt not.

Try. He had as liefe part with his blood as his

money,

Lin. M. Craff writes to me for thirty pound; the value of a Ring I had of him. I grant 1 am to pay threescore at my day of Marriage. But we are all mortall. And who knowes whether I shall live till to morrow.

Craf. If not, Sir, your Bond is due to night : For

it is equally payable at your hour of death,

What the eye fees not _____

Try. Are you in Bonds, M. Woolse, for your day of

Marriage ?

Lin. Only for this fixty pound. 'Tis for that Ring you weare, and I gave you upon our Contract. 'Tis

worth thirty pound ready mony.

Try. Then when you are married, you may fay you paid the rest for your wife. Pray Sir make even such seckonings before you wed. It will shew nobly in your towards your poor Creditor, and be a speciall argument of your love to me, your wife. Pray dispersarge it, I shall not think you love me else.

Heark you Sir, if you will take thirty pound in full

payment

Payment, and give me in my Bond, here is your mony. Tis your best course. Alas, I am an unlikely fellow for wedlock. What woman, thinke you, would bestow her self upon me, a stale Batchellor, unhand some and poor-not worth above six or seven thousand pound? Do; take thirty pound.

Cras. If you please to be friend Mr. Gras, but with thirty pound, He set it receiv'd upon the Bond. Here it is. And he shall demand no more till it be due.

Try. Pray Sir pay it all, and take in your Bond. You shall be married within these two dayes; to morrow, if you please: VVhat use will your money yeeld you for a night? Pray pay it. In truth I'le pay it else. To but threescore pound.

Lin. Saift thou fo, Sweetheart. Come Sir. Come in and tell your money _____ Exit.

Cras. And thank you too, good M. Linsie VV olse, that knew so well, a bargaine was a bargaine, and would not part with your money to be laugh'd at among your neighbours. I would heartily now, if I could intend it. But I must purse your money, and then about my Court affairs. This wench I am infinitely beholden to. She remembers some old curtessee that I have forgotten. Perhaps I pidled with her when I was Prentice.

at y shiduo we spend and willie y the

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ACT

Graf. See my worthingth in derviers aw I Now, the Woodcockailtoer late to the elt it.

ACT. III. Scene IV.

Enter Sarpego, in gorgeons Apparell.

flupified, that Mr Tobias Sneakup, my quondam Pupill, artends not my Conduct! Ha! So inflant was his Grace, his importunity to enjoy me, that although I purchased the loan of Cloaths, yet I had not vacation, nor indeed variety to shift my shirt. And now I come to Court, I feel certain little Cattell of infamous generation about me, that do most inseparably haunt me. Now if (when the Prince surveyes me) any of them being strangers here, should peep to behold strange sights, and his Grace perceive them, what should I answer?

Crasie at the hangings.
Cras. O, my glorisied Pedant in his most naturall

frut!

Sar. I will say it was by influence of the heavens; or, to appear the more perfect Courtier at the first dash, I will say, that though my outside were glorious, yet of purpose I lest my inside lowsie.

Enter Sneakup like a Citizen.

Sed, O Dii! Quem video? nonne Mr. Sneakup?
Cra. See my worshipfull Father-in-Law! Now the
Woodcocks shoot into the glade.
Sneak:

The City VVit.

Sneak. Pray ye peace, you must not know me. Sar. O monstrum horrendum! May not you and I know one another?

Sneak. Pray go home, and ask my wife.

Enter Crafy in haste.

Craf. Mr. Crafie. Is not one Mr. Crafie here? Sneak. Yes Sir. Here is Mr. Crasie for a need Sir.

Craf. Well done : Be bold Sir. Let not vour diffimulation be read in your eyes, You know me; give me the lewells.

Sneak, Yes Sir.

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k.

Cras. Let me alone to present them to his Grace. and praise them, before you are call'd.

Sneak. Will you do fo Sir?
Craf. Yes; For you know I must not seem to indeare them before your face: For that would smell rank of correspondency.

Sneak. You fay right Sir. and was sold soll and

Craf. But betwixt us both wee'l make a fift to cheat him. Stay you here. I will returne instantly, O Mr. Sarpego! Your Pupill will come and conduct you prefently.

Thus sometimes, by deceit, deceit is known. 'Tis honest craft, by wit to get ones own .- Exit.

Enter Ticket, Rufflit, Toby. 150 2000 dell

moreidark then Delabor. What To. My Quandam Pedagogue!

Sar. My Nuper Alumnus! Come, present me to the Grace of Greatness. I am ready; behold I am approach'd according to thy intreats, to approve thy praise, and mine own perfection. Set on . His Grace shall fee that we can speake true Latin, and construe Ludovicus vives: Go, fet on. Tob. I

Tob. I cry you mercy Sir. Upon my troth, I tooke you for Mr. Sarpago, my learned Tueor, He is very like him: Is he not Gentlemen? But now I come to my felfe againe, I remember this was never his walke, nor these his cloaths.

Sar. Sent you not a Nuneius, or a Messenger for me. intimating, that it was his Grace his instant defire, to

entertain me as his Inftractor?

Tir. Alas, he has over-studied himself! You were best let blood in time Sir.

Sar, Sent I not you, by the fame meffenger, your

ten pound?

Tob. My ten pound? Ha, ha ha: I would laugh ifaith. if you could bob me off with fuch payment.

Ruff. Sure Sir, you use some Dormitaries. Best shave

your head, and 'noint it with Oyl of Rofes.

Tob. Father ! Father !

Smeak. Pray peace fon. The plot will be discovered elfe.

Tob. The plot? what plot?

Snoak. The Jewells are fent in, What I am Mr. Cra-Genow, you know. I shall be fent for in to his Grace inflamily, tout

Tob. Midsummer Moon! Midsummer Moon!

Sneat. In very truth fon, hit as 'twill, I fay we are

beholding to Mr. Holywater.

Tob. Heaven not blesse me, if I understand not the Baboons mu mpings better then your freech. You are more dark then Delphos. What Holywater?

Sneak. Why the Gentleman, you know, you fent to

bring Mifragie to ferve his Grace with Jewells?

Tibo Pather, Heaven pardon me : For fure I have a great defire to call you Cackfoomb. I fent no man; nor is there any fo filled as Holywater about the Courte of him

Tic. Do you not want fleep fir?

Ruff. Or have you not feen a spirit fir ?

Tic. Or have you not over-mus'd, or over-thought your selfe, as wee doubt Mr. Sarpego, here, has done?

Tob. Or has not my mother over-beaten you, fa-

ther? You may tell me.

Sneak. Son, I am not so very a soole, but I perceive I am made a stark Asse. Oh sonne, thy father is co-zen'd; and thy mother will beat me indeed, unlesse your charity conceal me in the Court here, till her survy be over.

Ticket. Hee shall flay at my Wives [Cham-

ber.

Rufflir. And there instruct us in the passages of this cozenage.

Tob. Do not weep father. My Lady Ticket will

appease all.

Ruff. Adien Mr. Sarpege: Latre your braines backe againe. Etteunt.

ny-caught; and the lever of Heliten is laught at.
The last ha-pence of my fortune is spent; and I will go cry in private.

Ekis.

To Me feet to talk with any nody.

Chaff. What he is device is the second of Saire I laft few you, good Mother which we have five for an expedit with me to make the about the her her home Tebias. If there may be aby thing wrone he out of it to benefit you, I will had truly take for all here he herekens to break herekens.

ACT. IIII. Scene I.

Enter Crasy like a Dancer.

Craf NTOw, whilst my politike Mother-in-Law is in I Vexpectation of her great adventure, and my worthipfull Eather-in-Law flinks at Court for feare of her; I in this last disquise will pursue my new affairs. Me-thinks thefe Jewells smile on me now more chearfully then when they were mine owne before. First to my honest Punk,

Crack meets Crasse at the doore. Crace Who would you speak with Sir ?

Grefs-With thy fifter. Doft thou not know mee

Teffrey: Where is the? Look better on me.

Craf. O, is it you Sir? Hang me if I knew you in this habit sthough I was fet here on purpose to watch for you.

Craf. What's the matter feffrey?

Crac. Sir the is fallen into a new fit of Melancholy. Some new project the has in her noddle. But the defires you to worke upon this, [he gives him a paper.] I dare not be seen to talk with any body. - Exit.

Cras. What new device is this? [he reads.] Since I last faw you, your Mother-in-Law, Mrs. Sneakup, has earnestly dealt with me to make me a Bride for her sonne Tobias. If there may be any thing wrought out of it to benefit you. I will suddenly take occasion to

break

The City Wit.

break with the Foole wolse; of whom I am heartily weary; and after, be wholly disposed by you. Sure this wench studies nothing but my profit. Well: I have thought already to make the best of her. Now to my new Mistresse. This is the house, and here's her maid.

Enter Bridget. 1 1000 1000 11

Bri. Would you speak with any here Sir?
Cras. With your Mistresse, (I take it) Mristresse
Crasie.

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Bri. May not I deliver your mind unto her Sir?

Cras. My business is of weight and secretie: yet you may tell her, here is the Gentleman, that her Doctor sent her.

A businesse of mine owne makes me wait here;
I think I saw my learned Love make this way.
But he (alas) though small in fleshly growth,
By reason of his high preferment is
Now growne too great for me.

See, From house let fearblag de Aboudantion

Tis hee; I know his starure,
Though not his cloaths, the Ensigns of his greatness.
In which how big he seems, though but a sprawler!
So cloaths can make men greater, but not taller,
He's deep in study: I dare not interrupt him.

Sar: I have adventur'd, though with trembling feer, Unto this Mansion, to exonerate,
At least extenuate my suspirations

For

Formy dear loss. The Lady of this place, Who had an equal venture, and hath suffer d In the same Fate with me, may ease my forrow. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris, I of my wrongs, and the of hers shall clamor. But ecce noster ubi esset Amor.

Bri. Most worshipfull Sir, welcome from Court,

If your poor Handmard may presume to say so.

Sar. Where is your Mistresse? I mean your grand

Matrona, Mrs. Sneakup. W 200 110 blue

Bri. In the first place let me befeech you Sir, Vouchfafe your answer to a longing Maid, That can be comforted in nothing more, Then the good newes of your prosperity; Of which Thope a part at least to be, I Preferr'd by your late promise to your service.

Sur. I will now breath a most strong and Poetical

du execration salt

Against the Universe. [Bri.] Sir I beseech youSar. From henceforth Erit Fluvius Dencationis A
The world shall flow with dances; Regnabitque, and it

Bri. His Court advancement makes him mad I fear

Sar. From hence let learning be abomination Mong the Plebeians, till their ignorance Shall lead them blinde into the Lake of Lethe.

Bri. What pity 'tis that honour and high places'. Should make men lofe their wits, fometimes their

Sar. May Peafantry and Idiotim trample (head! Upon the heads of Are and Knowledge, till dischool The world be finished inth prifting Obass, 1990 and

Ba. Dear Sir, though you are highly dignified,
Forget not the preferment, that you promis dome,
To scratch your head, to make your bed; to wash

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The City Wit.

Your shirt; to pick your toes, and to evacuate?

Sar. Elephantem ex Massas facit. She takes me for a Mountaine, that am but a Mole-hill.
But when she reads my poverty agen, And that these Garments must return to the Gambrels, Her scorn will be impetuous.

Enter Jofina, Crafie,

70. Go finde another room maid for your talk, Mr. Sarpego, my mother calls for you.

Sar. Has the received Aliquid novi, newes from

The has now received a Letter Pray be gone, I have more ferious buliness of mine own. Exclaim You are the Creature then that my deare wite, and be fecret. I shall use you all in all. And I prichee how fares my Physician?

Cra. I can confirm that he is yours protestedly. And

to morrow night-

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for Peace : Here comes my mother. Whey mand

Enter Pyannet reading a Letters and

I can my Ginguepace friend. But I prithee teach me some tricks. Who would care for a female, that moves after the plain pace? No: Give me the woman of tricks. Teach me some tricks I prethee.

Gra. Ha ! Tricks of twenty: Your Traveries, Slidings, Falling back, Jumps, Closings, Openings, Shorts, Turns, Pacings, Gracings—As for—Corantoes, Levoltoes, Jigs, Measures, Pavins, Brawis, Galliards, or Canaries, I speak it not swellingly, but I subscribe to no man.

Fof. Tis a rare fellow!

Py. Am I then cheated? my wit begins to be out of countenance. O the Plague that hangs over her head that has a foole to her husband; as thou and I have daughter.

How now fweer mother? What ill newes chan-

geth your face thus?

Py. O deare daughter, my Lady Ticket writes here, that the fool, thy father, is cheated of two rich Jewells, that thou and I stole from the Ideot thy husband Crassells.

Cra. O that Crafy was ever a filly fellow.

many Avery Citizen, a very Citizen. How should I

call you Sir ?.

To, One Mr. Footwell, Mother, who teacheth Geneleworten to doe all things Courtly, to dance Countly, to love their husbands Courtly

od Gra, Nour name is Mrs. Pyannet, I take it.

WOR you Pyannet Sneakup, Sir.

Cra. Your husband is cozen'd at Court, I take it.

Pr. Somy Lady Ticker writes, Sir.

Cra. That Lady Ticket is a cunning creature. I have been inward with her; And such are my private Intelligences, that if equal curtesie might recompence, I could unshale a plot is upon you.

Py. Recompence? Sir command me, command my daughter; my maid, my house, onely tell it I beseet

male. HOY:

1 Pray fee wherein we may be gratefull. I pray

speak.

of repaire; fallen for want of means to the use of my feet. Nor have I hope to fee better light, but onely that Love and Fortune have pur upon me a right wealthy widdow. She lyes at a near neighbours house

heres

here; and here I hover about her: but for want of fome good friends countenance, fome meanes for cloaths and fit housing, she holds off from consummating our Marriage. Now Lady—

Py. I apprehend you Sir. Bring her to me; lodge her with me; Ile call you Cousen I. Is she very rich? At a neer neighbours, said you,--- Not she at Mr. Wol-

fies, is it ?

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Cra. The very fame.

Py. (By'r Lady a match for my Esquird son and heire. Beare a braine dancer, or I may chance to shew you a crosse caper.) Sir, bring your Widdow. Sweare to your selfe my house is yours. Now the plot, or I burst.

by what meanes you are injur'd, and how you may be reveng d, onely you shal vow to conceale the secret-revealer, else you lose the benefit of further Intelligence.

Py. Stand off daughter: I will not trust mine own fleth with a secret; for intruth I have found it fraile.

Now speak, I beseech you.

Cra. Sure, precious Mistresse, very absolute creatures have had Cockscombs to their husbands.

Py. Nay that's indubitable, I know it by my felf.

Cra Marry to bee made Cuckqueane by such a Cockscombe, to have her Jewells prig'd away, to be stow on a Court Mistresse; to have a trick put upon her, as you have, 'twould move (I must confesse) a woman that were not part a Philosopher, and had a strong wit as you have. Why did you not feele the deceit; your husbands unworthinesse, having no meanes to enjoy this Court-Lady but by gifts; and having no course for gifts, but from you, procures some Pander to performe a sam'd message. Your hope of game puts

the weighty trust upon the counterseit sool your husband; his simplicity seems cozen'd, whilst this Lady excuses all, and keeps all: So that your own Jewells purchase your owne horns; nay, and you were not withall laught at for your purchase, 'twere scarce enough to run mad for.

Py. 'Tis most plaine: I will have such a revenge, as

never woman had,

Enter Ticket.

Tic. Good Mrs. Pyannet, bear't as well as you may: Your losse is heavy, yet under the strength of your constant wisdome—Isaith my wife was so carefull lest you should take too deep sense of it, that she importun'd my own presence to comfort you: For sure I know——

Py. You are a Wittally Cuckold I know. I commend thy wives modesty yet: She will not doe it afore thy face, but will send thee out of an errand yet.

Tic. What mean you? you amaze me.

Py. Nay, I look you should seem ignorant: What, to take sense or notice of your horne, as long as it winds you into profit, were most uncourtly. Well, you heare not me rage nor rave: marry I will slit the Drabs nose, crop off her eares, scratch out her eyes—

Tic. Bleffe us !

Py. Teare off her haire, plucke out her throat,

that's all. Come along Sir.

Io. Now they are gone, I prethee Exit.PJ.
M. Footwell stay a little, I will fetch Tic.
thee some Letters to read for me, which I have not of pen'd yet, because I durst trust no body.—

Exit.

Cras. These Letters must necessarily come from my Brace of Courtiers, Sir Ticket, and Monsieur Rufflit, which I will read cleane contrary, as if they slighted her, and answer them acrosse from her meaning, as if the slighted them: And so letting my selfe downe into their inwards on both sides, what they can get, or what my wife has, will I pump into mine owne purse.

Enter Jofina with two Letters?

Jo. Now deare M. Footwell, as ever you pitled the case of a poor Gentlewoman, that would faine use her beauty, whilst there is some pleasure in it, read and answer these Letters with commanding eloquence; force them to affect me.

Cra. Ha, ha, ha : Will you not be offended, if I read

them truly?

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70. No: I prethee what is't?

Cra. Stay, it feems you have written to them.

To. Yes: but I cannot read the answer. Prethee what ist?

Cra. Faith youle be angry.

70. Nay, and you love me, what ist?

Cra. Sir Andrew here, he sayes, tis not your broad brim'd hat, your tiffeny dresse. Spanish russe, and silver bodkin can make him disloyall to his wives bed. Russit here, he writes that you have a grosse body, a dull eye, a lowe forehead, a black tooth, a fat hand, and a most lean purse. I there's it: And you could but give, and you had but to send—

70. A lean purse!

Cra. I, the lean purse. There's the Devill: Were you as bald as Time, as stiffly wrinkled as frozen plow'd Lands, more dry then a Fever, more leane then death.

death; had you ingross'd deformity, yet if you had but to give

To. Why Footwell, though my husband be but a

Bankrupt Knave

Cra. Nay faith, rather a fool, Mistresse.

To. Well, fool let him be then; yet I have a Mother will not see me want for necessary ends: And I hope I had the wit to cozen my husband of somewhat against a rainy day. Look you Sir, I kept these for a friend in a corner.

Cra. Nay, but I would not wish you to send them now: What, relieve the base wants of prating Skip-

jacks to pay for your damnation?

70. Nay thats fure, I will not give them:

Cra. And yet, if aith, what can a Gentlewoman give too much for her pleasure? Can there be a more heavy disgrace blowne abroad upon any Lady, then that she has not at the least two servants, since many Lovers are the onely noble approvement of beauty?

lo. He fend them both, thats fure.

Cra. But both of them to Mr. Rufflit: Oh, hee's an absolute spirit! He has an English face, a French tongue, a Spanish heart, an Irish hand, a Welch Leg, a Scotch beard, and a Dutch buttock.

70. O J: Jam wholly his, I will fend all to him?

Cra. Obut Sir Andrew, he is a Courtly Lover: He can kiffe you courtly, handle you Courtly, lye with

you Courtly.

fo. O yes: he shall have one. I prethee praise me to them both, and commend to each of them one of these Jewells, not that I doe so much care for the use of them, yet because I would not be wonder'd at like an Owle among my neighbors, for living honest in my husbands absence. I prethee work effectually for mee, sweet M. Footwell.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Rufflit, Spying her going out.

Ruf. Mrs. Crafie: Hift Mis. Crafie.

Cra. Peace Sir, forbeare: As you would hope, doe not pursue a woman when she is out of the humor. O, untimely importunity is most distassfull. There are certain seasons to take the coldest Appetite, when she is pinning a Russe, playing with a Monkey, hearing a wanton Song, or half drunk.

Ruf. Ohat are you Sir?

Cra. A private Messenger to you Sir, from the Gentlewoman you pursue. This is your hand, is it not?

Ruf. Yes:

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Cra. You may keep your Letter.

Ruf. But what sayes my utmost hope, the end of my ambition?

Cra. Only that you are poor, a Gallant of a very

wanting fortune.

Ruf. The more honor for her to redeem me.

Cra. Alas, I think her means are but weak, her huf-

bands finking hath brought her low.

Ruf. Her husband! Alas poor fly; onely made to be suck'd and forsaken. His wife has the life-blood of her fortunes in her, and I'le be her cupping-glasse.

Cra. I wonder his wife could nourish so unbelieving

a conscience!

Ker.

Ruf. Conscience! All things rob one another: Churches poule the People, Princes pill the Church; Minions draw from Princes, Mistresses suck Minions; and the Pox undoes Mistresses; Physicians plague their Patients; Orators their Clients; Courtiers their Suitors, and the Devill all. The water robs the earth, earth choakes the water: fire burns ayre, ayre still consumes the fire.

Since

Since Elements themselves do rob each other, And Phabe for her light doth rob her Brother, What ist in man, one man to rob another?

Cra: You have spoken most edifyingly sir, but for you, of whom I understand Crasy merits the best Offices; for you to corrupt his Wife, and with a covetous sinning expect use for the loan of your Loines!

Ruff. Death man, they are my Exchecquer, my Rent: Why I have no possession but my Estate taile. And at for Crafy, he has no wit; he was created a foole, to have Knaves work upon him: a fellow made to have some pity, and all wrong; he had ever an open Purfe, and now an empty. He made it a common hole. every Gallant had his fingers in it. Every man lov'd his Fortune, fqueez'd it, and when it was unjuic'd. farewell kind heart. I confess I owe him a good turn: Ile pay't his Wife. He kept her alwaies exquisitely neat; temptingly gallant, and as a protested Cuckold should do, about his degree and means sumpruously proud. Her Eye artificially spirited, ther Cheek surphuled, her Teeth blanch'd, her Lip painted, her Neck carkanetted, and her Breft bar'd almost to her Belly. And shall a peece, thus put out to fale, fand unattempted. as not worth the purchase.

Cra. Yes Sir, if you could compasse her; as sure the may be corrupted: for the is very covetous.

Ruff. If I could but make thew of a Gift, or pre-

Cra. Only not to appeare of so needy a Fortune -

Why if you chance to possess her.

Ruff. Pish, tweate all mine again, and all that she had besides. And troth, I think she is wealthy.

Cra. Wealthy I look you Sir, Here are two of her Jewels, I fetcht from an Ant of hers, where they lay hid from her Husband. These are not worth the pursuit.

Ruff.

The City Wit.

Ruff. Nay, tis an easie Female: He, that has her, has all. What should I send? A Gift would do it. Let me think. Tis but a grois-bodyed Wench, with a blackish haire neither.

Cra. Oh the better. Your lean No-bodies with yellow Manes have most commonly rottenteeth and wicked breaths. No, your full plump Woman is your only Venus.

Ruff. A hundred golden peeces I am intrusted withall by my elder Brother, to purchase a peece of In-

instice. If I should send them -

Cra. Oh Sir, these both were yours, and they too. She pretends this straine, but onely to explore your strength of means, and to try how far you dare engage

them for her enjoying.

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Ruff. I will fend them, win her, use her, suck her Purse, recover my own, gain hers, and laugh at the poor Cuckhold her Husband. Commend with these my lifes blood, and Soules service to my Mistris. Farewell -
Exit.

Enter Ticket.

Cra. Sir Andrew Ticket, I take it.

Tic. The same, Sir. Is Mrs. Crasse within? I cannot keep pace with her Mother. O, when jealousie is once set a going, it runs on high speed. But let her make hast to arrive at Court, while I land on her Daughter in the City. Is she privately idle?

Crasie Spits at Ticket.

What dost thou mean by that?

Cra. My Vow's discharg'd, and her Revenge is done.

I am no Pandar, Sir, and yet I am of Counsell with

Smock secrets, Buttock businesse Sir.

Are

Are you so stale a Courtier, and know not the necessity of Gists?

Tic. Is that the matter I am rejected by her?

Cra. Why? would it not provoke any Woman to be called foole, and foule-face?

Tic. I never call'd her fo, by the Soule of my

Affection, not I.

Cra. No; Do you not intimate she is a foole, when you hope to enjoy her without a Gift? And foule, when your neglect of cost saies she deserves none.

Tic. 'Fore Heaven I was a filly Asse, now I think on't, to fend a Sonnet without some rich present.

Cra. Why Sir? A man must do as he would be done to. Do you, or any man use to be made Cuckhold for nothing?

Tic. I should have sent a Gift. What, if I enjoy

her, she may requite it.

here's Gold. Here are Jewels. They are hers; they may be yours. I would not feem a Pandar to you

though; for you have a Wife Sir.

Tic. Pish, who cares to drink out of a River? What I can command out of duty hath but a dull relish. Had not Danae been kept in her brass Tower, she had never tempted a Gods piercing. I must fend, though it be but to shew the ability of my Fortune, and the desert of her Beauty.

Cra. And then to fend but a triffe would difgrace

both.

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Tic. Hold, convey this Carckanet unto her; tis of value, and let her read by this, how much I feek her.

but I use to take nothing for my paines.

the state of the state of

Tic,

Tic. Yes, receive this little --- Nay, I prethee?

Cra. Only not to appeare Uncourtly, or uncivill. I protest I abhor Pandarisme; only as a second, or so. As you have beheld two Horses knubbing one another; Kame, Ka thee, an old kind of Courtship.

Tiv. I prethee return instantly my success: You shall find me at the Ordinary; come and Dine with

me.

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Cra. I have procur'd a private Stable for my Horse: And therefore I my selfe would be loth to stand at Livery.

Cra. Dost compare common Stables for Horses, and

publick Ordinaries for Gallants together.

Gelding of twenty Pounds price, & there a raw-backd Jade of foure Nobles by him. So at Ordinaries, here a worthy Fellow of means and virtue, and there a Cheating Shifter of wants and cosenage. Here a Knight, there a Beggar; Here a Gallant, there a Gull: Here a Courtier, there a Coxcomb; Here a Justice of Peace, and there an Esquire of low Degree. Or, in direct Phrase, a Pandar.

Tic. Such a one as thou art.

Gra. Umh. Virtue goes often wetshod, and is forc'd to be cobled up with base means, to hold out water and cold necessity. You command me no further sir.

Now Mr. Crafy, will I button up your Cap with a Court-brooch.

You demand Debts, do you? Ile pay you none. Oh twas a notable dull Flat-Cap. He would invite Courtiers; stand bare, say grace, make legs, kiss his hand, serve us in perfum'd linnen, and lend us money upon our words, or bare words. Were't not a fin to let

The City Wit.

Let such a foole passe unsuckt? No, Fortune drest him only for us to feed on, and Ile fall to.

Exit.

ACT. IV. Scene 11.

La. Ticket. Sneakup. Toby. Page.

La, Tic. BEE comforted Mr. Sneakup; Remember you are in my Chamber. Beare the heart of a Husband, who scorns to tremble at the face of his Wife? Do not feare sir.

Tob. Stand firm Father, do not finck before the face

of a Lady.

La. I have fent my own Husband to satisfie her, and I hope he will do it throughly. Be your selfe therefore; all the Pleasures the Pallace can afford, shall strive to mitigate your feares.

Sneak. Have you any Pleasures in the Court, can

make a man forget he has a Wife?

To: Sir we have pleasures will make a man forget any thing, even himselfe; therefore necessarily his wife, who is but part of himselfe.

La.T. Boy, fing your fong of the Court de-

lights,

They

The City VVit.

They sit: Sneakups head in the Ladies lap.

The Page fings

Enter Pyannet with a Truncheon. Sarpego.

Py. Are you sull'd in your delights? No pillow for your Goatish head, but her Ladyships lap?

Sneak. O dear! O wife! I did not know you

were fo nigh truly.

Py. You are ignorant still, I know: But I will make thy bones suffer as well as my browes. Thou Cullion, could not thine own Cellar serve thee, but thou must be sneaking into Court Butteries?

Sneak. Oh, oh, oh

Sar. Va misero.

To. Hold deare mother:

La.T. Sweet Mrs. Pyannet hold.

Py. Art thou there, daughter of an Intelligencer,

and strumpet to a Bearward?

La.T. Now Beauty blefle me, was not thy mother a notorious Tripe wife, and thy father a profest Hare-finder? Gip you Flirt.

Py. How now Madam Tiffany! Will none but my Cock serve to tread you? Give me my Jewells thou

Harlor.

To. Mother--- Pray Mother---

Py. Bestow steeping thy skin in persumes to kill the stink of thy paintings, and rotten inwards to eatch Cockscombs.

To. Dear mother.

Py. But thou shalt not cozen, and Cucquean me

To. Sweet mother----

Sar. Lupus in fabula. The Devill's in the womans tongue.

Py. A whip on her; rotten eggs and kennell dirt on her filken Whoreship.

. Sar. Nil tam difficile. Nothing can lay her.

La.T. Nay, let the Countrey Gentlewoman bee mad and rave on; she knowes I know my Countrey Gentlewoman had a Bastard before shee was married.

Py. Did um so? The Countrey Gentlewoman was more chaste in a Bastard, then the Court Mada n in her barrennesse. You understand me; you have no Green-sicknesse there, yet (I hope) you have sew Christ'nings; you have trickes for that, have you?

To. Nay mother

Py. You have your Kickshaws, your Players Marchpaines; all shew and no meat.

Sar. Nulli penetrabilis Aftro. Shee'l heare no

reason

La.T. Go to; you know how in private you com-

mended your Horse-keeper to me.

Pg. Well: And didst not thou in as much privacy counsell me to contemn my husband, and use an Italian trick that thou wouldst teach me?

Sar. Quid faciendum? Best stop their mouths?

Le. T. Out you bawble sayou trifle; you hurden smocked sweaty sluttery, that couldst love a fellow that wore worsted stockins sooted, and fed in Cooks shops.

Sar. Jaculis & Aren. Thunder and Lightning.

Sneak. Nay dear, sweet wife--

Pao How's this---

To. Honey Mother---

Pro Take this, and take all. Why goody Complexion, thou Rammy Nastinesse, thou knowest wherefore fore thy Gentlewoman left thee; did she not sweare that she---

To. For modesties sake---

Py. Had rather be at the opening of a dead old man, then stand dressing thy head in a morning. Remember the Page that wore thy picture, and the song which thou hadst in the praise of the male Baboon.

Sar. Tacete parvuli: You have faid too much.

To. Indeed mother you will be forty, when you know how much you mistake, some crasty fellow has put a trick upon you.

Sneak. Me-thinkes sweet wife you should rather

condole our loffe with me.

Py. Hold you your peace; do not you prate.

Sar. Redde te Harpocratem: The man is wife e-

To. 'Tis true; misfortune hath wrought the lew-

ells from my father.

Sneak. Indeed wife, truly, truly, I am Cony-

To. But for my father, or this Ladies wronging you, as I am your fon, I assure you I have been an eye-witness of all fair respect towards you.

Py. Is it even fo?

To. Mother, as I respect your bleffing it is perfect truth.

Py. I humbly befeech you sweet Madam, that my earnest and hearty forrow may procure remission for my inconsiderate and causelesse Invectives. Let my confession seem satisfactory, and my contrition win induspency to my forgetfull delinquency. I pray you let us kisse and be friends.

La.T. Alas sweet friend, you and I have been inward a great while, and for us to fall out, and bare one anothers secrets—

The City VVit:

Py. VVell, twas mine error, not malice; but as for the procurer of it, if I pay not him in his owne Coyne---Mr. Footwell! He shew you a trick of ewenty. Come son, I have a wife for thee.

To: A Wife ! 2 Wife, Mother! O where is

Thee ?

Py. I, my boy, a Wife---

To. O ho.

Py. And such a one as thou shalt blesse me for procuring. Curteonsly farewell, sweet Madam: Where's my Fool? Come, leave the Court sirrah, and man your owne wife into the City——

Exeunt omnes.

A CT. IIII. Scene III.

Josina, Crasy.

70 But I prethee satisfie me: What returnethey?
Received they my Jewells?

Cra. Yes, they prov'd acceptive,

70. And what faid they ? Can they affect ?

Cra. Can they be damn'd? Before I will undergoe againe such a business--fore Heaven I do as little differ from a Pander! only I have nothing for my pains, or else———

70. Thou shalt have. Are thy news happy?

Cra. Are your own wishes happy?

For Hold, spend this ten pound for me, Footwel.

Cra. Will you make me a Bawde. What a Bawde?

ra. Will you make me a Bawde. What a Bawde?

And yet introth, what would not a man be for your lake, that have such wit and such bounty !

I cannot refuse, but suffer your Virtue to be exer-

cis'd upon me.

fol. Now, prethee speak; what's their answer? Cra. Why, Ile tell you, they are both your own.

lof. Both Footwell: I prethee how?

Cra. Why, no more but this they are both yours; only you know, but one hand in a Glove at once. But I had so much to do with one of them; such a coyle to draw him to it

Jos. Which, Iprethee? Sir Andrew?

Cras. Even he: He saies, he understands that you affect a Mountebanck. Sure, your Doctor is but some base bragging Rascall.

Jo. Do you think fo?

Cras. How should Sir Andrew know else that he is come to embrace you to night?

Jo. Does he know that too?

Cra. Yes marry does he, which the worthy Knight takes so contemptuously, suffering so base a Rivall, that he vowes, unless you beat him, bastinado him soundly when he comes, he will loath you most constantly.

Jo. Enough, if I do not make him an Example to all the bawdy Quacks in the Kingdome; fay there is no virtue in Cudgels, and Beditaves. Ile charm him for opening any more secrets of mine, Ile warrant him.

And so write to Sir Andrew.

Cra. Welfaid Mistrels, be resolute. I mean to help

you my selfe.

Jo. Ile cast about for weapons instantly. — Exit. Cra. Yes, I will write to Sir Andrew, doubtless, that, which he shall have small cause to thank me for. I wil write for him to come in the habit of this Dostor.

My

ACT. IV. Scene IV.

Linsie Wolfie, Crack with a Lute, &c.

Lin. Shee's gone, shee's gone: Was ever man so Scheated? Threescore pound for a Ring; and the Ring gone too, for which I paid it: A moneths dyet and lodging, besides the charge of Physick and attendance. Five pound in dole bread, would have serv'd my house a twelve moneth. I am undone; broke, Bankrupt: But thou Rogue shalt smart for all, now I have caught thee;

Crac. Mercy, dear Sir, mercy.

Lin. Were you making up your packe to bee gone

Crac. Nothing but my own Sir, my Lute, and a few Musick-books.

Lin. You and your Mistresse have made sweet Musick of me: Therefore sirrah quickly----Are the Beadles gone for?

Servant within. Yes Sir.

Lin. Therefore quickly, I fay, as you were an Acter

in the Cosenage, bring her to light, or -

Crac. Shee's light enough her felf: But a very Innocent I, Sir. She has cozen'd me of halfe a years fervice, wrought me off o'my leggs, strain'd my backe, crack'd my voyce, done me to my utter undoing; and can you think I knew of her running away?

Lin. I'le make you fing another iong firrah : Are the

Beadles come?

Cras:

The City Wit.

true Any long Sir, or as many you He fings a as you please. Song. Lin. Pretty I confesse. But that's not the long must

do it mor can any fong please me at this time. Are the

Beadles come ?

Servivithin. Yes Sir, they are here. Grac. Deare Sir, let 'em forbeare a little, Andif, I cannot please you with a fong, commit me to their

fury.

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Lin. Tis but to trifle time ; yet fing be- He fings fore you suffer. Worse then t'other this; another you shall fing in another place; to the whip, to the whip, Sir? Bring in the Beadles, and away with him to Bridewell.

Crac. Yet once more, good Siritry me this last time. and but promise me, if I can sing a song that you shall like to forgive and free me.

Line Sing a fong that I shall like, and I will free thec.

ty cauld to repayer that you were Crack fings againe.

we illeve a Goor Then shall a present course be found For M. Wolfies threefcore pound; And his Ring,

And the thing

That has given him the slip __ Lin. I marry, that I like well. Crac. Then I have 'scap'd the whip.

Lin. Think you to Sir?

Crac. Yes: For you like the fong well, you fay, and Tam free; I hope you will make good your noble City word, Sir.

Lin. City words use not to passe for songs Sir: Make you good the words of your fong, Sir, and I

The City Wit.

Auf make my word good Sir: Come away Beadles

The Crac. Offay Sir, I befeech you, and let your Juflice fall on the right shouldersy The confesseally

Lin. O will you fo Sir?

Crack. 'Tis most true Sir, that the Gentlewoman whom I call'd Miftress, is a most cunning whose, and a notorious cheation, and a daw non single ronnes

Lin. Thele are good words indeed!

Frac. Shee came to your house with foure menin Eiveries: they were all but hired Pandars, 1 1107 stor

Lin. Yes, and divers Trunks of Supposed Treature which I finde to bee Bagge of Nailes, and othereld Iron and all the Rings and Stones shee bouled in her Will are but Curtaine Rings, and Bricke and but promife me, if I said ga fong that you, shall

Crac. Your owne coveron fness cozen'd you Sir: But if I now bring you not where you shall fee how shee is fince bestowed, and that you finde not hearty cause to rejoyce that you were cozen'd of her, let me be whipp'd co death, Sir.

Lin. Well, come along Sir : But I will have a Guard upon you. hand e to conste be found . noy noque

Crac. What Guard you pleafe Sir, fo my poore skin may scape the Lash-guards,

> Lin. I as ro, that I like well. Grace Then I bere loan'd the mile.

Exeunt omnes. it has soon him to sup , were

yay Kest For you like the tong well, you fay, and my the hope you will make good your noble Ci-

Lin. City words ale not to palle for longs Sir: Mike you good the words of your long, Sir, and I mail

Ter. And to this Elegant South and choice hope am

Land my Formuse concredict.

Try. Yes Sir connected, in Ayou, I due wie it ACT: V: mel nev anolad

Crasy, Tryman, Pyannet, Toby. 31 31 World

Try thou Varlet, thou unconscionable Unbellever ungodly Miscreant! Hast thou cozen'd my eafie Credulicy? And wouldst have undone and married me, like a Cony-catching companion, as thou are? Didft not thou tell me, thou hadft moderate means of life, friends of fashion, and civill reputation? And now this vertuous, religious Gentlewoman tells me, thou art an arrant Skipjack.

Pg. Nay, and has not a hole to put thy head in,

but upon my curtefie.

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Try. But I thank this Matrons worthip, her pity will not permit my easie Nature to fuffer under the Colenage : But beltowes her generous Son and Heire here upon me.

Py. A Gentleman of another spheare, another ranch then you are Sirrah; that shall have three sun-

dred yeare in Elle, and five in Poffe.

Try. That is acquainted with young Lords; has had the honour to make a Hunting march. . . mainto

To. I, and a challenge to ride the wilde Goole

thate hach made Ladies Poffes for Cheefe tren-

To. And play'd with Counteffes at Shuttle-cock. 1.1

Try. And to this Elegant Spirit and choice hope am I, and my Fortunes contracted.

Craf. How ! contracted.

Try. Yes Sir, contracted. Look you, I dare seale it before your face. Kife.

Cra. Are you fo,

To. She is mine sir, mine fir. Do you mark, I dare likewise seale it sir. Kife.

Cra. Is there honesty in this dealing?

Py. Yes fir, Is there not profit in this dealing?

Cra. Tis very well. If there be no Law upon words, Oathes and Pre-contracts, and Witness. If a man may spend a hundred Angels upon a Widdow; have her affied before Witness, and then have his Nose wip'd of her. Why, Tis very well.

Tryman takes Pyannet and Toby aside.

Try. Intruth deare heart, and sweet Mother in expectation, to speak equally, there have some words of course past betwixt us, which may seem to impart some Ingagement. Surely I have been too liberall of some speech of advantage. Truly it would not be amis, considering his Expence and Interest) to fall to some slight Composition. Some hundred Pounds would make the poor Knave do any thing.

To. Mother, let's be wife. Let's be wife Mother; fetch a hundred peeces presently: That even upon his

first consent, he may be satisfy'd and filenc'd.

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Try. For if he chance but to be delay d till he ask

Cra. Nay, I hope as long as I am a Subject, I than have Law: I doubt not but I shall have Law.

The City Wit,

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Try. Come Sir, you shall not deservedly exclaim of For our fometimes Love, I have procured you a hun-Cra. To disclaim my right in you, Ile taker. Here's dred Pounds Avoid, O an a mane Shane, Ingi shahil, Ingi shahil To. Pox, how my Mother Stajes. ... von von 10-1 Cra. Scorn my Povetry! Come, where ift? Because I have not the Muck of the World. Come, the mo-Been ehraft upon me. Now they all that livels . you

- VVhen boneft men revence, their whips are thesle. Enter Pyannet.

My Congilers are the next that I would energie to no-Py. Here sir, upon this consideration, that you difclaim and renounce all intereft and att ? maria - Cra. Yes most vfreely. and entrad andmad raff Py. In this Gentlewoman; and do yow, never to, pretend future claim to het or timas or storw I . red To. Nay, no marries fir, you have received the money. You shall make no more marries here. Come my betrothed Spoule, bid a Fice for him, Say black's thine Eye who dares. Mother Ile be married to night, and to bed presently. Than the Torograp and to Todaya M.

Pr. This night, Son; tis very late,

To never to late to be wife. I hope I am your Son;

Pyc Indeed, he that deales with Woman, spuff take occasion by the fore Lock. Away

Cra. Why! I am weary of money now: I have gotten more in a weeks Cofenage then in all my dates of Honefty. VVbat an easie coolerhing it is to he a rich Knave! Gramercy Punck. A witty VVench is an excellent help at a dead lift. But indespite of the Justice that provok'd me; my Conscience a little turns at these brain-tricks

The City Wit.

gratefull! Tis a fin that should have no mercy: tis the

My Courtiers are the next that I must exercise upon. This night my wise expects the embraces of one of them at least, if this hasty Marriage call her not from her Chamber. But she being a right woman may prevent that with a trinet sicknesse, or so Let me remember, I wrote to Russit to come like her Doctor Police seele, to minister to her. This will jump right with a counterfeit sickness. It may, perhaps, break a Urinall about his Coxcome. The way, perhaps, break a Urinall about his Coxcome. The way, perhaps, break a Urinall about his Coxcome.

eeri. Sannung

Musick. Torches. Sarpego. Toby and Trymun. Suchtup and La. Ticket, Pjunion Johna in night active. Brid. ger. They palle as to the V Vedding with Rosemany. Crass whileers Josina. She takes leave of her Mouther, seeming to complain of buing fith, p and sortening with Bridget Xawa. And sort and sortening with Bridget Xawa. And sort and sortening the Rose Builders Doctor. ma I 1944.

Cha. So, this falls lound part. She is me fooner gone sick to liet Chamber, but here comes her Physician coi cover and fedover herim writed and por many levels. I have been alled and

Cra. Seighor Raffie 3 9 um a foote if I took you not:

Ruf. She wrote to me, that I should come in this habit.

Cra. Right Sir, to avoid suspect: For which cause she has counterfeited herselse sick, and lies longing and languishing till you minister to her.

Ruf. And am J come par? am J come i'the nick?.

Cra. Your Fortune fings in the right Cliff, fir, a
wench as sender as a City Pullet.

Ruf. But not fo rotten.

fatie

336

m

27

Aug.

Cra Oh fir, health it selfe; a very Restorative.

Ruf. Hold Footwell, tel that till I return — gives him from branching the most meritted. Cuckold money, Crasy. Poor Snake, that I must force thee co cast thy Skin. And he were not a Citizen I could pity him: He is undone for ever. Methinks I fee him all ready make earnest suite, to weare a red Cap, and a blew Gown; comely to carry a Staff-torch before my Lord Mayor upon Athationne night. Watch Footwell, I mount.

Craf. But now, if the agitation of my Braines floud work through my Browes. If my Wives pitifull hand should fall to composition with my Doctors Pate, and my deceit be discovered before the Bastinado had oven charge to his Shoulders, were not my Forehead in apparant danger. Tis done in three minutes. Death, my Courtier has a languine Complexion: He is like a Cock sparrow, Chit, Chir, and away. Heart o' man! And I should be blown up in mine own. Mine now! Ha.

Ruf. within. Hold Mrs. Crafy. Deare Bridget, Holp Pootwell.

Cra. Ho the hubbub's rays d, and my feare's vanishe.

a. But how fir

Enter Josina, and Bridget beating Rufflit:

Crasy takes Bridgets Cudgell, and laies on.

fof. Out you Pispot-cafter.

Bri. You Suppository.

Fof. You Glifter-pipe, thinkft to dishoneft me

Ruf. Hold, deare Lady — I am

70f. A stincking saucy Rascall thou art, take this
remembrance.

Exit.

Cra. Hold, sweet Mistress.

Ref. Oh I thank you good Mr. Footwell.

Cra. Oh, it is not fo much worth verily.

Ruff. Oh, but tis fir.

Heidraws his Sword from under his Gowne. Crasy closes with, and disarmes him.

Rogue. Rogue.

Nay prethee sweet Rascall, Pox on you, I did not mean to hurt you, my honest Vagabond, tell me, tell me: Come, who was't put this Trick upon me. Thou art a precious Villain; Come, whose device was it? Whose plot. At whose Suit was I Cudgel'd? Who made me seigne my selfe a Physitian, till I must be forc'd to go to the Surgeon? And dare st tell me?

Cra. Nay, then I will tell you. Dare I why twas

your Friend and Rivall, Sir Andrew Ticket.

Ruff. Ticket.

Gra. Even he sir. His Gold hir'd me to gull you.

And this brain procur'd your beating. Yes faith sir,

Envie, bribes, and wit have wrong upon you.

Ruff. Well, if I revenge not

Cra. But how fir.

Ruff. I, afore Heaven, that's well thought on. Give me but the meanes, and I will not only forgive, but

reward thee richly.

Craf. Come faith, because I would have both your Shoulders, go in one Livery, I must disclose. Why fir, Knavery is restorative to me, as Spiders to Monkeys. The poylou of wir teeds me.

Buter Ticket. 35 yllody blands to out abrone south nointle

Boy with a Torch.

Look you fir, he's come. Stand close, take this Cudgell, grafp it strongly, ftretch your Sinewes lustily; And when you fee him hang by the middle in a Rope, let your Fift fall thick, and your Cudgett nimbly.

Ruf. And foundly. My ambitious blowes hall frive l an molt ble of

which hall go formoft.

Craf. Good fir.

Ruf draw him up but halfe way.

Cra. So fir, I must up to receive. -

Ruf. Do fo: I shall be fo revenged now ! He had been better ha' been taken in Bed with another mans Wife, then have prevented me thus.

Tic. Vanish Sirrah with the Light. This I am fure

is the Window which her Letters call'd me to:

Ruf. I would you would begin once, that I might be at work. I do not love to stand idle in the Cold thus.

Tic. Hift, Footwell, Footwell. 10 noil 11 and

Craff above: Here fir, here. O I watcht to do you a good turn. Will you mount fir? an mabe!!

Tic Al will moune, remoune, and furmoune. I wonder that there is not a folemne Statute made, that no Citizen should marry a handsome Woman; Or if he did, not to lye with her, For and twere not for Gal-

The City Wit.

The Caty Wast.
lasts help, they would beget nothing but Fooles.
Cra. Right fir, right fir. Take the Rope, downe and fastenit about your middle fir. The. Why, that's Craft; a very Coxcomb. Cra. An Asse, an Asse. Tic. A meer Citizen. Were's not a shame his wife
should be honest? Or is't not pity that my own man should wholly enjoy a rare excellent proper woman, when a whole Corporation scarce affords two of
them. Most true fir Now mount fir I pluck courage-
Ref. Up fir, up fir. Reflit tud. Tic. Pon, and pain! Hold Doctor.
Tic. I am most sensible of your Salutation. Plutk
Cra. Alas the Cord Ricks fir; He call some help
be Tist Deach and Deviled et de 1 : 61 depuis. I and Ruf. Pille anti Cudgela neste a contra de de la descrita del descrita de la descrita de la descrita del descrita de la descrita del del descrita del descrita del
Tie. Heart, Lungs, Lighthamayan aved made and alle alle and all alle and al
The Window which her Lette, qlad, qlad, qlad . siT
blod edi ni elbi l Enter Orniyon on I. show as ed
Tic. Redeem me dene Kostenbert Watche to doyen
-naw! Yes aluticome for the same purpose! Alas sir, -navel single even feele your shower. Are you not fore it is Orizon should will a hand for a Vicinan; Or if is
. out not to lye with her. For and twere not for Gallants

a tid a no fia

The City VVit.

Tiek. Sore ? Couldst thou not pluck?

Cra. Sure I was Planet-Struck; the rope fruck in a

Tic. A Pox of the flit, fay I.m all and a lo anininish all

Cra. Know you this mad Doctor? Or do you owe

Cr. O modice cold for

any Doctor anything?

Tie. I know him not; not do I owe any Doctor day thing; I onely owe my Barber-Surgeon for a dyet drink.

Cra. Speedily make up your face Sir, Ent. Rufflie herecomes company. M. Rufflit! in his other Ruf. Honest Footwell how dost? Sir happened to hard the hour and Tic. As heartily how is the fact that the hour and not so hard I prothec.

Ruf. Why what sthe matter 2 and as not old sale

Ties I bruif'll my inde e'en now against a formes edge.

Ruf Parmafley, Signis very good, or the frosh skin of a flead Cat. and to was down and sent and and wall and wall

Rould be done after the fathion of gas bself wite

Ref. The fly-blowes of a dead dog, made into oyl, and foreall upon the kell of a meazell hog. Mafick

old bruifes, and put on fense of the light off colours for this house to night vowes to rungiddy with mitch and laughter.

Enter Sneakup, Johns and Bridger.

Enter Lights: Sarpego, Toby, Tryman, La. Ticket,

Sneak I, and t. girking Sneakup.

Sar. He play the Inductor, and then we are all fie.

Ruf. Joy, health, love and children to this happy union who seemed you did sided not you I get

you both, and fmooth foreheads to

Py. What

Py: What shall no device, no mirth solemnize my fons match? Go Sneakup, call downe our daughter.

[Exit Sneakup]

In despight of sicknesse, mitth and joy shall make this

night healthfull. Tiohoo

Try. O mother, cold sobriety and modest melancholy becomes the face of the Matron; unedifying gawdes
are Prophane vanities. Mirth is the fat of fools, onely
vertue is the nourishment of purity and unsinning sincerity.

Ry. By the leave of your wisdome daughter, week take the wall of your precisenesse: for Mr. Sarpego has told me of a learned subject for a Ballet, which week

shall fee acted presently.

Try. What is it, some Heathenish Play?

Sar. No certes, but a very religious Dialogue, full of nothing; but morall conceits betwixt Lady Luxury, a Prodigall and a Fool.

Trais But who should act and personate these?

Sar. Why in that lies the nobility of the device; it should be done after the fashion of Italy by our selves, only the plot premeditated to what our aim must tend: Marry the Speeches must be extempore. Mrs. Bride would I have to play Dame Luxury, and Mr. Footwell herethe Prodigall.

diffy And my husband the Fool and of shedreds not

Enter Sneakup, Josina and Bridget.

Sneak. I, and't please you wife.

Sar. He play the Inductor, and then we are all fit-

Try. I pray you what is Lady Luxury? A woman' regerierative a droom bas a send bandaU .niT

Tob. A Whore, wife:

SATO

Now both.

Sar. In fincerity not much better then a Curtezan;

a kind of open Creature.

Try. And do you think me fit to represent an open Creature? Saving your modesties, a Whore. Can I

play the Strumper, think yee?

fof. Trust me Sister, as long as it is done in private, in ones own House, and for some sew selected Gentlemens pleasure; Me-thinks the part is not altogether the displeasingst.

Try. Modesty defend me I you think tis nothing to

play the Strumpet.

Sar. Why surely religious Lady, it can be no difgrace to you to figure out the part: For she that cannot play the Strumpet if she would, can claim no great honour to be chast.

Bri. How gravely and fententiously he speaks.

Tob. Wife, it shall be so: It is my first Injunction; you shall do it, or disobey me. You must play it.

Try. What, the Whore fir?

Tob. I, in jest: What hurr is't? And Mother, you shall excuse my Father for this once: For since my wife plaies the Whore, Ile play the Foole my selfe. Though, I know, you had rather see him do it, you shall see for a need, I can make shift to perform it as well as he; as naturally, and to the Life.

Sar. Exceeding well thought on, I pray you, Lady,

approve of it.vabril of nonnitably

To. Come sweet heart, let sin and tire us, and be ready to enter presently.

Sar. I fausto pede - Ex. Tob. Try.

Cra. O doubt not, Mr. Sarpego: For know Sir, I am but a poor serving creature, that lives upon expel-

Cation:

The City VKit.

Clation : Oh Sir my end must be bucks. Feare not my discharge of the Prodigall Exit.

Sara Nidwife Cammina defunt. 1 nov ob To entertaine ve, while we attire out felves. We want but now some Musickior a Song. But thinke you have it. Sit: wee'l not be long. -

Ry. Sest you Gallants, Sit, fweet Sir & Andrew, Madam, and the rest, and wee'le imagine Musick, as M. Sanpero bids us.ils nov tom hadeb wi

Enton Linkie Wolkie, and Crack with his Lute.

How now ! By what mifeule comes he to trouble us ?

Lin. By your loave, Gallante, I have brought you MoGck.

Py. You Sir, I know your purpole, and it is prevented; you come after the Marriage to forbid the banes.

Ha ha ham you are short, M. Wolfie, you are short. Lin Good Mrs. Sneakup you are wide. I come to with joy to the match, and to tell your rejoyce, that Imit a Bridegrooms part, bad noy word I danoll.

figil ice jor a need, I can make the tath p'wolde: 19. Lin. You see I wear no Willow and am merry Allsative won told me; boy all low anibas all .

Crac. Yes by my detestation to Bridewell Sir,

Lies Sing boy that long. If I have any griefe, it shall be all vented in a Hymeneall Song.

Tiac I bave not known him in this buttor.

Ruf. Sure tis a merry madnesse forthe loss of the widdow,

Py. Since you come friendly you are welcome, M. Welfie Pray fit wish us; and bear your Hymensan but a poor ferving creacure, that fives upoposolls

Crack.

about a share y neon of elect a blot

Jo Hymen, fo Hymen, fo Hymen Py. This begins
Was wont to be still the old song well.
At high Nuptiall Feasts
Where the merry merry gnests
With joy and good wishes did throng:
But to this new Wedding new notes do I bring,
To raile at thee Hymen, while sadly I sing.

Fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen,
What hands, and what hearts dest then knit?
A Widdom that's prore,
And a very very Whore,
To an theire that mants nothing but mit.
Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy answer is made,
When his moans are spent, they may live by her trade?

Py. He fings Hymen and Hymen; but me thinkes the fong is feandalous to the Marriage

Bin: Excuse me Lady, though I was cozen'd of the Bride, I have no such malice; it is a song that the boy could fing by chance, and made by a couple that were lately married in Crooked-Lane.

Py. O, is it fo Sir ? I know not what to make of it.

Florish. Enter Sarpego, the Prolocutor

Tic. Let us attend I pray whe Prologue enters.

Sar. Right Country Dinne, and Country Endy?

But, if wit develve your thinkings,

Know our Mult diffaines base serinkings.

Hold

The City Wit.

Hold a while your Verdicts bridle, Judge not jet our Project idle, Till at length the close may show it, If we act the part of Poet.

Enter Tryman and Toby. She loofely drest like a Curte.

zan, a bowle of wine in her hand. He in a fools

Cap and Coat.

Speak Lechery and Folly, Luxury I would say; I need not prompt them, they know what they should say.

hast married me, and I will drink a health to thy Cuckoldmaker. ----- She drinks it of.

To. Sfoot I am afraid shee'l play the whore better

then I thall act the fool.

To. Nay but, may but do you heare wife? I do not very well like this; me-thinks you play too much in earnest.

Try. In earnest? Why Goodman Fool, you Cock-comb, you Ninnihammer, you Clotpold Country Gentleman, thou dirty greediness.

Py. Why how now daughter? Are you well? Me-

thinks you over-do it too much.

Try Thou dream's my good husband, that then half

The City Wit.

hast married the rich widdow, ha ha ha-

Enter Crasy in his own habit, all hung with Chaines, fewells, Bags of Money, &c.

Cra. When the troth is, deare brother, you have married the rank whore. Ha ha ha.

To. Sir !--- who, brother Crafy?

70. Sweet husband !

Py. Dear fon!

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n

Tic.Ruff. Precious friend !

Lin. Neighbour Crasie!

Sar. Dij boni! Domine Crasie!

Cra. And how doe you wife? When comes your Doctor Pulsfeel? But a kiffe and so forth? And would not one of these free Gallants, these proper youths have serv'd the turne? I pray pardon mine incivility, Mother; I was bold to retaine mine owne Jewells. Ha' you not forgot your singles and your doubles, your fallings back, and your turnings up wise?

70. Why if aith, dear heart, dost thinke me so simple, that I did not know thee all the while? Alas man, I did but counterfeit, as you did, to maintaine the jest; kisse me sweet duck--onely to maintaine the jest

ifaith.

Cra. Yes, yes, yes, we are Friends. I heartily thank these kind Gentlemen for their loves to you, yes faith, heartily: I am better by it five hundred at least. Be not you jealous Madame, they had nothing for it; not a bit by this Light.

Ruff. Death o'my Fortune! that was my Gold. Tic. Plague of a Villain, that was my Jewell.

G

Cra? True Gentlemen; and your bounty likewife lies in this Bag.

La. T. Sir, we fent thefe things to your Wife.

in the Law, you know: What's hers must be mine. I know thou wouldst have it so sweet-heart. I am onely forry Gentlemen, that you were so well savourdly beaten. That the Foole Citizen, the Asse Citizen, the Cuckold Citizen should procure such a sound swadling to your wise, valiant and substantial! Shoulders. Is to not a fore matter? But rest, Salves and warm Oyles

may in time recover it.

How do you kind Mothen? Gentlemen, if any of you want Money Gentlemen, here stands a City-wit that has it. Thave it, if you want any ; speak, I have it, and will keep it. How does your Coffard Sir? A Pox o'th Slit Sir, Belov'd of Phabus, Minion of the Muses: deare water bayly of Helicon, be not proud of your Preferment, though you are his Highnesse tutor, Mon ther. I take the restoring of my rich Jewels very kindly, O my kind Brother, you have got the rich Widdow; and you have borne a brain Mother. Your hundred sound, brother was most thriftily and opportunely beflow'd. I could ha' procur'd her to you at an easier rate, Mother. Jam onely forry for you Mr. Wolfy, that you had her not : Because you very honourably release me of your Bond before it was due ; and are in frewd danger to be laught at among your Neighbours.

How does good Mr. Crasy, the Princes Jeweller: Mother, did not my Father look too wife for a Citizen How dost honest Punck: Jam as much beholden to thee, as to the rest o them.

Py. My fonne and my heir is utterly undone.

To. Ol I am quite call away.

Cra. One, you shall be no loser by me; you shall be a gainer by me Brother: Get wit Brother (marke you) wit. Good faith I pity the poore Citizen, hee has no wit; a handsome young fellow, with a pretty beard, and a proper bodied woman to his wife, and cannot beare a brain!

Try. Why dost heare, modestly mumping Mother-in-Law, with thy French-hood, gold-chain, and flaggon-bracelets, advance thy snout. If the soole thy son, the Ideot my husband here, have but as much brains as a Battledore, he may make a faire revenue of me: Has be not a place at Court? Can he not lodge me there, and prove weak-sighted, thick of hearing, sleepie after dinner, and snort when others entertaine and Court me? Can he not survey the hangings, read Capids Conybery, the Park of pleasure, Christian Love-Letters, or some other Pamphlet, or saine some errand into the Town, whils his browes are turning into gold?

Py. O impudence beyond womans apprehension! Some Crase, we have all wrong d thee, thou knowst it; thou hast reveng dit, we feel it; only do not undo my heire, save him, bring him but off o'this match with any loss.

Cra. Why mother, is your fon grown such a fawcy Knave, as he thinkes scorne to be a Cuckold? I cannot cleare him; in truth I cannot: He has paid for her deeply, and tis pity they should be parted, yes saith

is't.

Py. Woman, we do pray thee, we do beseech thee? even upon our knees— have pity on the house of the Sneakups: quit my son, re
G 2

linquish

linquish thy right, make frustrate this marriage, and look thee, before these able witnesses, we heartily forgive all, and forget: And withall, freely bestow this chaine upon thee

[Pulls off her chain and Try. I do receive it.]

To. She does receive it, beare witness all, she does receive it.

Try. Marry on this condition

To. No I le no more marries nor conditions, you have receiv'd it.

Py. I, you must make frustrate the Marriage; for

look you, you have receiv'd it.

Try. I will, and freely do; only the condition I would have made, is this, That if you intend longer to be Master of your husband, now that you have seen how well it became me, you will henceforward do as Ido—Look you, wear breeches. Puls the

Py. O horrible! coats up, and shem: To. How! do you wear bree ches? the breeches.

Try. Yes Sir, breeches; and as good lining and stuffing in them, I hope, as yours have, though they be of Sattin.

To. The feel that : Sfoot mother this is a man. Come

and feel elfe.

divont

Try. A young one Sir. [Puts off his bead-drefs.]
See Master your poor servant feremy, if he has performed his part, desires to be admitted into the Livery of wit, and to wear this chaine as his ensigne of Free dome.

Omnes feremy!

To. feremy! O feremy! thou wer't ever too hard for-

Try. Except at spoonmeat, Sir.

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Try. Yes, Mistress: Indeed forfooth.

Cra. Well, give me thy hand: I will love thee as long as there is swiftnesse in meditation, smoothnesse

in flattery, or constancy in malice.

Py. And for the cure that he has wrought on me, I will applaud his wit, and blesse the light It gave me to discover my foule error: Which by his demonstration shew'd so monstrous, That I must loath my self, till I bee purg'd. Sir, by your fair forgivenesse, which I kneel for---

Sneak. Heaven make me thankfull: Wife I have no

words

To shew how I rejoyce : Rife, let me kisse thee--

Sar. Tempera mutantur. The towne's ours again. Only, to fill the Scene with joy, may wee

Conjoyn sweet maid, in the Catastrophe.

Bri. Would you that have taught Greeke, and whip't great boyes, come backe to your Horn-book, and let down your Gascoines to me, that would, if I had you, bee more tyrannous then any Pedant that ever reign'd since the dayes of Dionysius: Besides here is my choice, with my Master and Mistresses leave, feremies brother.

Cra. But is hee seriously thy brother?

Try. Yes, and no more a Pimp Sir, then I am a Wench.

Cra. Well, Mr. Sarpego, I'le help you to a fitter match, and Crack I will give thee fomething with her: Take the security of my hand.

Crac. I only defire to be secure from this mans fu-

ry, and so consequently from Bridewell.

Cra. He shall have nothing to fay to thee.

G 3

Lin.

The City VVit:

Zin: I will have nothing to fay to man, woman, or child, while I live againe.

Sur. Portune albit unfert fapienti: Fools and Fil

lers are her Favourites.

Gra. Let us make this a merry night?

Think of no loffes. Sirs, you fhall have none; My honest care being but to keep mine owne. What, by my slights, I got more then my due, I timely will restore again to you.

Omnes, Thanks kind Mr. Crafy, thanks. Sar. Gratias velingentes Domine Crafy.

and drive the second productions

Epilogue.

and the Comment

Epilogue.

For us all Epiloguise:
If these slender Scenes of Wit
Are received, as they were writ,
For your mirth, and no offence;
Let your Grace quit our suspence
With applaused Catastrophe.
Iam short, wyee (as you see)
There a Figure, which pray note yee;
Sic valete valetote.

Gratias Reddo Cuicunque.
Valetote Iterumque.

FINIS!

The state of the s ywaniplaca sani . Juma par palitus disconstati Berner much, and marefrace; Constitution of the Consti sayonalar saya 1

THE DAMOISELLE,

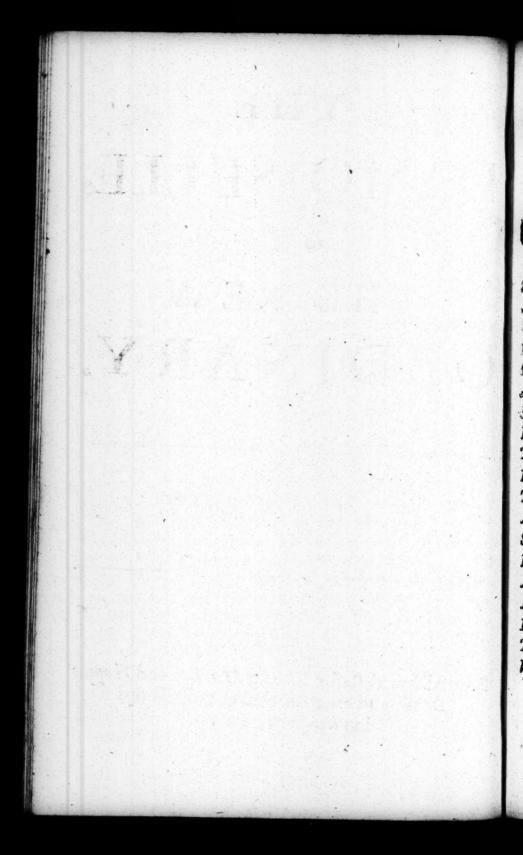
OR

THE NEW ORDINARY.

A COMEDY.

LONDON,

Printed by T.R. for Richard Marriot, and Thomas Dring, and are to be fold at their Shops in Fleet-street, 1653.



戶務務務務務務務務務務務務務務務務務務務務

Prologue.

UR Playmaker (for yet he won't be calld Author, or Poet) nor beg to be installd in Lawreat) has sent me out t'invite sour fancies to a full and cleane delight:
And bids me tell you, That though he be none of those, whose towring Muses scale the Throne of Kings, yet his familiar mirth's as good, When tis by you approved and understood. As if h' had writ strong lines, and had the fate, of other Fools for medling with the State. Readers and Audients make good Playes or Books, Tis appetite makes Dishes, tis not Cooks. But let me tell you, though you have the power, To kill or Save; They re Tyrants that devoure, And Princes that preserve: He does not ayme, So much at praise, as pardon; nor does claime Lawrell, but Money; Bayes will buy no Sack, And Honour fills no belly, cloaths no back. And therefore you may see his maine intent Is his owne welfare, and your merriment. Then often come, 'twill make us and him the wetter, Wee'l drown the faults of this, in one that's better.

Dramatis Personæ.

Dryground, an old Osurer.
Dryground, an old decayed Knight.
Sir Amphilus, a Cornisto Knight.
Bumpsey, an old Justice.
Brookeall, a Gentleman, undone by Vermine.
Valentine, Drygrounds Son.
Wat, Vermins Son.
Freindly, a Templer.
Oliver,
Ambrose, Two Gallants
Trebasco. Sir Amphilus his Footman.
Attorney.

Mrs. Magdalen, Bumpseys Wife. Jane, his Daughter. Alice, Vermins Daughter. Frances, a young Gentlewoman: Phillis, a poore Wench. Elianor.

Lawyers. Serjeants. Servants. Rabble:

The Scene LONDON.

A STATE OF THE STA

THE

DAMOISELLE,

OR,

The New Ordinary.

ACT. I. Scene I.

Vermine, Dryground.

Ver.

O U have your Money; full a thou-

Sir Humfrey Dryground.

Dry. And you have my Mortgage.

Ver. All well and good; all well
and good. But, now,

Sir Humfrey Dryground, let me counsell you.

You have already spent a faire Estate; A goodly, great estate: I do not taunt,

Nor taxe you for't.

Dry. Because its pumpt into

The purses of fuch wretches as thy selfe.

Ver. But give me leave, now, fairely to admonish You, to a care, how you do part with this.

A 3

You

The Damoiselle.

You spirited men call Money Dirt and Mud. I say it is the Eele.

Dry. And you the Mud

That foster it.

Ver. It is an Eele, I fay,

In such sleek hands, as yours; from whence it glides -Dry. Into the Mud, oft-times, from whence it came.
Ver. I know you doe conceive me. Therefore, Sir.

(As I before was faying) Hold it fast.

Dry. According to the Ballad.

[He sings.]

Youth keep thy Money fast, And tye it in thy Purse: For that must be thine onely Freind, For better and for worse.

Ver. So fo, I fee it going already.

Dry. I, to thy comfort. This is the Usurers Scripture; And all that they pretend Salvation by:
To give good admonition with their Money;
Though, in their hearts they wish the quick subversion
Of all they deal with. This is all they plead
Against the curses of oppressed soules:
Did not I warne you? Did not I say, take heed?
And so, and so forth. I must thank you Sir.

Ver You say, youle make a venture of this Money.

Dry. Yes Mr. Vermine, in a Project, that ----Ver. Out upon Projects. Fy fy, out out out. Dry. I'm confident shall set me out of debt, With you and all the World; and reap, againe, All, that I formerly have sowne, with profit.

Ver. Sowne! There's a word! Prodigall wast is

fowing.
We shall call Shipwrack, shortly, sowing too.
Heark you Sir Humfrey Dryground, may not I

The Damoiselle:

Be privy to your Project? Will you tell me; If I guesse on it?

Dry. That I will in footh.

Ver. Is't not to dreine the Goodwins? To be Lord Of all the Treasure, buryed in the Sands there? And have a Million yearely, from the Merchants To cleer the passage.

No Sir, my Project is in the behalfe.
Of the poor Gentleman, you overthrew
By the strong hand of Law, Bribes, and oppression;
Brookall: Do you know him Sir? whose state you suck different that wrought him to a poverty that cryes
Your sinfull Covetise up to the heighth;
And renders you the Monster of our time,
For avarice and cruelty.

Ver. No more of that:

Dry. You should do well to add a sum, like this To his releife: To wave the bitter curse That will in time fall on you and your house.

Ver. O ho! I now remember, you have reason.
That Brookall had a Sister, whom you vitiated
In your wild heat of blood, and then deny'd
Her promis'd Marriage; turnd her off with Childe
A dozen yeares since, and since that, never heard of.
Ha! Is't not so? Pray, did you know her Sir?

Dry. I wish I could redeem that ruthfull fault, By all expiatory meanes: But thy Inhumane cruelty is inexpiable: Unlesse (it comes from Heaven into my heart To move thee to't) thou tak'st a speedy course To give him threefold restitution. Ile put thee in the way. He has a Son, A hopefull Youth, a Student in the Law, If his poor Fathers want of means have not

A 4

Declined

The Damoiselle.

Declined his course: Give him thy onely Daughter,
And make his Fathers owne Inheritance
(By thee unrighteously usurpt) her Dowry;
And pray a blessing may go with it: And then
Thou mayst regaine a Christian reputation,
Till age shall lead thee to a quiet Grave.
Come, is 't a match? Will you bestow your Daughter
On Brookalls Son, and make your way to Heaven by't?
Ver. You have your Money.

Dry. And thou hast Adders eares

To all fuch Counfells.

Ver. If you break your day I shall thinke of your counsell.

Dry. Farewell Vermine. Ver. And farewell Dryground.

This parcell of thy Land, Ile keep from wetting:

Tis not in thee to turne an Acre of it Into pure Liquor, for a twelvemoneths day.

And break that day thy payment, and the Sun Sets not more fure, then all this Land is mine. My Daughter! ha! Can't be in thought of man

To dreame of fuch a Match? A wretch, a Beggar?
Within there! Where's my Girle? What Ally? Ally?
Enter Alice.

Ali. Here Sir -----

Vir. Mybleffing, and good morne: Now heare me Girle.

Ali. Now for a Speech -----

Ver. The care of Children's fuch a startle-braine, That had I more then one, I should run Wild-cat, (Then one I mean, to care for) that's thy selfe, My sober discreet Daughter. Note my care, Pil'd up for thee in massy sums of wealth; Too weighty for thy weak consideration

To

Exit.

The

Mortgage.

The Damoiselle.

To guesse from whence it came, or how together.
So layd in mountainous heaps.

Ali. It is indeed

Asstrange to me, as are the stony wonders
On Salsbury Plaine to others. But my duty
Perswades me twas your thrift, and that great blessing
That gives increase to honest Industry,
Drawne on it by your prayers and upright life,
That wrought these heaps together.

Ver. O, Ally Ally,

Tis well if thine with all thy Huswifry
Can keep em so. I thanke thee for thy judgement
And charitable thoughts. But-----

Ali. You had other wayes.

Ver. I say, thou art the onely Childe I care for. Thy Brother (though I loath to call him so) Is, now, an utter stranger to my blood; Not to be nam'd but with my curse, a Wolfe That teares my very bowells out.

Ali. Your Money.

Just 1

Ver. A riotous Reprobate, that hath confum'd His last, already, of my meanes and blessing.

Ali. But he yet may be turn'd Sir.

Ver. Out oth' Compter !

May he be so, dost think? Could I but dream
His Creditors, that have him fast, could be
So idly mercifull, or that his youthfull Ghing.
Could stretch, to get him out, He lay, my selfe,
An Action on him weightier, then the strength
Of all their poor abilities could list:
His facks, his Toms, his Nams, Nolls, Gills, and Nuns,
Theroaring fry of his Blade-brandishing mates
Should not release his Carcasse: If they did,
I'de force him to a tryall for his life,
For the two hundred Peices that he pissed.

B

The Damoiselle. Out of my Counting-house. He shall up. Ali. I will not forfeit my obedience Sir, To urge against your Justice, onely I erave Your leave to grieve, that I have such a Brother. Ver. Thou shalt defie the name of Brother in him, My onely, onely Childe; and but in one command Obey me further, all my estate is thine, Tis that I cald thee for. Ali. I do not crave More, then your daily bleffing; but defire To know what youle impose upon my duty. Ver. Thou shalt, and fine thy felfe a Lady by't. Ali. Now Love defend me from the man I feare. Ver. This day Ile match thee to a matchlesse Knight. Ali. The Westerne Kight Sir, that was here last Term? Ver. Even he, this day he comes to Towne. Ali. Would I Were out on't first. A matchlesse Knight Indeed, and shall be matchlesse still for me.

[Aside.]

Ver. I like those blushes well: I read his welcome Upon her cheeks.

Ali. Sir, I have heard, he has

But little Land.

Ver. But he has Money Girle Enough to buy the best Knights Land, that is A felling Knight, in the West part of England.

Ali. He's well in veares.

Ver. A lufty Batchelor of two and fifty, With O, the husbandry thats in him.

Ali. How came he by his Knighthood? Coff it nothing?

Ver. No: He was one oth Cobbe-Knights in the throng.

When they were dubd in Chafters 8 (11 8 01 Enter Ser Ser. Sir, the Knight od santesoned besbaud vantent id

That

The Damoiselle.

That you expect this day, is come to Towne.'
His man has brought's Portmantue.

Ver. Fetch the Man.

The welcomst man alive is come to Towne.

Ally, my Girle, my Daughter, Lady Bride!

What title shall I give thee? Now bestirr you,
I know his thrist, he has rid hard to day

To fave his Dinner

Welcome honest freind.

Enter Wat disguised like

a Country Servingman.

And how does the right worshipfull Sir Amphilus?

Wat. My Master is in health Sir, prays de Go-Alittle weary, or so, as I am of my carriage, Which I must not lay down, but in the hands Of your owne Worship.

Ver. Tis of weight and lock'd: I gueffe the worth; And warrant him the safety under these Keyes.

But where's thy Master?

Wat. At his Inne in Holborne Telling a little with the Host, till I Bringword from you.

Ver. No, I will run to him

My selfe: you shall stay here. his Chamber
Fitted against he comes, Ally, bestirr you,
And thinke no paines your trouble on this day,
To morrows Sun shall light your Wedding way. Exist.

[Ali. Unlesse some unexpected Fate releive me,
I shall be hurried to my endlesse ruine.

Wat. You are fad, me thinks, young Mistresse, I can tell you.

My Master, when he comes, will make you merry.

Ali. How? As he is a Foole?

Wat. No: But as he has
The foure of mirth and Musick at command;
Money, the all-rejoycing spirit; that
Hee's make you merry with: Nor that alone,

But

But Dignity, which Women prise bove money, You are a Lady by't: Mark that. And if He has a weaknesse, which you reckon folly; It laies you open way to Soveraignty; The thing which is of most esteem. You'll be His Lady Regent; rule all his, and him.

Ali. This Fellow talkes not like a Serving-man:
A forty shilling wages Creature, but
Some disguis'd spokes-man. What may be the trick o'nt?
Wat. You cannot, in th'estate you are, imagine

What tis to be a Wife to such a man.

Ali. No more then you perceive the paines you loofe
In fooling for him thus. But spare your breath,
And take this briefe tast of his Entertainment.
First know, that I do know the man you speak of,
To be a covetous Miser; old and foolish.
Not worth in my estimation the worst Meale
That ever he himselfe paid three pence for.

Wat. Who do you mean? Sir Amphilus my Knight.

Ali. Yes Squire, J know him and his qualities;
The waies he got his Wealth by, casuall Matches;
Of forty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred
For one. When bounteous Fortune (seldome failing Men of his Brain) cast all into his mouth,
The Gudgeon gap d for. And how slight a thing
It is, for such base Worldlings to be rich?
That study nothing but to scrape and save.
That have no Faith, but in their ready money,
Nor love to Worldly pleasures above those
Poor Coblers use.

Wat. Cheap Whores, and Duck-hunting: There s his delight indeed.

Ali. J hate to think of of fuch a Dunghill Scarab.

A water-Dog Knight !

wat. But Wedlock, to his age, will bring him home

To choicer pleasures, and abandon such.

Ali. His Age is fit for nothing, but to rock

Anothers Child; and to rejoyce through Spectacles,

At the strong Guesse he has, it is his owne. wat. You slight him strangely yet: but when you see

Him, and his weighty reasons to confute you. ----

Ali. I will nor weigh, nor see him, or his reasons.
And if thou ow'st him so much Service, tell him;
Go back and tell him strait: save him the end
Of his intended Journey. For to come
Hither, will be to drive me hence. And tell
My Father, ere he shall enforce me, take him;
Ile stye into the Armes of one he hates.

Wat. Are you in earnest? Ali. Yes, by all my hopes.

it?

fe

Wat. These are the armes that must receive thee then.

Nay, be not frighted Sister; look, tis J.

Ali. Beshrew me but J am. How got vou hither?

Soff his Beard, &c.

Could not the Compter hold you?

Wat. So it feems,
My Virtue was not to be so obscur'd.
Noble Sir Humphrey Dryground, Sister, was
My franck Infranchiser. O, J have wonders
To tell thee Sister. Thou must go with me.
But first, lend me some money. Borrow some;
(And let it be a good Summe) of my Father,
Now in his absence. Come, supply, supply
My Pockets and thine owne: For we must hence.

Th'art made for ever, Sister. Quick, dispatch.

Wat. Twill be too long to tell it here.

The Rascall soole, to whom my Fathergives thee, Is come to Towne: And should he now surprise thee, Here in my Fathers power, thy strength might faile thee.

Be

Be therefore at a sure Guard. O, Sir Humphrey, How are my Sister and my selfe bound to thee, That plottest this escape. Dispatch good Ally, And heare thee rest by th' way.

Ali. Why? Wither? What's the matter?

Wat. Say thou will have that Coxcomb, He but kill And leave the here: And all my care is over. (thee,

Ali. Ile sooner dye then have him.

Wat. Why do you not shun him then? O, sweet Sir Is thy care slighted thus, in my delivery? (Humphrey, In my disguise? In sending out my Father On Tom-sooles Errant? While a Coach is sent. To the back-doore here; All to save my Sister, My thanklesse Sister here, from worse then Rape.

Ali. Why, whither would you have me?

Wat. But hard-by.

But till the Wilde-fire of my Fathers Passion Shall be run out. Slid, I had eene forgot. Beare money with us, Sister; pretty store. Who knowes occasions? Let him keep in pawne My rich Portmantue for t.

Ali. There's some good stuff int.

Wat. More then hee ll thank me for. Wee'll talke i'th'
In, in, and furnish; & so through the Garden, (Coach
And, whirre, we are gone. If we should be prevented;
By this good steele, if J but heare one knock,
Jle make sure work o'thee. J can but trusse for t.
There's a faire end on's both. And what will he
Do with his money then? Look how thou standst.
If you respect your Father, or the Dog-Master,
To be your Husband, better then me, then take (sions.
You your owne course: Mine shall be known next SesAli. Better then you, don't you respect your Father
Better then me?

Wat. No, if J do, let me be hang'd for nothing:

And

And that would anger any man I think.
Slid, thou and J had one Mother, (which We both take after) fo had not he and we.
And he takes after no body, that J know.
He loves a franger better then's owne Childe:
And that mans money, better then that man,
The Devill'bove all J think. Thou dost not know What Coales we stand on.

Ali. Who shall look toth house?

Wat. Wilt loose thy selfe with keeping that? Is that All now? Away, away.

Ali. Y'are a precious Brother.

Exeunt,

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thee,

t Sir

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ACT. I. Scene 11.

Eumpsey, Dryground, Valentine, Magdalen, Jane.

Bum. A LL this needs not Sir Humphrey,
Dry. Do but heare patiently, and do your pleasure.

I go not about to stop your course, Mr. Bampsey.

Bum. Nor J yours, Sir Humphrey; Nor your Sonnes here; Nor his Wifes there: Onely this Gentlewoman, in mine owne right J may be bold withall, while you depart my house, if you may be intreated, so. Is not this right? Is not this plain?

Mag. Yet heare his Worship speak, good Burnep.

Bum. Good Whirly, what can his Worship speak? Or your wisdome twatle for him; in this Gause; that I do not understand already? Has not his Sonne wedded our Daughter? How directly, or indirectly

rectly, who meddles with his match? Nay more, has he not bedded her? How, directly or indirectly, who meddles with that either? Let him have and hold, possesse (Hmh.) and enjoy; do his worst, and make his best of her, though she be an Heire, I will not sue him out of her: No, I protest; were it Ante Copulam, as it is post, I would not crosse em. Is not this right and plaine enough.

Dry. But good Mr. Bumpsey, Brother Bumpsey, I would call you ----

Bum: Keep your Brothers and your Goods to your felfe, Sir, I have no need of em.

You are a Knight, and a man ot Worship ---

Val. He will speake all himselfe.

Bum. J am a plaine Fellow, and out of debt.

Mag. J, let him run on.

Bum. I fought none of your Allyance, J --- Val. Has he the speed to run beyond himselfe?

Ja. Yes, and bring himselfe about, J warrant you.

Bum. Nor to be joyned with houses of great sound,
Whose noise growes from their hollow emptinesse.

J could have matcht my Daughter here, that was, But now a Barronetteffe in Reversion.

To a substantiall Heire of two faire Lordships.

Dry. Perhaps no Gentleman.

Bum. Yet honourable, Land-Lordship's reall honour, Though in a Trades-man Son: when your faire Titles Are but the shadowes of your Ancestry;

And you walk in em, when your Land is gone :

Like the pale Ghosts of dead Nobilitie.

Ha! Ist not fo? Is not this right and plaine?

Dry. Yes like the priviledge you use in your owne house here.

Bum. Nay I come up to you now Sir Humfry Dryground; Up Up in a point of Chivalry. You are a Knight, A Baronet to boot: Your fon is like T'inherit that deare paid-for title, but (Youle give me leave to use my plainnesse)

Dry. Freely.

Bum. Your fon (I fay) is Heire to your bought

honour.

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Which may hereafter Ladifie my Daughter:
But where s the Land you once were Lord of? Ha!
The goodly Cornfields, Medows, Woods, and Pastures,
That must maintain the House, the Gownes, the Coach,
With all by complements of Horses, Hawks, and Hounds.
Val. Now hees in.

Bum. Where be the Parks, the Warrens, Herds, and

Besides the Gardens, Orchards, Walks, and Fish-ponds?

Dry. For that heare me.

Bum. Ods pitty, give me leave,

You, that had all these once, in three faire Lordships,
To be wrought on, and tonyed out of all,
But a small pittance of Trois Cents per Annum,
By Providence intayld upon the Heire,
(Or thad had wasted too) which now maintaines you,
In a proportion of Smoak, and Sack,
To wash your mouth with after, where you live
Confin'd in Milford Lane, or Fullers Rents,
Or who knows where, it skills not -----

Dry. Must I heare this too.

Mag. Now he has almost done.

Bum. Can you (I fay) think your good husbandry A lawfull Precedent for your Gamesome son To make my Daughter happy in a Marriage, Though he had twice my Fortunes?

fa. Now hee's coming:

Beare but with this; and if he offer not

More

More then you would request, He lose your love.

Bum. But here's the substance of t, you have my

Daughter,

Your Son, sir, has my Daughter, that must have, And shall, my whole Estate at my Decease; (No Law exacts it sooner) This Estate
You safely may suppose ten thousand pounds, Which J have got by thristy Industry.
Onely one thousand, I confesse, my Wise Improved my Fortune with, Here's the just summe. J give her sleave to give it to her Daughter: She may endow her Husband with it. So, Is not this plaine? Now note me further, sir; What J have left is my owne; and you, sir, may Which what is theirs take hence your Son & Daughter, Till you shall heare old Bumpsey is deceast.
Then let him come, and challenge all—that's left; Mean time J know my course.

Za. Now chop in with him, Mother, you know how

apt

Wal. Deare, worthy, honour'd, fir,

Bum. sh't, sh't, sh't; Woman come you with me.
Mag. J Bump. Let us go our way, and let them take
theirs agods name.

Val. Pray heare me, fir.

Mag. At this time, fir, he shall not.

Bum. Shall not! He shall sure: Ods pity! shall not: Are you pleas'd to speak, sir.

Vali not to offend -

Bum. Not to a Fiddleftick. Shall not! Can you speak or not?

If not, pray yell me fo.

Val. J married, fir, your Daughter.

Bum. You may thank her Mother for't, not me. Well, will you speake? Val. J

Val. I married her in a firme hope to winne Your Love and favour.

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Bum. Well-not and this ob manio 22 Val. Which, fince I have not yet; and time must worke it.

I would make this my fuit,

Bum. Would I could heare it once.

Val. That you would take

With re-acceptance of this thousand pound Your Daughter and me into your Family.

Bum. And why the thousand pound; does't burn your

Fingers?

Give us but meat and lodging for t: My Father, Out of his little left Estate will give us A hundred yearely for other necessaries

Bump. With all my heart.

Val. And as you finde my regular life deferve Your future favour, so extend your bounty, When Age shall call upon you to dispose Of all your faire Possessions.

Bum. Humh! A pretty od speech this! I would I knew

The meaning on t.

Val. I mean, Sir, as I speak; that till you finde Strong probability in me to manage A good estate, you trust me not with any

Bum. Ha! Is it so? Then I come to a point with you.

Mag. Marke him now, Sir Humfrey.

Bum, You look, Sir, in my Daughters right, to have, After my death, my whole Estate, by thewing

Me, in my life time, your good busbandry, by husban-

And lave fome fore too for my guidaon to gail Y' have tane off halfe my purpose; for J meant To have kept it in my power, whether to leave her Any, or nothing: And, perhaps (d'yee heare)

By an odd courfe, that I was thinking on

To

To ha' made all nothing ere J dy'd: But now Halfe of that power Ile put into your hands, Ile try what you can do with something.

Mag. Halfe? What meane you halfe?

Bum. Even halfe of all J have. Mag. J hope you will not deal fo.

Bum. And as he deals with that, Ile use the rest.

Mag. Pray be advifed.

Bum. Never by you'gainst this:

Ile give him instantly the free possession Of halfe J have: Now marke; if you increase, Or keep that halfe, then, doubtlesse, J shall do, As well with tother for you: If you diminish Or waste it all, ile do the like with my part.

Mag. Husband.

Bum. He do t: Together we will live:
And Ile along with you in your owne course,
And, as you play your game, you win or lose all:
Thrive and ile thrive: Spend you, and J will spend:
Save, and Jle save; scatter, and Ile scatter.

Mag. You won't be mad.

Bum. Ile do't: Let him throw Money
Into the Thames, make Ducks and Drakes with Peices,
Ile do the like: till he has made a match
Or no match of my Daughter: There's the point
And the whole substance on't.

Dry. Will you do fo?

Bum: Will I? Tis done. Ile make him a good husband,
Or be no husband for him: And so see
Whats mine, out of the danger of his waste,
And have some sport too for my Money: Ha!
I love to do these things.

Mag. Nay, but in one thing, Bump. let me advise you.

Bump. In nothing gainst this course, good whirly no,

Tis fo set downe. I know I shall be counted

An

An odde old humorous Cockscombe for't by some:
But the truth is, I love to do these things:
And so God gi yee joy.

Dry. Ile take my leave Sir.

Bum. Not so I hope, Sir Humfry.

Dry. I have businesse.

And go well fatisfied with this agreement :

And, Val. take briefly this my Charge: You are now A Husband, be a good one: Y' have my bleffing.

But (heark you) do you remember 'gainst the evening? Val. All Sir, all: I have spread my Nets already.

Dry. Sir, fare you well.

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n

Bum. At your pleasure Sir.

Dry. Ile shortly visit you.

Bum. At your own good time Sir- Exit Drygr. These shall stay here, He blindfold them with Money, And by a new way try, if they can grope The right way into th' World. Come your way.

A CT. II. Scene I.

Oliver. Ambrofe.

Ol. And why this Gullery to me, good Ambrofe?

Am. I fwear I am ferious, and you may may beleeve it.

Ol. What, that there can be in the World an Affe (Wert thou a fool to credit it) that would keep A House, by way of publike Ordinary, for fashionable Guests, and curious stomacks; The daintiest Pallats, with rich Wine and Chear; And all for nothing, but alls paid and welcome?

Am.

Am. Valt Dryground told it me, whose truth deserves
So well my credit, that, prove you it falle,
Ile pay all Ord'naries and Taverne reckonings
You shall be at this twel'moneth.

Ol. I have heard

Of all the Mockeries, the Ape, the Ram, the Hornes,
The Goat, and such tame Monsters, whom poor wits
Have sent wife Tradesmen to, as to a Knight,
A Lord, or forrain Prince; to be his Mercer,
His Taylor, Semster, Millener, or Barber:
When these sense became mocked still foot that

When those, that have beene mock d, still sent their Neighbours,

Till halfe the City have bee fool-found. Ha!
Ift not fome fuch poor trick?

Am. Here comes my Author. Enter Valentim.

Ol. O Mr. Bridegroom, that stole the wealthy match!

How got you loose so soone? I thought you had been tyed up by the Loines, like a Monkey to the Bed-post, for a fortnight at the least. How does old Bumpsey, that Freecost Drunkard, thy mad Father-in-Law, take thy stolne Marriage? I am sure he knows on't.

Val. He found's abed last night i'th' nick, as we say.

But we are peec'd this morning.

Am. Then he wrangled it out, of himselfe. J know his singular humour.

Ol. What has he gi'n thee? Val. Halfe, of all he has.

Am. How?

Val. On this Condition, that, if I save That halfe untill he dyes, the rest is mine too.

Ol. What if thou spends thy halfe?

Val. Heel spend the tother; and the same way, hee sweares.

Ol. Hee'I nere keep Covenant.

Val. Ile tell you how he runs at waste already,

This

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This morning the French Taylor brought a Gowne home,

Of the fashion, for my Wife. He bought one Streight, ready made, for his old Gentlewoman,

That never wore fo rich in all her life.

Am. O brave old woman! How will shee carry it? Val. I spoke but of a Coach, and he bespoke one.

Ol. Wonder upon wonder! Nam was telling one

Before thou cam'ft.

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Val. What the new Ordnary?

ol. Dost know the man that keeps it?

Val. They call him Osbright.

Abrave old Blade. He was the Prefident
Of the Can-quarrelling Fraternity,
Now calld the Roaring Brotherhood, thirty years fince,

But now grown wondrous civill, free, and hospitable, Having had fomething fallen to him, as it seemes.

Ol. That Osbright has been dead these many years. Val. It was given out so: But he lived beyond Sea.

Ol. There's some strange plot in't.

Val. O thou pollitick Woll.

Ol. Judge thy felfe, Val, what can the mystery be? He tells me there's no Gaming, so no Cheating; Nor any other by-way of expence,

By Bawdry, or fo, for privy profit.

Val. Such a suspition were a sin. But now
I will unfold the Riddle to you. This feasting
Has been but for three dayes, and for great persons,
That are invited, and to be prepared.
To venture for a prize. This very night
There will be some great Prise for some several.

There will be some great Risting for some Jewell,

Or other rare Commodity they fay.

I cannot name: the twenty pound a man.

Ol. Is not that gaming prichee?

Val. Thats to come:

But, hitherto, nor Dice, nor Cards. nor Wench,

Îs

Is seen ith' house, but his owne onely Daughter.
Ol. O! has he Daughter there? Mark that Nam.
No gaming sayst thou? Ods me, and they play not
At the old Game of old there, I dare----

Val. I dare be sworne thou dost em wrong.

Oh Shees too stale, is shee?

Tis above twenty yeares fince he went over, And was reported dead (they fay) foon after, In France, I take it: But, then, it seemes, he lived, And got this Damsell there? Is she French borne?

Val. Yes, she was born and bred there: And can speak English but brokenly. But, for French behaviour, Shees a most compleat Damoiselle, and able To give instructions to our Courtliest Dames.

Ql. Shee must be feen.

Am. But see who here comes first.

Enter Vermine. Servant.

Ver. Thou hast undone me Villaine.

Ser. Out alas!

I was as ignorant of the deceit,

As your owne innocent worship ever was Of cozening any man of Land or Living.

Ver. Was ever man so cursed in his Children!

Val. Tis the wretch Vermine.

Ol. What makes he here, trow, in the Temple Walks? Val. What should he do elsewhere, when Law's his

Lechery.

The Devils itch dry up his marrow for't. He undid a worthy Gentleman I know.

Ol. I, Brookall, thrusting him out of his Land.

[Am. Hee's fitted with an Heire for't; one that can

Justly inherit nothing but the Gallows.

Ol. Wheres Brookalls fon? He had a hopefull one; And, at fixteen, a Student here ith Temple.

o, nor Dice, nor Cards, nor Wench,

Val. Alasse his Fathers fall has ruined him.

Meer

Meere want of maint'nance forc'd him to service, In which hee's lately travell'd into France.

Ver. Go backe to the Recorders: Fetch the War-

Ile fearch the City and the Suburbs for her.

Exit Servant.

Amp. But Vermine has a daughter may prove good, Val. A good one like enough: Ile lay a wager Hee's poching 'mong the trees here for a Broker, Tomatch his daughter to blanded husband. This is their walk.

Ol. Let's try if we can fit him.

Val. Thou'lt nere indure his breath, it stinkes of brimstone.

Ol. Ile take the wind of him: You are well met, Sir.

They say you have a daughter you would match, Sir. Ver. It may be I have; it may be not; How then? What's that to you?

Ol. Pray be not angry Sir.

The worst of us has land, and may deserve her.

Ver. Pray let me ask you first, if you be not. The knaves confederates that stole her from me?

Val. Is she stolne from you Sir? In troth I am glad on't.

Amp. Tis the first newes we heard on't.

Ol. Though I affure you

is

Tur

We heard none ill to day: But very good, As that of the New Ordinary.

Amp. Then the good successe

This Gentleman had lately with a wife---

Val. And lastly, this you tell us; which, but that It comes from your own mouth, were e'en too good. For our belief, me-thinks.

Ol. Pray, is it true Sir ?

Flias

That your daughter's gone, lost, or stolne, as you say?

Amp. May we report it after you, good Sir?

Ver. What are you? I would know.

Val. Gentlemen, Sir,

That cannot but rejoyce at your affliction,

And therefore blamelesse, that desire to hear it.

Ver. Cannot this place, where Law is chiefly studied,
Relieve me with so much, as may revenge

Me on these scorners? How my Slave stayes too!

Yet I may find a time .---

Exit.

All. Ha ha ha.—
Ol. Look, look, what thing is this?——

Enter Amphilus, Trebasco.

Amb. Trebasco, Skip kennel.

Tre.

Amp. It speaks, me-thinks.

Ol. Yes, and its shadow answers it in Cornish.

Val. I know him; 'tis the wife Western Knight, that should

Have married Vermines daughter.

Amp. Skipkennell, you shall turn Footman, now, Skipkennell.

I'le nere keep horfe more

Tre. You must be Footmanthen your self Sir.

Amp. No nor Mare neither.

Tre. You need not Sir, now you be determined to marry, and live here i'the City altogether. And truly, Sir, she could never ha' dyed better, nor been taken from you (as they say) in a better time, so neere her journeys end.

Amb. His Mare's dead it seems.

Amp. Was it well done of her, dost thinke, to die

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to day upon the way, when the had been i'my purse to morrow in Smithfield: Poor fool, I think the dyed for grief I would ha' fold her.

Tre. 'Twas unlucky to refuse Reynold Penguttings

money for her.

Amp. Would I had taken't now: and she had not

dyed mine own, 'twould nere have griev'd me.

Tre. Pray bear it Sir, as they fay---We are all mortall you know, and her time was come, we must think. Amp. And't had not been the first losse that ere I had in my life, I could ha' born it.

Tre. And grace og (as they fay) it shall not be the

last.

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Amp. I would thou couldst ascertain me that; but mischiefes are taild to one another, and I must grieve as well for the what's to come, as the departed.

Oh We will have a bout with him: Who is depar-

ted, Sir ?

Amp. My Mare, my Mare Sir: 'Twas the prettiest Tit-But she is gone-

Ol. How, is the gone Sir ?

Tre. You will not talk to 'em.

Val. How is the gone, I pray Sir?

Tre. Sir, as it were, because she could goe no fur-

Val. Good angry man give us leave to talk with thy Mafter.

Ol. Good Sir, a little more of your Mare.

Tre. I would you had her all to do you good Sir: the lies but a quarter of a mile beyond Brainford.

Wal. Did you leave skin and shooes, and all behind

Sir ?

Tre. Shoes all behind? I thought how wife you were: Come away Master. No, while she liv'd, she never wore but two behind Sir.

C z

Ol, Gra-

ol. Gramercy honest fellow, thou hast wit in thy anger.

Amp. Sirrah, answer not the Gentleman so snao

pishly.

Tre. How can I choose, when they do nothing but make a foole of your Worship before your Worship face, and your Worship perceives it not.

Val. Good Sir, fall from your man to your beaft a

gaine.

Tre. There againe, another main mock: He would have him fall from a man to a beaft.

Amp. Give me the shoon; let'em go I say, I will have 'em.

Tre. Pray take 'em then, hee'l ne're be wifer.

Amp. These were her shoon Gentlemen, I'le keep 'em for her sake, that little Tit, my little poor Gonbelly, that would have carried me on this little iron from Pensans to S. Columb on a day. And that's a way would try a stumbler you'l say, if you know it.

Val. 'Tis enough, I know you Sir Amphilus, and have fool'd enough with you. Adieu; my businesse calls me. Gentlemen, will you meet me to night at the

Ordinary .---

Exit.

Ol. Yes, and perhaps, be there before you too.

Exeunt.

Amp. Od Gentlemen, me-thinks

Tre. Why did you talk with 'em? What had you to make with 'em?

Amp. True, wee have other matters to think on: Your first course Trebasco, after we come to our lodging, shall be to Turnbull-street, to the Cobler,

Tre. Your Dog-tutor.

Amp. Yes, and fee how my whelp proves, I put to him last Term.

Tre. Yes, Sir.

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Amp. And know of him what Gamesters came to the Ponds now adayes, and what good dogs.

Tre. Yes Sir.

Amp. And ask him---Dost thou heare? If he ha' not done away his own dog yet, Blacksman with the white foot? If I can but purchase him, and my own whelp prove right, I will be Duke of the Ducking-pond.

Tre. Never misdoubt, your whelp's right I warrant you; for why, he could lap before he could well go:

And at ten weeks old he could piffe under leg.

Amp. He was a fine forward Puppy, true enough: But and that be a figne of short life, and he should peak away after my Mare now—Here, prethee take her shoon againe: What should I keep 'em for? They put me too much in mind of mortality, do 'em away, make money of 'em, and Ile convert it into a Dog-Collar—

Enter Vermine. Servant.

Tre. Ile try the Market with 'em.

Ver. the frumping Jacks are gone.

Amp. See my Aldermanicall Father-in-Law! How d'yee do Sir? I am come. I keep my day you see before I am a Cittiner among you. How does my best belov'd Ipray, your daughter? You do not speak me-thinks.

Ver. Ask you for my daughter? Let me aske you first what was your plot to put me in this fright, to make me trudge to your Inn, whilst knave your man

here -- Is not this he?

Ser. I doubt Sir he wastaller.

Ver. Having first left a bag of Trumpery with me,

Itones, and old iron, fleals away the baggage.

Amp. This is abhomination! What Inn? and what old iron? I came at no Inne to day, nor touch old I ron, but that with fortow enough, my poore Mare shoes, she left me at her sad decease to Brainford. I had rather ha' lost the best part of five Mark I wusse. From whence I came by water, landed here at the Temple, to leave a Letter to a kinsmans chamber, now right as sure as can be. Say Trebasco.

Tre. He tells you true.

Amp. But is your daughter gone?

Ver. Gone, gone.

Amp. All ill go with her: Did not I say I should hear of more mischief, and that one was ever tail'd to another?

Tre. You said so indeed: but if she had been tail'd to your Mare, I should have seen her sure, when I stript her.

Ver. This is the day of my affliction, This day Ile crosse out of my Almanack For ever having any thing to do on't.

Amp. Why then, you will not feeke her out to

day?

Although me-thinks the day might ferve as well To find her, as to lofe her, if luck ferve.

Ser. What else did you intend Sir by the warrant? Best lose no time Sir.

No, no, wee'l go.

Enter Brookeall.

Broo. First take my execration with thee, Monster. Ver. Hell vomits all her malice this day on me. Broo. Hell sends by mee this commendation to thee,

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That thou hast there a most deserved Possession, That gapes to entertain thee.

Amp. Who's this, a Conjurer that knowes

hell so?

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Ser. No, but a certain Spirit, that my Master Conjur'd out of his Land.

Amp. If you can conjure,

Here's money to be got Sir, but to tell us

What may be now betid of this mans daughter?

Broo. Hi wielf, and his Posterity must all

Sink unavoydably to hell.

Amp. You are most deeply read! May not a Son-in-Law

Ver. Why talk you to that Rayler?

Amp. Pray Sir, may not

A Son-in-Law escape in your opinion?

Broo. No Sir: it was by Law he made the purchase.
And by his Son-in-Law, or out-law'd, down he must:
If he set ventrous foot, as his Inheritor,
Upon the mould, was got by his oppression.

Amp. Pretty mad reason me-thinks; where's that

Land ?

Ver. Sirrah, Ile tame thy tongue, Broo. No, wretch, thou canft not,

Nor fly out of the reach of my fell curses, That freedome (being all that thou hast left me)

Thou canst not rob me of.

Ver. I shall find meanes

Then to confine it, and your felf in Bedlame:

Bree. Thou canst not be so just sure, to exchange

Thine own inheritance for mine.

Amp. Have you made
Apurchase there too, Father-Law that should be?

Ver. How am Itortur'd! I will fly this place.

Enter

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Enter Phillis, a box in ber band.

Phil. Nay prethee stay a little, good old man, Give something to my box.

Ver. Out on thee Baggage.

Phil. A little something, prethee; but a tester.

Ver. Out, out.

Phil. Thou look it like a good Penny-father,
A little of thy money would so thrive here,
'I would grow, by that I were ready for a husband,
Up to a pretty portion. Pray thee now--

Ver. What canst thou be?

Phil. Infooth a Gentlewoman, but a By-blow, My Father is a Knight, but must be namelesse.

Ver. Can Knights get Beggars?

Phil. Why not ? when such as thou get Knights.

Nay, prethee, prethee now gi' me a tester.

Ine're ask leffe: My mother's a poore Gentlewoman, And has no meanes, but what comes through my fingers.

And this is all my work: Come, wring it out.

Oh how I love a hard-bound Money-master,

Whose count nance shewes how loath hee is to part
with t!

It comes so sweetly from him, when it comes: Nay, when? I pray thee when? Pish, make an end.

Amp. It is the prettiest merry Beggar.

Ver. Huswife Ile ha' you whipt.

Phil. J, when I beg i'th' streets.

I have allowance here, as well as any

Brokers, Projectors, Common Bail, or Bankrnpts,

Pandars, and Cheaters of all sorts, that mix here

Mongst men of honor, worship, lands and money.

Amp.

Amp. O rare Beggar-wench! Phil. I come not hither to intrap or cozen.

My work lies plain before me as

Lawyers and others passe over the Stage as conferring by two and two.

my way.

With , will you give me? Praythee, hard old man.

Ver. Away, away.

Phil. What though thou com'st to deal
For this mans Land, or sell anothers right,
Or els to match thy daughter, if thou hast one
To this young Gentleman—Thou wilt give mee
fomething.

Ver. The Devill haunts me.

Amp. Shee makes a youth of me.

Thil. Yet I prethee make not
Thy money such an Idoll, as to think
Thou shalt dishonor't, or impaire this bargain,
That match, or what soever thou hast in traffick,
By parting with a filly silver sixpence.

Shalt not i fecks la, shalt not; Ile strike luck to it, Thy match shall thrive the better. Look, I have got Here, four and sixpence, Prethee make it a Crowne, Twill nere be mist in thy dear daughters Dowry,

If (as I said) thou hast one.

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Ver. Hellist baggage!

Phil. Hee'l gi't me by and by. I prethee find Thy money out the while. Come out with it man?! Ver. Pull her away.

Ifly thee, as I would the Devill that fent thee:

Amp. Yes, let's away, tis time, the begs of mee

Phil. The Devill is not furer to o're-take thee.

Exeunt omnes preter Brookeall?

Breo. Good child I thanke thee: Thou haft somewhat eas'd

My pensive heart by his vexation: She spake as Divination had inspir'd her With knowledge of my wrongs, and his oppression, To take my part : Take thou a bleffing for't Who ere thou art, whilft I recalculate The miteries of a distressed man. Cast out of all. Unhappy chance of Law! More falle and mercilesse then Dice or Strumpets: That hast into thy Hydra-throated mawe Gulo'd up my lives supportance; left me nothing: Not means for one dayes sustenance, for breath To cry thy cruelty before my death. That Law, once called facred, and ordain'd For safety and reliefe to innocence, Should live to be accurs'd in her fuccession. And now be stil'd Supportresse of oppression: Ruine of Families, past the bloody rage Of Rape or Murder: All the crying fins Negotiating for Hell in her wild practife.

Enter Attorney.

At. A man I hope for my purpose, and save me a going to the Church for one: Will you make an Oath Sir?

Broo. An Oath? for what?

my Client shall not stand w'ye; the Judge is at leisure, and the other of our Bail is there already. Come, go along.

Broo. I guesse you some Attorney: Do you know me?

Brow. He takes me for a common Bail; a Knight oth

Thou art a villaine, and crop-ear'd I doubt not:

What

What, dar'st thou say, thou seest upon me, that--At. I cry you mercy: I must up (I see)
To the old Synagogue, there I shall be fitted———

Exit.

Broo. Can I appear so wretched? or can grief
So so soile the face of poverty, which is vertue,
To make it seem that Monster Perjury?
Rather let forrow end me all at once;
Then vertue be misconstrued in my looks,
Which I will hide from such inter- He lies on his face,
pretation.

Enter Frendly.

Frend. Alas hee's fore afflicted, and my newes, I fear, will strike him dead; yet I must speak. Sir, give not misery that advantage on you, To make your self the lesse, by shrinking under The buffetings of fortune.

Broo. I defir'd you

To feek my fon. Ha' you found him at his Chamber?
Or has not want of fatherly supplies
(VVhich heaven knowes I am robb'd of) thrust him

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Of Commons, to the Common VVorld for succour? Where is he, have you found him?

Fren. No, not him.

But I have found what may be comfort to you, If you receive it like a man of courage.

Broo. Hee's dead then, farewell my tender boy!

Fren. Indeed, Sir, hee's not dead.

Broo. Phew _____ Fren. Pray, fir, heare me.

Broo. You'll tell me, man nere dies; But changeth Life,

And

And happily for a better. He is happiest
That goes the right way soonest: Nature sent us
All naked hither; and all the Goods we had
We onely took on Credit with the World.
And that the best of men are but meer borrowers:
Though some take longer day. Sir, J know all
Your Arguments of Consolation—

Fren. Indeed be is not dead ; but lives -

Broo. In Heaven.

Jam the furer on't; for that he liv'd

Not to learn Law enough, to - hush. No more.

Fren. Substantially he lives in flesh, as we do.

Broo. Speak that again.

Fren. A Gentleman of the next Chamber told me

Onely, sir, this; if you can brook his absence Without feare, or mistrust; then he is well.

Broo. How thou playest with me !

Fren. He's gone to travell, fir. Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I am sure he does not know me. If he could,
I were as sure this Charity would be rejected.
So much I know his Spirit. Is your name Brookeall,
sir?

Brook. My losses, wrongs, and forrowes, speak my

pal. You had a Son late of this house.

Broo. And do not you infer by that he's dead?

Good, do not mock me, fir.

Val. If this be gold, He lives and fent it to you; forty peeces?

Broo. Pray, sir, from whence, or where might he atchieve

So great a Sum? Not in this World, J feare,
A handsome possibility he had once,
Could J ha' kept it for him.

Val. He's in a way,

Now to a hopefull fortune. A Noble Gentleman, Late gone to travell, ta'ne with good affection Towards your Son, has ta'ne hin to his care: And like a Father, not a Master, keeps him. From whose free bounty he receiv'd this meanes.

Broo. Do you think the Boy did well to fend it me

When twas intended for his Masters honour, To flye in Silks and Feathers? Tis not Servant like To wave a Masters meaning so.

Val. I had a Letter too;

Though most unhappily mislay'd.

Broo. VVhat from my Boy?

Val. In his own hand.

Broo. Ha! -- but mislay'd, you say. Ha, ha, ha, VVhat is the Gentleman? Or whither travell'd?

Val. That's all I crave excuse for.

Broo. Keep your money.

If you can render me my Son, Ile thank you.

Val. You speak not like a Father: wanting meanes Your selfe for his advancement, would you bar him

The bounty of anothers full ability?

Broo. I speak more like a Father, then a Beggar:
Although no Beggar poorer. And I feare,
I am no Father: for I would not give
My Son to gain a Province, nor excent
This Coyne to save my life: If he be
Let me look neerer

Fren. Iho

He will accept the Money. Poverty

. Was nere so coy else.

Broo. J cannot remember,
J ever faw this face: But J have feen
(Many yeares fince) one, that it so resembles,
As J could spit defiance on't

Val. What mean you?

Broo. And charge thee with the Murther of my Son Val. Pray, fir, collect your felfe.

Broo. Your name is Valentine.

Val. Right, fit.

Broo. Sir Humphrey DrygroundsSon:

Val. Most true.

Broo. Even fothy Father look'd, when, at like years He was my Rivall: For young man, I tell thee Thou hadft a virtuous, well deserving Mother. He won her without losse of my known Friend-ship: But, since her death, you cannot but have heard, He basely wrong'd my Sister, and, in her, Mee, and my Family: Whor'd her, and cast her off, On the appointed Marriage day.

Val. O, fir.

Broo. You cannot but have heard on't. Nay, it feems,
My Boy has charg'd thee with't, before his yeares
Could warrant his ability in Combate,
And so is fallen; Or thou, not daring stand
Tryall in such a cause, by treachery
Hast cut him off; And com'st to make thy peace:
Presuming on my Poverty, with money.
Worse then the base Attornes Project this!

Val. This is meer madnesse. In an Act so foule, ... As your wilde Fancy gathers this to be;

Who could escape the Law?

Broo. The Law; Ha, ha, ha.
Talk not to me of Law, Law's not my Friend.

Law.

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Law is a Fatall to me, as your house.

I have enough of Law; pray stand you off.

Will you, sir, furnish me, but with a Sword;

And bring me to sit ground to end this difference?

Will you do so, and like a Gentleman?

Val. VVhat shall J do for pity? - Now I have

it.

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Broo, Talk not to me of Law. [He fenceth.]

Val. Pray heare me, fir.

Broo. Now sir, your wil before your end. Be briefe. Val. You know me for a Gentleman, though an Enemy.

(I must speak in his phrase) and by that honour A Gentleman should keep sacred, two houres hence lie meet you in this place

Broo. Pray stand you off ____ to Friendly.

Val. From whence wee'll walke ----

Broo. Silent, as nothing were ---

Val. As nothing were betwixt us --- to some other fit ground, (as you propounded) where wee'll end the difference.

Broo. By the Sword, no otherwise.

No whinnelling fatisfaction.

Val. You shall see, sir.

Broo. Go fet thy house in order. Here Ile meet thee, Exit.

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ACT. III. Scene I.

Frances - Wat.

Fra. I Shall repent me, sir, that ere I yeilded, In that faire Noble way, if you expresse Your selfe in this regardlesse of my honour.

Wat. I like a Whore, withall my heart, that talker

So like an honest woman.

Fra. Can you expect
A Chast and constant Wife of her, Whom you
Have wrought to Lewdnesse before Marriage?
Or may I not as well deserve as well in bringing
A Maidenhead into your Marriage bed,
As a polluted Body?

Wat. Here's a coyle,
For a poore bit afore-hand! Is it so?
'Heart, if a man bespeak a Tavern Feast
For next day Dinner; and give earnest for't
To half the value, (as my Faith and Troth
I think, is somewhat towards your Marriage payment
To be to morrow) Will not the Hostesse give him
A Modicum o're night to stay his stomack?
Your Father comes: Jle whisper yet more reason.

Enter Dryground disguis' d. Alice.

Dry. Now pretty Mr. Alice, you see the end I had upon you: All the scope thereof Tending to your contentment. Are you pleas'd?

Ali. So well, that could I but shake off the feare (Which

Which is most dangerous) of a Fathers curse, I durst prouounce; nay, boast my happinesse, To be above my Virgin hopes, or wishes.

Dry. Let your feare vanish then: And, if this night, The happiness you are ambitions of, Together with your Fathers leave and blessing Crown not your Bed, let all the Infamy

Due to all perjur'd Wretches, that have wrong'd Beauty and Chastity be branded here,

Ali. The faire respect I have, sir, to your Noblesse; For what you have already shown me, bars Mine eares gainst protestation. I dare trust you.

Dry. As I have trusted you with my whole project, My discreet Alice, further then I dare trust My Instrument your Brother; though he thinks He understands it all. Yonder he is, Profoundly Love-struck too, I make no doubt.

Fry. Fye! Can you be so lew'd? Is that your rea-

Wat. Yes; can the Parish Parson give you better? Fra. His Parish Bull's as civil.

Wat. Well no more.

lle talke with your Father about it.

Fra. J with your Sister, and to better purpose.

Dry. Now Wat, what think you of my course, and habit?

Wat. As J love mischiese, and desire to live by't;
It is the daintiest course. — O, brave sir Humphrey,
How I am taken with your Shape I Old Osbright,
The Father of the Swindgers; so much talk'd on
Could nere ha' borne it up so. Nor his Daughter,
That was French born indeed, could ere have clipp'd,
And Frenchised our English better, then
She counterfeits to Coxcombes that do Court her:
With her sine Fee-sees, and her Laisse-moys;

Her Prea-awayes; Intrat a you mak a me blusta. O, I am tickled with it.

Dry. A, ha, my Lad.

War. flid J could dote upon you Had J been Your Son now, how I could have honour'd you! Though I had kept a Precept by t, I care not.

Dry. Notable Reprobate.

Ought me a mischiese, when he enabled that Old Wretch, my Father to beget me. Oh, Tis in my bones; I seele it in my Youth: I know from whence the Pocks is now descended. The Gout begets it. There's no Usurers Son.

But's born with an hereditary spice on'c.

Dry. Had I rak'd Limbo, as I did the Compter, I were not better fitted with a Copefmate. Wat. 'slight, I could ask you bleffing.

Dry. And I think,

That curtesse you have seldome done your father.

Wat. Nere since I grew to any understanding:

Nor (as I know) before, but whipt and held to't.

Dry. Well Wat. You see how far I have trusted

To have the second hand in our great work;
Our Project here. Though you must seem my Servant,
You are like to have the better share, if you agree.
Upon the Match, and make your selfe my Son.
How like you your new Mistresse, sir, my Daughter;
The Maidenhead here, the new Ordinary -The Damoyselle, or what you please to call her?
What ist a Match wat? Condescendeth she?

Wat. No man shall be her Husband, but my selfe; Who ere the lies withall, before or after. That she has roundly promised. But she balkes, And Eoggles with me in a lesse request.

Dry.

Dry. She shall deny thee nothing. What ist wat? wat. You may command her duty, if you please.

Dry. What is it man?

Of her aforehand. One word of your mouth, Iknow would do it, sir.

Dry. O Devilish Rascall.

That can imagine this a Fathers Office !

Patience good Wat.

Wat. But that I am afeard

My Father would be pleased with't, Il'd take home My Sister else, and presently.

Dry. In Maides about your work. And heare you Franck

Discharge the Butchers, and the Chandlers Bills. They wait below. The Baker and the Brewer, I have made even with.

Fra. And the Vintner too.

Dry. The Bottle-man too, and Tobacco Merchane, Do as I bid you, go. Now wat Observe me:

As an ingenious Critick would observe The first Scene of a Cemedy, for feare He lose the Plot.

Wat. I do observe you, sir.

Dry. I have, you know, releas'd from your thrall-dome.

Upon condition you frould steale your Sister, To be at my dispose. You have perform'd it:

Wat. Honestly, fir.

fed

nt,

;

Dry. Yes, honeftly, as you fay.

And though it be for her own absolute good; Yet was your Act so gratefull to me, that I promis'd you my Daughter.

Wat. Right fir, on.

Dig. I shall be briefe: you know my Fortune, VVat

Are sunk, and you have heard, I make no doubt, 'Mongst other of my follies, of a Child I got on Brookealls sister, on the by, Wat.

Wat. And this is she, I love a bastard naturally, Ah thy are bouncing spirits: Now I love her More then I did Sir.

Dry. You come fairely on.

But now, my poverty affords no portion.

Now, Wat, to raise a portion!

Wat. I, now, now.

Dry. Now I come to it, Wat: I tooke this house, And in this habit here, turn'd pimping Host, To make the most of her, and find a Husband To take her with all faults.

Wat. That's I, that's I Sir : this has mufickin't.

Dry. You will be secret Wat. Wat. No dumb Bawde like me.

Dry. Nay in a plot of villany I dare trust thee.

Wat. In troth you cannot thinke how much! love it:

How I am tickled with it ! Good Sir, on.

Dry. This I have design'd to put her off (I mean her Maiden-head) at such a rate Shall purchase Land.

Wat. How, good Sir Humphrey, how?

Dry. She shall be rifled for. Wat. How! Rifled Sir?

Dry. Yes, rifled Wat; the most at three fair throws, With three fair Dice, must win and wear her, Wat. Youle take her with all faults?

Wat. Can you suspect me? It is the rarest invention, if the Gamesters Be stiffe and strait, that ever was projected ! What is'c a man? H

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Dry. But twenty Pie ces, boy.

wat. I vow too little, lesse their number help us.

How many Gamfters have you?

Dry. A full hundred.

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ly.

ſe.

:h I

Wat. Two thousand pound! A merry portion, And worth as many Maiden-heads in the sport A man shall finde in spending it? Me-thinks

Ifeele my felf even flying with't already.

Dry. What art thou thinking, Wat?

wat. That here may grow

Adanger Sir, the Gamesters being so many.

Dry. Why, there's but one must use her.

Wat. Phew, for that

Iwere indifferent, if 'twere all or more (As it is possible a wench might bear it) If they come single, and in civil sort, Allow her breathing-whiles—

Dry. Here's a ripe Rascall !

Wat. But my doubt is, that such a multitude May fly into combustion, blow up all

The bufinesse and our hopes.

Dry. Now your doubt

Reflects upon my Iudgement: didst thou note How quietly those Gallants here to day

Parted with their gold?

Wat. Yes, very gallantly.

Dry. They shall agree as well for the Commodity,

As I have cast it, VVat; so well my boy,

That no distaste shall be or ta'ne, or given, Anon youle see.

VVat. She knows not on't you fay,

Dry, Nor shall she VVar, till at the push I charge

To be obedient in the undertaking.

VVat. And that's a sweet obedience : I could kneel

D 3

Before

Before my wretched Sire in fuch commands,

Enter Francis.

Dry. Anon Ile make't all plain to you. How now Frank?

Fran. There are two Gentlemen in the next room,
That by all meanes would speake with you; I have
had

The foulest coyle with one of 'em, that perswades Himselfe you keep a Bawdy-house, by somewhat He gather'd Eveldropping, by your discourse here, While t'other held me talking; who is civil, And loves me with a modest fair affection.

Dry. Where is his fifter, Alice? Fran. Unseen I wrrrant you.

Dry. Then let them enter. Whip into your disquise Wat -- Exit Fran.

And be at call.

VVat. Presto, Anon, anon Sir.

Dry. Did they Eavesdrop me? I will

Eavesdrop too.--
Stands a
side.

Enter Oliver, Ambrose.

Ol. Did not I tell thee't was a Bawdy-house?

Am. I cannot think so yet: there is some other
Trick in it; the Maid you see is very modest.

Ol. That is the trick on it man, the must feem fo.

Her Father deals for her.

Am. Fye! Can there be fuch Fathers?

Ol. Yes, and such Mothers too: The Towne's too full of 'em.

Come, shee's a Jugling whore I warrant thee, For all her Fee-fees, and her Laisse-moys.

Pox

Pox of her counterfeit Gibbrish Ile make her speak In plainer English, ere I ha' done with her.

Dry. I have enough. You are welcome Gentlemen.

ol. He looks like such a Blade. Are you the Master here Sir?

Dry. I am the man that's much rejoye'd to see Such sparkling Spirits underneath this Roose, Where all you finde is yours. Sirrah Varlet.

ol. Each fyllable he speaks bewrays him.

Dry. Varlet I fay.

wat. Here Sir.

now

om, have

ife

Enter Wat with Wine.

Dry. Give me the Complement. Gallants, Wilt please you taste your welcome in a Cup, The spirit of whose never dying Liquor, Speaks ore the brim in this high Language to you. Full six and thirty times hath Luna wan'd The strength she got in six and thirty growths From Phabus vertuous beames, into this Juyce, To make it Nectar for Phabean wits. Tis this inspires their braines with fire Divine, By which to write high straines; and herein lurks, The gift, One has to bounce up his own works.

Ol. Your meaning is good Sack, and three years old. To put you by your Beverage and your Bombast, I will nor drinke, nor talke of other thing,

But the choice thing of things, your Daughter Sir.

Dry. Thou shalt not wood my Daughter, nor no man for thy sake,

Sing.

Unlasse thou come untill her by her Daddy nak'd. Her Mammy's gone to Heaven Sir. And I pray, Let Fathers poor breed Daughters as they may.

Ol. Your care, no doubt, is great what will it hold?

The

The Rifling Sir, I meane. Is your number full?
May not a man put in Sir for a chance?

Dry. What do you mean Sir?

Ol. May not we

Come in adventurers? Here are twenty peeces.

Dry. I finde you have overheard me. Call my Daughter.

Exit War.

Now Ile disclose a secret to you. But Gentlemen, As you love wit and mirth, censure me mildly. I am a Gentleman decayd in Fortune.

ol. And canst thou be so base to sell thy Childe

To Lust and Impudence?

Dry. Be not too rash.

My Child's as deare in my respect, as you'

Were ever to your Father.

Ol. Nay, hold, good Ambrose; you een now were

angry
With me, that did oppose your faire Construction
Of this good Gentleman and his vertuous Daughter.

Am. My ignorance wrong d us both.

Ol. Good modest Ambrose,

What do you thinke of this discovery?

Dry. You had discover'd more, if his impatience Had not prevented me: But now I am dumb to you In all, but this. If youle be pleas'd to sup here, I shall afford you welcome. I have businesse. Exit.

Ol. What can we make of this?

Am. I know what to do.

If City Justice, grave Authority

Protect it not, He furely spoyle the sport.

Of Canst thou be so malicious, that, but now Didst love this Wench so dearly, as to run her Into the hazard of Correction?

Stay: Here she comes, and the Pimp whiskin with her.

Enter

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Is

Enter Wat. Fran.

Do thou take him in hand. He handle her.
Now Madam, twenty pound a man! Nay do not
Coy it too much? Your provident Father left us,
To make our felves more known to you; as your price
Is known to us already: Look upon us.

Fra. Pre ye Sir, have you been ever in France?
Ol. In France? No furely, nor in Doctors hands

Since I was Placket high. Why ask you Lady?

Fra. For, if you could fpeak Fransh, I could the better Find what you say. I can no understand What tis you mean by price. What is that Price, If it be no Welch Gentleman?

Ol. I meane

ugh-

Wat.

The price of three throws for your Maydenhead, Tis twenty peeces. If I win it (Hearke you) What will you give me out of your groffe fum To take it neatly off; and like an Operator, Put you to no paine?

Fra. Parle Françoy Monsieur, 7e vou prie.

Ol. Thou art a handsome Hyppocrite: And this Cunning becomes thee well. He kisse thee for't.

Fra. Fee fee Monsieur. O fee! tis no good fashion. For the young Man and Mayd to no ting but kisse!

Ol. Tis not so good indeed; nothing but kisse.

A little of tone with tother will doe well.

Fra. Fee fee, you no understand. That Gentleman, Speaks he no Fransh?

Ol. Yes yes. He speaks no French.

Fra. He Monsieur vou mocque de Moy.

Ol. Owie par ma foy.

Fra. Ha Monsieur vou parle françoy. Je sui bien aisse. Ol. Easie! Yes yes, I thinke you would be easie

To

To one that knew but how to manage you, For all the boaft of your Virginity.

Fra. Excuse me Sir, I can no understand.

Ol. Me thinks you should. Come prithee leave this fooling.

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I know you can good English, if you list.

Fra. Indeed I can. But, in my best, and all I cannot understand you Sir, nor frame An answer to your rudenesse. When you know me Better, youle speak in better phrase, and then Tis like you may finde better language from me: Till when, pray give me leave to leave you Sir.

Ol. Nay heark you Lady, heark you (fill more my-

Nay fince you can speak English, I must talke w've. Fra. So youle be civill.

Ol. Civill I fwear, and private. They go afide. Am. Does shee not know on't, fayst thou?

Wat. No Sir. no:

Not the least inckling of it: The old man Carryes it fo discreetly.

Am. Blesse me Heaven?

Discreetly sayst thou. To betray his Childe,

To fale of her Virginity. Wat. Yes, discreetly.

She dreames of no fuch businesse; such intent: No more then the Cud-chewing Heifer knowes The Butcher, that must knock her down if aith. O, twill be bravely carried! I my felfe Knew nothing till this houre: though I faw Money put in his hand by divers Gallants: Men of great place and worship; which I gather Are to be of the Riflers.

Amb. Prithee who?

war. All must be namelesse. There are Lords among And em.

And some of civil Coat, that love to draw
New stakes at the old Game, as well as they;
Truckle-breech'd Justices, and bastling Lawyers,
That thrust in with their Motions; Mustled Citizens;
Old Money-Masters some, that seek the Purchace:
And Merchant Venturers that bid for the
Forreine Commodity, as faire, as any.

Amb. Was ever such an outrage! Heark thee fellow - They aside.

Fra. Sir, I have heard you with that patience (And with no better) as the troubled Pilot Endures a Tempest, or contrary winds: Who, finding nerethelesse his Tackling sure, His Vessell tight, and Sea-room round about him, Playes with the waves, and vies his considence Above the blasts of Fortune, till he winns His way, through all her threatnings, to his Port. You may apply this.

Ol. And you may be plainer.

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de.

Is there not such a project for your Maydenhead?

But to be rid of you, together with
The Devill, that inflam d you to that question;
Know, that knew I of such a plot or project;
Or, that I had a Father (as injuriously
You have suggested) could be so inhumane,
To prostitute my spotlesse Virgine honour
To Lust for Salary, I would as sure prevent it,
As there is force in poyson, Cord, or Steel,
At price of both our lives. Sir, I have sayd---

Ol. This Wench amazes me. Could I believe now.
There could be truth in Woman, I could love her.

Amb. Well, He make one: Meet me there two houres hence,

And fetch my twenty Peices.

Wati

Wat. I will not faile you. In the Temple Walkes ---

Exit.

Amb. Where, if I fit you not -----Ol. Nam! What discovery?

Amb. A villany enough to blow the house up.

Ol. And I have found (I thinke) a vertue, that Might fave a City: But let's hence. We may Conferr our notes together by the way.

Exeunt.

A CT. III. Scene II.

Bumpsey, Magdalen, Jane, all in brave Cloaths.

Bum. NAy, nay, I know he is flown out, and I Am prettily provided for like flight:

And if I do not pitch as high, and foule

As deep, as he, while there is Game to fly at -----Five hundred Peices he took out you fay?

fa. And fayd he would venter t at the Ordinary. Bum. That's hee, that's he! Why this is excellent.

Mag. This was your folly Bump. He was content To have walk'd moneylesse you saw, but you Would force him. At a word you did la' Bump.

Bum. I force him, ha?

Mag. I, at a word, you put it in his head, And put the Sword into the Madmans hand, As one would fay.

Bum. Good Mrs. At-a-word.

Let not your fine French Frippery, which I bought, Turn'd oth' Taylors hands (as one would fay) Huffle you up to Soveraignty: Nor your Coach, Which I have but bespoak, whirle you away, Before tis finish'd) from obedience.

Mag.

Mag. Good lack fine Gentleman, that weares the Purchase

Of a Pawn'd forfeiture. Must I not speak trow?

Bum. Excellent Magdalen !

Mag. Sir, 7 will speak; and be allowed to speak.

Bum. And speak allowed too; will you Magdalen?

Mag. 7, at a word; Since you have put me to't,

7 will uphold the Fashion; Learn, and practise

Behaviour and carriage above my' parrell.

7 at a word, 7 will la, that 7 will.

Bum. This is most excellent! My old Beast is Infected with the Fashions; Fashion-sick! Pray Ma-dame take your course, uphold your Fashion: And learn and practise Carriage to your Cloaths: I will maintain my humour, though all split by t.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Vermine desires to speak with you.

Bum. Isaith I will Ma-dame. -- [Exit with Serfa. My Husband, Mother, vant.]

Reports of a rare Creature come to Towne,

Of a French breed; a Damoysell, that professeth

The teaching of Court-carriage and behaviour;

The rar'st he saies —

Mag. Can she teach the elder fort?

Unlesse they be indocible he saies.

Mag. Indocible! What's that? ?a. Stiffi'the hammes, I think.

Mag. Nay, then wee'll to her.

I can yet bowe my Haunches; come and go
With them, as nimbly as the barren Doe.
My Gimboles don't complain for want of Oyle yet?
Wee'll have this Madame; and we will be Madames

Ourselves

Ourselves, or it shall cost us each a Crown A month the teaching. In a Month we may, Practising but one house in a day, Be Madames, may we not?

Fa. Yes, if we give our mindes tort; and but steale

Fir times to practife.

Mag. Wee'll find Lecture times:
Or baulk St. Antlins for't the while. But mum.

Enter Bumpfey, Vermine.

Bam. Do you wonder at my bravery? Look you here:

This ismy Wife; and this my Daughter, sir. You have lost yours, you say; Perhaps for want Of Husty-lusties, and of Gorgets gay.

Ha ! ift not fo ?!

Ver. The World's turn'd prodigall. You do not well to mock me, when I come For comfort and advice.

Bum. Shall I be plain w'ye;
My best advise is, since your Daughters gone,
To turn your Son after her. He has not in
For much above a sundred pound. Pay it,
And let him take his course: If he be not
Got loose already. Then (observe my Counsell)
Spend you the rest of your Estate your selfe;
And save your Heires the sin. It is the course
I have in hand, and mean to follow it.
You like it not (it seems) but thus it is,
V hen men advise for nothing. Had your Lawyer
Now for his see, given Counsell, might have damned
you:

You would have thought it worth your Gold, and

follow'd it.

Will you go with me to an Ordinary? Venter five hundred or a thousand Peeces. To begin a new V Vorld with.

Ver. Mrs. Bumpsey, I take it you are she.

Mag. An old Ape has an old-eve.

He knowes me through all my cuts and flashes, Ver. How long I pray, has my good friend your Hus-

u

Been thus diftracted?

Mag. But when Iam perfect In the quaint Courtly carriages, that belong Unto this habit ; in which, I confesse, I am yet but raw; how will you know me then?

Ver. She is as mad as he.

Bum. How Lady-like she talkes!

Mag. Or, now my black Bag's on, I hold a penny You do not know me. Bogh-who am I now?

Ver. Most unrecoverably mad I young Gentlewoman:

Nay, I intreat your favour for an answer? As you can pity a wrong'd mans distresse. Give me what light you can of my lost Daughter. You have been inward alwaies, and partook The nearest of her Counsels. Tell me fairely I do befeech you in this gentle way, Though I professe I have a strong presumption Against your Husband, and his young Associates I met to day; and bore their mocks and taunts: On which I have good ground for a strickt course To force 'em to examination.

Tet I intreat you fee.

fa. The VVorld is turn'd

Quite upfide downe : Else I should wonder He w you could make requests, that have got all Tou have (too much) by Rapine and Oppression. Bum. Ver. Do you upbraid me?

Bum. What's the matter Jane?

Mag. Ile fox him out oth' hole if he fing here. Will no Prey serve you but new married wives, Fox?

Ver. Why do you abuse me thus?

Abuse my Husband with your foule Suspicion. Who is as cleer, I know, from wronging you, As your own Son.

Were not he fast enough, I would resolve No other friend had robb'd me.

Mag. Is your son a friend? At a word, hee's like you.

Enter Sir Amphilus, Servant.

Amp. I pray, if my man aske for mee, send him to me, by your Masters leave. By your leave Sir, I made bold to follow a Father-in-Law of mine that should have been, into your house here, with much ado to find it. Any good newes Sir yet? Ha' you heard of her? I cry these Ladies mercy; though you may take me for a Clowne, I must not forget I am a Knight, and give you the curtesse of my lips—

Bum. In the name of Peasantry, what Knight art

If not the Knight of the Plough-share?

word: He call'd us Ladies. To see what Apparell can do! How long might I have trudg'd about in my old coats before I had been a Lady? And then hee would do us the curtesse to kisse us: Sure, sure, as curtesse makes a Knight, so cloaths makes a Lady.

Amp. It feems the's loft then. All ill go with her.

Bum.

Bum. What old youth can this be?

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Amp. Your warrant, perhaps, may find her though.

And I tell you what.

ha' fent my man to lay the Ducking Ponds for her.

Bum. Do you think she would drown her selfe?

Amp. Who knowes what toy might take her?

Is she not a woman, as other sless and blood is? I had another occasion to one that belongs to the Ponds. I tell you as a Friend, I had not sent els: Come Fatherin-Law that should have been; hang forrow. You have had but one Losse to day. I have had two. Ile gi't you in Rhime.

My Mare and my Mistresse I lost on a day, T'one of em dyed, and t'other ran away.

fa. You are acquainted among the Poets it feems,

Amp. Truly but one that's a Gamster amongst us at the ducking Pond; a Cobler, but the neatest Fellow at Poetry, that ever was handicrasts-man; & no Scholler, to enable him by learning, to borrow of the Ancients: Yet be is a Translator too. And he makes the sweetest Posses for Privie-houses. 7a. Ha, ha, ha.

Bum. What a youth's this for a Knight !

Enter Trebasco.

Amp. Ile tell yee Ladies - O Trebasco. Good

newes at last I hope.

Tre. J can never finde you any where, but jeer'd and laugh'd at, and are fool'd, (as I have often told you) to your Worships face, and your Worship perceives it not.

Amp, To the point, man. How does my Whelp? He

E

is grown a tall Dog by this J hope: resolve me quickly.

Tre. Why, to put you out of your pain; your Whelp's grown a tall Dog,

Amp. Good

7a. You said you would tell us, fir: What will you tell us?

Tre. And a handsome Dog.

Amp. Good again.

7a. What a Dog-trick's is this?

Tre. And h'as learnt, besides the main Game, all the rare tricks and qualities his Tutor could teach.

Amp. Excellent.

7a. Will you not tell us, fir, about your Poet?

Amp. Hang him, my Dogs worth em all, in ready money.

Mag. I pray, sir.

Amp. I will not give his eares for the swolnst headfull of wit among em.

Are not his Eares finely curled Trebasco? Like his

Dam Flapses.

Tres Yes, and his Coat all over, fir, they told me.

Amp. Told thee! Didft thou not see him? My heart misgives me.

Tre. See him? No indeed, sir; but J pray beare it as well as you may:

And fet not your heart too much upon transportable things.

Amp. Ha!

Tre. The Dog is gone, fir.

Amp. How!

Tre. Stolne from Schoole, fir; and fold to a great

And Shipt away foure daies ago.

Amp. O my heart will break.

To

7. Do not faint Knight; Cheare up your heart with your Muse.

Amp. My veine is yet too dul; But I will offer at it.
Three Losses I have had; gone, past all help
My Mare, my Mistresse, And (which grieves me most

of all) my whelp.

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Ia. That line is long enough to reach him?

Amp. I would it were else.

Bum. Od's pity. Look you, sir, your Son-in-Law, that should ha' been, is in much passion too. But you'll be rul'd by me, you say. And if I lead you not to comfort, never trust Neighours counsell while you live. Is not this plain enough? My own case at this time is as dangerous as yours.

Ver. That's all that comforts me.

Bum. Neighbourly (aid. I thank you. Come, Sir, will you joyn with your Father-in Law that should ha' been, and me in a Cup of VVine to order a designe.

Tre. There's a reckoning towards.

Bum. It fhall cost you nothing.

Am. To the next Tavern then. Ladies adieu.
To part with such as you to some are crosses.
Yet Ile not put you down among my Losses. Exeunt.

Mag. Daughter while they are gone, let us fall on our project.

fa: For Courtly carriage and behaviour.

Mag. I long to lee this French young schoolmistress.

The Damasin do you call her?

ob aved now

fa. The Damoiselle, Ile wait on you. ___ Exis.

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ACT.

ACT. IIII. Scene I.

A Rabble of rude Fellowes pulling in Wat after them, Valentine, Oliver, Ambrose, Phillis.

Wat. YOU Rogues, Slaves, Villaines, will you murther me?

Rab. To the Pump with him: To the Pump, to the

Val. Prithee beat off the Curs.

Cherre up vote heart with

Rab. No, to the Thames, the Thames.

Phil. Why do you use the man so? Is he not a Christian.

Or is he not Christen'd enough think you, that you would dip him?

Ol. Pray Gentlemen forbeare: It is thought fit, Upon request made by a Noble Friend, Favouring his Person, not his quality; That for this time the Pandar be dismis'd. So all depart in peace.

Enter Rabble

Rab. Away, away, lets go then.

1. A Noble Friend! Pox of his Noble Friendship. He has spoyl'd our sport. O! how we would a sous'd him?

Ol. Now, Mr. Hackney-man, if you have so much grace,

Render due thanks.

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Wat. I thank you Gentlemen.

Ol. On both your Knees; unless you hold it better To kneele yet to the Pump: which you had done, My most officious Pimp, had not his pity Prevayl'd against our Justice.

Val. So, arife; enough, enough.

Amb. Troth tis a shame he should get off so easily; Let him be yet but duck'd, or shew'd the way Over the Garden Wall into the Thames.

Val. Good Ambrose, be not so severe; who knowes What need we may of him? We are all Flesh and blood Ambrose.

Phil. Thou art a Wag I warrant thee.

Amb. Are not you married?

you

the

UC

Val. Mals, twas fo late, I had almost forgotten it.

Amb. No, tis so late you ha' not yet forgot

Ol. Didft ever pimp for him? Protest by what thou fear it most.

Wat. No, as I hope to escape this Gentlemans sury.

Amb. Go, get the hence, insufferable Villaine.

I could een kick thee into twenty peeces, [He kicks

And send thee to thy Master, for my stake Wat.]

Soon, at his Rissing.

Think whilst thou liv'st what tis to be a Pandar. --- A Pandar, -- Pandar -- there's for your remembrance.

[He kickshim.]

Val. Enough. Amb. This touch, & I have done

Phil. Pray let him go, Ile schoole him [Exeunt Wat for it. Phillis.]

Val. This may work good upon the Rascall, if he Have but humanity, although no grace.

Ol. We have discovered the great Risling Val.

We

We know the Jewell now; the igh Comodity:

Val. And think you have done wondrous wifely; do

You have discovered; and how sar you are Mistaken in the old man and his Daughter. All shall be plaine to you soon. Walk off alittle.

ol. We'll leave you will anon we meet at the Ordina.

Ty. b' word to had Lexit. Ol. Amb.

Enter Vermine - Amphilus Bumpley.

Amp. I protest, Gentlemen, I have not drown'd

With so much merry go-down, these three halfe years,

Bump. As with your part of three halfe pintes of

Sack.

We had no more amongst us.

Ver. It was enough to fhew his Prodigality. In over-wastfull Cost. You were not wont. To be a Boordsend-King; a pay-all-in a Tavern.

Bum. But now I love to do these things.

Amp. Now if you could be drawn to the ducking-

To joyn your Groat sometimes with me; or two-pence, There were a Recreation indeed:

That Peerlesse Princely sport, that undoes no man:
Though cheating there; and rooking be as free
As there is square play at the Ordinaries.

Bum. Well the point is: My swaggering Son-in-

Appointed to be here among the Trees.

My Daughter told me fo. Walk here-about.

If he can give light of your light, heed chide.

Well

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Well try what may be done. Ile but step up
Into Ram-Alley-Sandwary, to Debtor,
That praies and watches there for a Protection;
And presently return to you.

Exit.

Amp. Let it be so; flid the old angry man!

Enter Brookeall.

He'll cross us if he see us walke this [Exit Amp. Vermine. 7 way. Broo. These walks afford to miserable man. Undone by Suits, leave, yet, to fit, or go, Though in a ragged one; and look upon The Giants, that over-threw him: Though [Lawyers and others they ftrut And are swolne bigger by his emptiness. pals over Twas here, that we appointed, further the Stage. meeting. The two houres respited are almost run: And he engag'd his honour in fuch tearmes, As I prefume he'll come. Honour! From whence Can he derive that Princely attribute, VVhose Father has descended to a Villany? His house was Noble though: and this young man Had a right virtuous Mother, whom I lov'd. Intirely lov'd: and was in Competition For marriage with her; when high Providence Allotted her to him; who fince her Death. Defam'd my Sister, and disgrac'd our house. My quarrell is not good against his Son For that : But formy Boy ! His doubtfull talk Of him distracts me.

Enter Vermine, and Amphilus.

See the Vermine,
That hath devoured me living, His Aspect
Addes to my Passion such a bitterness,
That turnes me all to gall. I must avoid him,

Exit.

Amb. Introth Father-in-Law that should ha' been.

or that

May be yet (come, who knowes what luck we may have,

Though the dancing Planets have cut cross Capers over Out heads.) I like this old fellows humour of chearing up

The heart well! And would I were lost too, after my

Mare,

My Dog and your Daughter: If this warm Sack has

Kindled a defire in me to play the good fellow, foit might

Be of free cost, to drown these dry remembrances.

Enter Valentine.

See, one of the jeerers. Is this he, that stole the marriage? Ver. Yes, and perhaps my Daughter too. His Father's gone

Now, and I know not how to question him.

Amp. Let me alone to question him. Did you see this Gentleman's

Daughter, fir, my Wife, that should have been?

Val. Since when, fir .

Amp. Since she was stolne away, sir. It were good You would let us have her again; and quickly too, Ere she be worse for wearing, as we say.

Val.

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Val. Old Brookall is not come yet.

Amp. VVill you answer me? Val. You are a busy foole.

Amp. I am satisfied. He knowes nothing?

Val. You lye, Sir.

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Amp. I think I do. You know nothing of her I mean, Sir.

Val. You lye again, Sir.

Amp. I think I do again, Sir. Pray be not so terrible; Examine him your selfe, if it please you.

Enter Brookall.

Broo. VVere his eyes Basiliskes; or did he beare Upon his hellish Countenance the faces Of all the Furies (that no doubt attend him) Ile shun no place for him. Are they acquainted? O most prodigious!

Ver. VVhat do you know, Sir, of my Daughter, Ibe-

feech you?

Val. That she has a wretch, a miserable Caitiff Unto her Father.

Broo. How is that? ____ [aside.]

Val. A villain that has scrap'd up by oppression Law-strife and Perjury, a Dowry for her, So mixt with curses, that it would consume An Earles Estate to match with it and her. And leave him curs'd in his Posterity.

Amp. How bleft was I to miss her !

Broo. Can he speak thus to him? [aside.]

Ver. Dar'Athou confront me thus?

Val. Dat'st thou yet keep a Groat of thine extorted Wealth,

And seest what Judgments fall one thee already? Can all thy Gold redeem thy good opinion,

To

To thine owne Son? And though thou wouldst no

(In case he wanted it) to save his life, A Hangmans Fee, much lesse a Judges thanks, Or price of a Lords Letter to reprieve him; Yet may this Son survive thee; and hoursly he Unto thy last houre, thine Affliction be.

Amp. O happy condition of a Batchelor!

Broo. I like this well in the young man. — [aside.]

Val. Prethee how can't be otherwise?
Hadst thou a vertuous Childe (as here and there,
Some Mothers win a soule) it would be taken
Dead or alive from thee, unto thy greise too,
To scape the curse might come with a Childs part
Of thine ill-got estate: that's thy Daughters case.

Ver. Oh -----

Brro. Brave young fellow !

Val. But shew me where an evill Off-spring has not Survived to spurn the dust of such a Father; And lewdly wast in one or two descents (Unto their own destruction) what was purchased At price of soules departed?

Ver. Will you vouchlafe to leave me?

Amp. Pretty odd Doctrine, this! Val. I have not done w'yee yet.

What corrupt Lawyer, or usurious Citizen,
Oppressing Landlord, or unrighteous Judge,
But leaves the World with horror? and their wealth,
(By rapine forc'd from the oppressed Poor)
To Heires, that (having turnd their Sires to th' Devil)
Turne Idiots, Lunaticks, Prodigals, or Strumpets?
All wanting either wit, or will, to save

Their fatall Portions from the Gulfe of Law. Pride, Ryat, Surfets, Dice, and Luxury,

Till

Till Beggary, or diseases turnes them after?

Ver. Ha' you done yet?

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Val. A word or two for use; and so an end.

Broo. Not fo : It must be amplified a little further.

Ver. Torment and death! Is he come? Let me go;

Amp. Nay pray Sir heare them; though you pro-

Imay perhaps. Methinks it edifies.

Broo. You fayd, and you fayd well; His tainted wealth.

Got by corruption, kept by niggardife. Must flye as ill, through Luxury and Riot : I add, that they who get it fo, shall leave it, To run at the like waste, through their succession Even to the Worlds end: tis not one age. Though spent in prayers, can expiate the wrong Such an estate was gotten by, though the estate Be, to a doyt, spent with it : But it shall Fly like a fatall scourge, through hand to hand : Through Age to Age, frighted by Orphans crys, And Widows tears; the groanes and Lamentations, Of oppressed Prisoners, mingled with the curses Of hunger-bitten Labourers, whose very sweat Thou robst them of: this charming noise is up Of many fad, some mad afflicted wretches. Whose marrow thou hast suck'd; and from whose bowels.

The nourishment was crushed that fed thee, and That ravenous Wolfe, thy conscience.

Ver. I shall trounce you.

Enter Bumpfey.

Bum. What's here? Worrying of Vermine?

Broo. This noyle, I say, of hideous cryes and curses,

That

That follows thine estate, will not be layd In thy deare life time; nor in theirs, the strangers. That must be curs'd with the division Of it, when thou art gone : But, still, it shall Purfue, to all succeeding times, all those, That entertaine least parcels of thy money. When they hall finde at beft, it can but buy Difgrace, difeafes, overthrows at Law, And fuch deare punishments; untill, at last. All hands, affrighted with the touch of it. Shall let it fall to earth; where it hall finke And run into a veyne of Ore, thall reach ----To Hell. And they, that shall, hereafter, dig it, Hundreds of Ages hence, must all compound With the grand Lord o'th Soyle, the Devill, for t. Amp. So they make hot Purchases ! Broo. Now Sir, you may instruct the Usurer, to make ule

Of all he has heard, while I avoyd his fight; Heaven knows I am fick on't: you forget me Sir;

Val. Feare not: I will not fayle you.

Bum. No: Ile deliver him the use of all.

Ver. Oh the variety of my vexation-----

Bum. And all is this (as I advis d before.)

Spend all your felfe, and fave your Heires the fin;

The shame, the sorrows, and the punishments,

That are joynt-heritable with your wealth:

As very learnedly hath been related.

And there's the point, and the whole substance on't. Ver. Bestow your Substance so Sir, if you like it.

Bump. Sir, my condition runs another way.

To the same end perhaps; following my Leader, here.

Amp. Your Son in Law? Trust me, a most fine man: And, if his life be answerable to his Doctrine, Tis like heele lead you to a faire end of all.

Doubtleffe

Doubtlesse he is a fine young Man indeed.

A proper teacher and an edifying.

Bump. Come Sir, lead on, I heare you are provided. Five hundred thick for this free nights adventure.

Val. I am Sir, here it is. Bump. I am so too Sir.

And here it is: And here it is, and here and there, and here it is.

Amp. O brave old man.

Bump. Ile make one w'ye at your new Ordinary, They say tis excellent.

Val. For rarity and plenty.

There's no fuch Pension in all this City.

Amp. And all for nothing ?

Val. For leffe then kiffe your Hofteffe.

Amp. And is there delicate Wine too? I must thither? Val. The flowre of France, and quintessence of Spaine

Flow like a Spring-tyde through the Houle.

Amp. O rare! And all for nothing?

Bump. Hang nothing. Be it as twill, I am for any thing; and as well provided, As you, or any the best Gamester there.

Ver. Sir.

Bum. I love to do these things. But first, pray tel me Can you tell tale or tydings of his Daughter here?

Val. Not of his Daughter: But I heard his Son
Was freed, this day, from Prison.

Ver. How, how, how?

Enter Brookall, Phillis:

Broo. Yonder he is, still, busie.

Phil. Ile among em. Walke you back a little,
And, get I any money, Ile lend thee some.

Val. Ile tell you how. Some freind has paid his debr; The Action is discharged; and he's releas d.

Ver. You practife my abufe. Tis not in man,

To do me such a mischeife.

Amp. Away Girle.

Phil. Thou art as hard, as this dry crust, here, was. But he is better minded now, I hope:
Now, old man I am sure thou art for me,
Thou cursedst me before, but now thou wilt
Blesse me, I hope, and not without a Crosse
Of a faire Silver Sixpence.

Ver. Hence you Harlot.

Phil. Nay look you, if I could afford it, thinke you I'de make two words wye: tis but a fixpenny matter Between us; why will you be so hard: tis but So little lesse less among all thy Children; And He bate it them in their prayers for thee, Though I be at the trouble, my selfe, to do it.

Val. Troth, the begs prettily. I must give her some-

Here Wench.

Bum. What is it, I will fee it.

Phil. Tis a good Shilling, and a vie; will you fee't Sir?

Bam. Look you, tis cover'd.

Phil Gentlemen, will you come in ? will you vie it ?

Amp. No we deny it.

Phil. You may revye it then, if you please. They come not in to binde it.

Val. Will you come in againe Sir?

Bum. Sir, after you, and't be to my last sixpence.
I will keep Covenant w'ye.

Val. A shilling more on that.

Bum. Done Sir: there tis.

Phil. Why, there are Lads of bounty! Have you any minde yet Gentlemen?

Ver.

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Ver. What, to be Bankrupts?

Phil. Troth, thou wouldst feare as much, shouldst thou but break

Thy Porredge Pipkin.

Val. Prithee what's thy name?

Phil. Nell, my Mother calls me. I nere knew Sire, nor Godfire.

Val. Nell?

st !

Phil. Yes: And tis as bonny a Beggars name, as ever came from beyond Trent.

Into this Girle, methinks, howere necessitated Into this course, declares she has a spirit Of no grosse ayre: And I dare think her Blood, Although, perhaps, of some unlawfull mixture, Deriv'd from Noble veines. One may perceive Much in her Language, in her Looks, and Gesture, That pleads, methinks, a duty above pitty, To take her from this way, wherein she wanders So farr from the intent of her Creation.

Bump. Your meaning is, you would buy her out of her Calling.

Is it not so?

Val. Ten Peices J would give Towards a new one for her.

Bump. Here's ten more

To bind you quite from begging. Can you afford it?

If yes, accept it. And let's fee your back.

Phil. I make no Curtsies, nor send thanks that way, No, lie be forwards in them. May my thanks and prayers Multiply years and blessings on your heads. And when I beg againe, may Beadles take Advantage on my back, and lash the skin off, So Heaven be ever with you -----

Val. Stay. Who would not have given this Money?
Gentlemen.

Doft

Dost not move you to give a packing penny?

Phil. Nor move you them for me. J should, now, feare

One of their ill-got pence, here mingled, would Corrupt and overthrow my righteous Fortune.

Exit Phil!

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Amp. Ovillanous Vixen.

Ver. Each minute of this day augments my torment, Yet I have coold it with some patience; Attending Sir your answer.

Val. For your fon.

Ver. J have no Son, J aske you for my Daughter.

Wal. Be this your pennance for your misbeleife, Hye you to the Compter: if you finde not there Your son; meet me an hour hence at my Fathers, Ile tell you news of him; and he perhaps May tell you of his Sister. This deserves A fee. Your absence pays it me. Go quickly, We have some businesse: And your stay will but Make the Scene tedious.

Ver. Weel go. Wil't please you?

Amp. Yes: we will off in Rhime. There is no doubt, If Wat be not i'th Compter, he is out.

Exit Ver. Amp.

Bump. Now, what's the next vagary?

Val. Onely this Sir.

You have playd at small Game with me. Now there is A greater tryall of my Love and Bounty, Instantly to be made. A Gentleman, (I stay too long) an intimate Freind's arrested, But for two hundred pound on execution:

Will you joyne Charity to fetch him off?

Bump. J would 't had been thine owne case two
dayes since.

One of your fine Companions, some poor Shark?

Ha,

Ha, ift not fo?

il!

ıt,

Bump. Jam halfe fick of this Condition.

Jdo begin, not altogether, how,

To love these things so well methinks. Humh ha!

Val. Nay, if you go not chearfully ----
Bump. Yes: Jgo.

Exeunt ambo.

A CT. IV. Scene II.

Brookall, Phillis.

Broo. Good Childe, thy tale is pittifull; yet it forts So with the fell condition of my Fortune,

That I crave more of it.

Phil. Jeame not to Discourse of sorrow, but to bring you comfort.

VVill you yet have a Crowne?

Broo. I prithee keep

Thy Money Child; and forwards with thy ftory.

Thou faydft thy Mother was a Gentlewoman.

Phil. He give you reason. Since J can remember, Shee never did a wrong, though suffered much; Nor the least unjust thing. No, though her poverty And care of me have pinch'd her very bowels, Shee knew not how to seek anothers good, So much as by request. Shee never durst borrow, For feare to come so neer the danger of A promise breach: And, for base ends, to sye Shee holds it sacriledge. Is ath she jerk'd That humour out of me; for J was given (I tell you as a Freind) a little to't.

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The Damoisene

It came fure by the Father, God forgive him. A light 1 ha Broo. Thou faydle thou thought for thy Father was But Barrel an habe fick of this Cardain's is

How thinkst thou te could lye then to abuse dobi A Virgine of that good neile, as it feemes Shee, that by him became thy Mother was.

Phil. The Devill, ture, was powerfull with him then. Nor do you hear me fay, all Gentlefolkes Are of one minde. Alasse they could not live

One by another then.

Broo. Peace, fray a little :

How came thy Mother to decline her spirit So low, as thus to furier thee to beg !

Phil. Vertue goes often wet-lhod, and is faine To coble it selfe up to hold out water And cold necessity: But fure, the quality Came to me by the Fathers fide too: For Tis a more commendable, and Courtly practife To beg, then steale. He was perhaps, a Courtier. I rather would be rob'd of all I have Then steale one farthing.

Broo. Thou fay'ft thy Mother never would reveale To thee, or any one, her Birth, or Fortune. Answer me, prethee, how dost thou collect Th' hadit fuch a Facher? Or that he has thus Wronged thy poore Mother, by not marrying her? Phil. Now you come to me indeed old man: How

now,

What do you weep?

Breo. The sharpness of the Aire Strikes on mine eyes a little. Prethee fay.

Phil. I first, as fain would know the hidden cause That works this aptness in me, to discover My Mother and my felfe to you. I know not How to look off o you, I aith you weep.

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I have heard some talk of naturall instinct. was But know not what it is. Pray can you tell me? Or any like reason, why I should Thus doat, and hang about you? Or tell me this. Have you not been of better Fortune? Are not you Some decayed Knight? Be not affiam'd, but tell me. They cannot all be rich, there are so many.

Broo. Oh my heart !

len.

Phil. Yea, are your Conscience-struck? Have at you for a father then: And yet Me-thinks you are more old in goodness, then To be, fo late, fo wicked , as to wrong A woman of her sweetness. Yet Ile try you. Here is a long-kept Paper. This is all That ere I gathered of my Mothers wrong, And of my Fathers cruelty, and condition. It seemes this was his band, and ruthfull farewell, He turn'd her off withall. See, if you know it. More then a thousand times I have observed her Weep o're that Paper: ever carefull, though, Her teares might not deface it. If by chance,

As when those teares prevented had her fight Some foft ones did on that hard Sentence light, Her Lips took off the Trespas of her Eye; And her hot Sighes restor'd the Paper dry.

Broo. This comes so neer a Miracle; that my faith I frare is staggering. How got'st, thou this paper?

Phil. I stole it from my Mother, (and in Troth Tis all that ere I stole) because she should not Weep out her eyes upon't. I do not love, Although I am a beggar, to lead blind folks. Do you not find there, that he is a Knight, Though he subscribes no name? He tells her there. And tauntingly, he knowess the is more forry For the loft Ladyship he promis'd her,

Then

Then for her Maiden-head. Let me heare you read it.

Broo. Mine eyes, are now, too full indeed; I cannot.

Phil Are you the man then, whom I must ask bles.

fing?

It you bee, speak. He have you to my Mother,
Though, I dare sweare, she had rather dye, then you,
Or any of your Race, or hers, should see her,
Whilst she has breath. Yet I will undertake
To prattle you both good friends.
And you shall have my Mammy,
And she shall have her Nell (that's J.)
The man shall have his Mare againe,
And all shall be well. How do you?

Broo. Prethee forbeare me good wench but a little.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I have kept my time you see; and shall not faile In any Circumstance. Here are two Swords, Pray take your choice. I have bespoke a Boat Shall land us o're the water, where you please; Though, I Protest, I yet would beg your Love, Next to my Naturall Fathers.

Broo. This I fear d.

And charg'd the plain way. But't shall not serve.

Val. You took my part of late, against old Vermin

Broo. Prethee who would not? This is another case

Val. Why, if there be no remedy, pray accept

Your forty pounds. The money, Sir, may stead you

For your escape, when you have ta'ne my Life.

Broo. Your money would hang me, Sir. Your lifes
not worth it.

Val. Tis your own money; sent you by your Son.

Broo. How know I that? Or that I have a Son

By thee unmurther'd.

Val.

Val. Itold you of a Letter I had millaid:
Look you. Do you know his hand?
Broo. If it be not.

Much chang'd, and latery, here is that wil match.

Val. Was ever given Gold so weigh'd, and try'd?
What Lawyer, Nay, what Judge would be so scrupulous?

No want corrupts good Conscience: Nor excess Allaies in bad, the thirst of Cov'tousness.

Phil. What do you think, Sir?

Val. I think you beg again, and would be whipt?

Phil. I fecks, I do not beg; but came to offer

This griev'd old man fome of my infinite fortune

Found in your lucky money: Lucky indeed;

For I have found a Father by 'c. I vow

I think my Father. I'st not a fine old man'?

I shall know more anon.

id it!

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ou,

Val. Her money, sure,

Has made her Mad : How do you finde it, Sir?

Broo. My wonder now, is, how thou canst be Son Of such a Father! Thou are honest sure.

Here is your Sword, I will accept the money.

Val. Then I shall live, and so may want the money.

Will you forbeare it for a day or two?

Broo. Your Sword again.

Now, I profess to you, I have present need ont,

And am as strict, Sir, for my right, as I

Before was to decline it.

Val. Pray, Sir, take it; And give me leave to beg your charitable Construction of my Father.

Broo. How is that ?

Val. Did you but know the care, the cost, and tra-

He has been at a thousand waies, to finde

Your

Your injur'd Sifter, to make good his fault,
If possibly he might

Broo. O fie, O fie!

Val. Till all Opinion gave her dead; and then
The meanes he has fought to do you Offices
Against your knowledge. For he knew your Spirit
Would not except of his benevolence.

Broo. Read that, and gueffe whose deed 'tis. Stand

off Girle.

Thil. Yes forfooth Father, I shall learn in time, Ile call him Father till he findes me another. I know he could not shed those teares for nothing.

Val. But does she live, to whom this was directed?

Broo. Speak low: is that your Fathers hand?

Val. It is.

Broo. Along with me then. Girle, lead you the way.

Phil. Anan forfooth Father,

Broo. Shew us to your Mother.

Thil. Shall he go too? What will the Neighbours think?

There's none but Beggars all about us. Ods fo, There'll be a show indeed.

Val. No matter. Will you go?

Phil. Sir, they will hale you to peeces.

Val. Will you deny me >

Phil. How thall I answer't to my Mother? She Never saw man, nor has been seen by man, That I know, in my life.

vigo but know the care, the

Val. No matter: Will you on? Broo. Ile fave thee blamelesse.

Phil. Troth Ile venter,

Exenut Oes.

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A CT. V. Scene Line
Ali. No fuch marcen Mc samplers and same
Frances, Magdalen, Jane, Alide. w. T.
rised the sale has Wine on a Table to sale . See
rhe hands already
Fra. Res bien venue Madames and dod
You are very welcome olad barry and
Mag. Good lack! And is it you, Mrs. Alice? I'm possible? Are you come to leasn Carriage
100? I will make bold with tother Glaffe of
Wine. At a word, I like your French Carriag
the better, that it allowes elder Women to
Ali. They have no other drink, except water. An
Maids are allowed but that
Ja. And young wives (they fay) wine with their water.
Mag. Mingle your Glaffe, then Daughter. This fo
me. Your father has so sought you Mrs. Alice
And But neither of 'em can dream French enough
to direct em hither, J. warrant you. And does
book of the learn the Carriages very well, Madam
Filly? de si fous plaiste i linde sail
Mag. What do yee cal't? I shall never hir it. How
Als. Take helashledas anay apai wayab.
Mag. But how much carriage bath the leasn t Hear
F 4

you Mrs. Alice. Have you not learnt to carry a man? Has not a good Husband stolne you hither?

J can think waggishly I tell you: And an old Ape has an old eye. Go to.

Ali. No such matter, Mrs. Bumpsey.

Fra. Wyhat is that you fay?

Mag. I ask you how much carriage she has learne? Fra. She come but dis day; And she carry both

the hands already.

Mag. How fay by that. I'st possible? Can she carry both her hands in one day?

Fra. Yes, and before to morrow, she shall carry the

Mag. It feems, then, you teach handling before footing in your French way.

Fra. You may learn dat of de leetle Shild. De leetle Shild you fee will handle de ting, before it can fet one foot to de ground. Come, let me fee you make a Reverance.

Mag. Reverance ! VVhat's that?

Fra. Tis dat you call a Curtsie. Let me see you make Curtsie.

Mag. Look you heare then.

Fra. O fee, fee -- dat is de groß english Douck, for de swagbuttock'd-wife of de Pesant.

Mag. How like you this then? There's a Reverence
I warrant you.

Fra Fee, dat is worse. See how you carry de hands like de Comedien dat act de shangling.

Mag. Shall I ever hit on't troe? I must take tother

Ali. Take heed she does not take too much.

7a. I hope she will not. But there's no croffing her.

Mag.

Bu

Mag. There they bee. They have been a little too familiar with Sea-coale fires, and much other course houswifry, which I shall utterly abhor, and wash off, when I have learnt to carry them Courtly.

But shall I ever do ir; think you?

Vou

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Fra. Yes, yes, and all your other parts and members.

Mag. I may winne my Husband to love mee Court-ly then.

Fra. To love, and lye with you Courtly.

Mag. That's but feldome, I doubt.

Fra. You shall know all de waies to winne his Love, Or any mans, to multiply your honour.

Mag. I will fo multiply then. ar le you bay!

Fra. Not onely in your looks, your smiles and sweet

(Besides the help of Painting) that adorn
The face: But with the motion of each Lineament,
Of the whole frame of your well order d body.
An Eye, a Lip, a singer shall not move;
A Toe trip unregarded. But your Geat
And your whole gracefull Presence shall attract,
(Beyond affection) admiration:
As Ile artisice you.

Mag. Ile be a Nimph. Diana and her Dearlings, deare, deare, deare, Gc. [fing.]

But may I paint, fay you?

Fra. O most allowably; nay, commendably.

Mag. Tother Glass for that.

Head, Face, Neck, Breast, , with which I willinspire you.

Unto de best advantage. To 32 of Control Place

Mag.

Mag. That is to say,

To hide shame, or shew all: that's her meaning.

Fra. You shall have no defect perceiv'd, no grace conceal'd.

Mag. I am for the naked Neck and Shoulders, then.
For (I tell you Mistress.) I have a white Skin,
And a round streight Neck: smooth and plump Shoul-

ders .

Free from French Flea-bits, and never a wrinckle

Neare'em, though I say't.

Fra. Thas been suggested by invective men. Women, to justifie themselves that way. Reganthat Fashion. As one tother fide. The fashion of mens Brow-locks was perhaps Devis'd out of necessity, to hide Allil-prac'd forehead; Or besprinckled with The outward Symptomes of some inward griefe. As, formerly the Saffron-Steeped Linnen, By some great man found usefull against Vermine. Was ta'ne up for a fashionable wearing. Some Lord that was no Niggard of his Beauty, Might bring up narrow brims to publish it. Another, to obscure his, or perhaps To hide defects thereof, might bring up broad ones. As questionless, the streight, neat timber'd Leg. Eirh wore the Troncks, and long Silk-hole: As likely The Baker-knees, or some strange shamble shanks, Begat the Ancle-breeches

Mag. Sure the men.
Took that conceit from us. What woman shewes.
Alleg, that's not a good one?

She shemes a

Fran These among men, are followed. [Madled leg.]

That were invented for the better grace. Sold (As our Attires) to fet off Limb, or face.

Mag.

Mag. Good lack! What knowledge comes from forraigne parts?

Enter Dryground, VVat.

Dry. I prethee Wat, have patience for an houre.

Wat. Not for a minute, Sir, He not be kick'd,

And call'd base Pandar for your baseness

Dry. Nay, look you Wat.

Wat. And had almost been pump'd,

And made a sport for Water-men ich' Thames.

Dry. But Heare me, Wat.

Wat. Ile heare my Father sooner. (Give me hence My Sister) were he a ravenous Beast, a Wolfe, I would obey him rather then trudge a toot Further in your base way. Heart I am hip-shot.

Dry. Now, would his Bodies paines convert his

He carry her and her Virginia

Soule,

Twere a good work.

as worth

race

hen.

oul-

Wat. I am in desperate seare
O'th' Mourning of the Chine too with the kicks,
And hunches they o're-laid me with. O base !
Without resistance. Give me hence my Sister.

Dry. But how was it my fault?

Wat. Was'e not your project?

7a. What may this mean?

Ali. No harm I warrang you.

Wat. Nay, it shall out. Your base inhumane Pro-

To fell your Daughters Maiden head. (I care not Who heares me, J.) And cunningly to make me Your Hackney jade to fetch your Chapmen in

Mag. Where are we now?

Wat. Balenels! I cannot call it bad enough.

Dry:

Dry. You were as forward in it as my felfe, And wooed me you might have her without all faults, wat. Mine eyes are opened now.

Dry. But J beleive nuorgy

They were almost beaten out first.

Wat . And I vow

Ere J will marry fo, Ile take a Beggar,

And joyn in trade with her, though I get nothing

But - My name is Vermine already, I

Thank a good Father for't.

Dry. A Beggar-wenches breed would propagate

Your name most numerously.

Wat. Much better then your Sale-ware, and more

I think I saw her to day must be the woman, Good Madame Polcat, the trim Schoole-mistris.

Ile make bold with your Schollar. What ! you have more.

Ile carry her and her Virginity

Unto some fitter place of Execution.

Ali. You brought me hither, Sir, and here He stay.

Wat. What ! in a Bawdy-house?

Mag. O deare! and is it to? VVhat are we then?
Is this your boun fashion? Is this the carriage of the
Body, that you would teach us? What, to bee
VVhores? VVe could learn that at home, and
there were need, without your teaching.

fa. Mother; what do you mean?

Ali. Mrs Bumpsey; pray feare no harm.

Mag. O good lack I what will become of us? where are we now, Jane?

poor Bump. how will thou take this at my hands, though Jearry them never fo Courtly?

Dry. Sfoot, the's in her Mawdlin fit . All her wine thowres

showres out in teares. Mag. Oh, oh, oh, She falls

Dry. Pray have her in. Look carefully to her, Mag. Oh, oh, oh,

Dry. Take the Bottle with yee.

Mag. I, I, I.

cs.

Dry. In all to the next Room. - Exeunt Fra. Wat. Sir, the shall with me. Ile leave Jane leading her where I found her. out Magda-

Dry. Sir, no fuch matter. len.

Wat. 'Sfoot, Gentlewoman, must I kick you out o' doores?

Dry. No, nor depart your felfe, but by Authority. I am provided for you. Friends come in.

Enter two Sergeants.

And do your Office.

Ser. We arrest you, Sir; Nay, we shall rule you. Wat. Ha, ha, ha, VVhy, this is well, and very hofpitably done.

VVould any man but an old Bawde ha' done this? Day. Sir, I mistrusted your Apostacy.

Since you revolt, I must recall my money:

Or lay you where I found you, as you threatned your Sifter here.

Wat. Bafer, and bafer still. Are you a Knight?

A Knight, a Post-Knight. A Postillion,

That rides a fore-horse, o're the Eares in durt, Three fingers thick, is not to bale. You Varlets,

Do you arrest folkes in a bawdy-house?

Ser. VVe do not finde it fo; Or, if it be, The place may be as honest as our Office.

VVill you walk, Sir :

Wat, Stay : Let me confider,

The Dumoiselle:

If now my Father (as some in like cases.

Have done) would take a fine submission.

I could affoard to kneele and whine, me-thinks,

Rather then back to my old Ward again.

Twill nere be handsome though.

Enter Valentine:

Val. The business Gentlemen.

Wat. My lucky friend.

Sir, you reliet'd me lately. Could you now But add another Favour, it might teach One, that were learnt to pray, to pray for you. Do you not know me, Sir? Twas I you fav'd Out of the Temple Sudds.

Val. Haft thou been fav'd fince ?

Wat. No, Sir, I was difguis'd.

Val. Dilguis'd!

Wan Difglis'd in villany, which I fecant.

Val. Who knowes but he may prove an honest

Pray, Sir, a word, press the a seed man van bloov?

Ser. We do not use to wait dry-fisted; not dry throated.

Wat. I would you were as wet all over, as I was like to have been: Or, as you are Catchpoles, I would you had been but in those hands I escap'd from.

Dry. You have prevail'd, Sir.

Val. Sergeants you shall not out of the House. Here's for halfe an houres attendance. Go into that Room with your Prisoner. You shall have Wine, and Smoak too.

Be of good cheere friend, if thou canst be honest,

I can relieve thee : feare not.

Wate

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Wat. Sir, get my Father but to say as much,'
And you shall be Co-heire with me. I vow you shall have halfe.

[Execute Wat, Sergeants]
Val. VVee'll talk anon. The Youth appeares con-

verted.

Dry. There was no other meanes to work it by,
But that I us'd; to urg'd him past his Nature.
He was so free in's Villany, that I
Giving the Spurs, ran him beyond his speed;
Quite off his Legs, and glad to be led home.

Nal. His Father comes on fairely: I have followed All your Instructions concerning him, And my fantastick Father-Law Both whom Are hard at hand, with the wife western Knight. He too's content to go to the best Ordinary, V. Vhile tis best cheap he saies V. Vhere are the women?

Dry. Your Mother-'Law, after the had got As much French Carriage, as might ferve to furnish A petty Court; is fallen into a fit, To over-throw it all againe.

Val. The better.

But is the house cleare, Sir, of all your Risters?

Dry. As I could wish; And well satisfied.

For, when they understood the honest end,
My Project aim'dat; which, by an Oration

V Vell charg'd with virtuous Sentences, I fore'd
Into the nobler Breasts: they all recanted

The barbarous purpose; and as freely lest
Their money for that Charitable use,
To which I pre-intended it. The rest

Purs'd theirs again. But yet I have collected
In this odd uncouth way, five hundred Pounds,
That was laid down at stake for a Virginity,
To make an honest stock for Franck:

Val. Tis good.

I may fetch in my Guelts in the mean time
You may be pleas'd, Sir, to peruse this Baper. - Exit.
Dry. How now! what's here? How might he come

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It is the fcorn I fent my injur'd Love;
My abus'd Elynor: The hand, that threw
Her from me. O, that at the price of it
I could receive her.

Enter Oliver. Ambrofei

Grand the source transform beyond by

Ol. Sir, by your leave,

VVe come to sup w'yee. Does your Rifling hold?

Amb. VVhat, you are off o'the hooks, me-thinks.

Ol. If there be no such thing, tell us the Riddle?

Dry. You shall know all, and briefely. Franck,

come in.

Enter Franck.

Now Gentlemen

Ol. Let us falute her first. -- Salute, then whisper.

Dry. She does not tast of sin. Faire Chastity

Sits crown'd upon her Brow, with an aspect,

May beat down Lust to Hell, from whence it rose.

Fra. You professe Nobly, sir.

Ol. Ivow, and do not lye to you: If I finde Your Father so inhumane, you against it: VVee'll be your Rescue, if forty able sword-men VVhich we have, at the signal of a singer, Planted in readiness, can setch you off: Do you approve?

Fran. Yes, and admire your goodness.

Ol. Now we are for you, fir:
Dry. Then hearethe story; which your late Impatience

-

patience would not permit, Amb. You speak not now

me

In that high Phrase, or tone, as you Enter Valentine. did then. Val. Stand Here, unfeene; Bumpfey, Verand heare attentively.

d heare attentively.

Dry. I am a Gentleman, that by Brookall, Elynor, foule misdeed

Phillis.

(Heaven, Heaven I aske thee pardon) once did wrong To an unfortunate Family, by rejecting, After affiance, and her love abuld,

A Gentlewoman -

Ol. You got with child, and then deny'd her Marriage.

Dry. Twas fo. Ely. Ay me!

Val. No passion gentle Soule.

Phil. If this should prove my Father now!---

Ol. Well Sir, your Gentlewoman!

Dry. Shee, on the discontent, (poore haplesse Soule) Now foureteen Winters fince though fadly burden'd, Fled, and no more is heard of : at the first My wildnesse took no sense of this deare Losse; But drew me through the wayes of carelesse pleasure, By riotous expence, that mine estate And Credit ran at wafte, and was nigh spent, Untill my trespasse cry'd against my Conscience To render satisfaction: but in vaine We offer to the dead. My Genius therefore

Prompts me to gratefull deeds unto her Blood.

Amb. What can this come to?

Dry. Shee had a Brother, that loft his estate By Law--- RI WE LO VERY

Br. Means he not mee?

Dry. To a Corrupt Oppressor-

Ver. Ha! How's that?
Dry. Was stript out of the very Coat he wore,

Had nothing left him, but a Sonne---

Ol. What's all this to your Daughter?

Dry. Even all that may be; (see) His Sonne's my Daughter.

Discover Franc, Now do you find my project Gentlemen?

Now do you find my project Gentlemen? It has at Charge of three dayes House-keeping Put halse a thousand pounds in's purse; Besides A faire pull for his Fathers Land againe: For he has, by a lawfull Church-man, married The Daughter of his Fathers Adversary.

Ol. Why, here are wonders! Amb. Bravely, nobly done

Dry. Come Mrs. Alice; and justifie your Act.

Enter Alice

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Ver. My Daughter, ha!
Amp. My fweetheart, hoe!

Fra. Your haes and hoes can not draw her from me, thee is my Wife.

Ver. By what witch-craft?

Dry. By stronger Charmes, then your Art can diffolve. You know me now, Sir-And my Project, do you not? Discovers himselfe.

Ol. Amb. Sir Humfrey Dryground. Ver. I am fruck dum with wonder.

Elin. O tis he, tis hee!

Val. Alasse she swounes, Sir cheare you up this Lady, While I appeale the rest. A word with you Sir.

Amp. I will not be appeared. Dry. My love! my Elynor!

Bump. So, cheare her up Sir Humfry. To her againe Sir Humfry; your Sonne and mine in Law has told me all your story, and reconcil d your Brother Brookall to you before your interview. I know all, the full point and the whole substance; the flat and plaine of the businesse; the flat and plaine of the businesse; and now I love these things againe. How now Sir Amphilus

thilus? Drown'd in Melancholly?

Amp. No: But and I were at the Duckingpond, I know what I know. But when I drown my felfe, I'll give you leave to hang me.

Ali. Your pardon, and your bleffing, I beseech you. Ver. Hence. Exit Valentine.

Broo. Was this thy Journey into France my Boy? High Providence hath made it good. But tell mee, Was Love your chiefe Instructor to this Marriage?

Fran. Indeed it was equall in her and mee.

Ali. Pray Sir your bleffing.

Ver. Away.

Broo. Turne this way for a bleffing then my Daughter,
Bump. Shall I tell you Neighbour? Law has no reliefe for you; And Conscience and you have a longe
time been strangers. Could you be friends and embrace
Conscience now, all would be well. And there's the
substance. Is it plaine?

Ver. Conscience ! do you know where she is?

Enter Val. Wat. Magdalen, Jane.

fion single has brought her in his true Conver-

Wat. Sir, If you can forgive, and can obey you.

I now can better kneele, then speak

He weeps

Val. Do you note those teares, Sir? Had you lost your

My Father had in this made you amends,

In finding you a Son. His Art converted him sorolie

Ver. Sure, all's but Apparition, or a dream.

Bump. Ha! Think you so? Tis your own fielh and blood: And by your leave and liking, may prove as honest a Man, as his Father. Is not this plaine now? Forgive and blesse emall over, and so Kisse em too. They are your Children.

Mag.

Mag. O my deare Bump! Art thou there? Thou mayst kisse, and forgive me all over too, for any harm, or dishonesty; though the place be as they say-at a word, Bump. Thou mayst believe me, I came but to learn Carriage of the Body, nor to carry no bodies body, but my owne body, Bump. No truely, truely Bump. o --- o --- that ever I did that.

Bump. Peace, peace: All's well. At least I know your Disease.

Mag. Think me not drunk, good Bump, a little fashion-sick, or so.

Amp. Fashion-sick I a fine civill word. To be drunk, is fashion-sick.

Ver. I am awak'd out of the Lethargy Of Avarice: Bleft may our Friendship be.

Dry. I will not fleep, before the holy Priest Has done the Office. Bleffing on my Girle. Val, Thon hast made me young againe: the best Occurrents in this Project have been thine. Thy Accidents exceeded my designe.

Val. They do not yet cease here: For see, the strife Betwixt these long continued Adversaries

Perfectly reconciled; and both have given

The young and hopefull married paire their Bleffings.

For it was Nolens volens as they fay.

Val. They are beholden to you. Mr. Vermine
Restores unto the Son the Fathers Land,
For Dowry with his Daughter: And is taken
So with the good you wrought upon his Son,
The Convertite here; that if he stand sirme
Till the determination of your Mortgage,
Heel cancell it, and send it Gratis to you.

Wat. That's fure enough. But Sir, the other bufineffe.

Dry.

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Dry. What's that?

Val. The most to be admir'd of all;

He loves my Sister here; and has done long:

But, now, that he perceaves her worth (being yours)

And, since you promised him your Daughter too,

He makes it his faire suit.

Dry. I'll talk with his Father.

And Wat stand you but firme, and sive reform d,

Winning my Daughters love, you shall have mine.

Phil. That Fortune is not blinde, that shew'd me way

To Father, Friends, and Husband in one day.

Dry. This binds us all into a Brother-hood.

Bro. And with a Brothers Love I now falute you.

Dry. So may we with a generall embrace, Create the Heart of Friendship, not the Face. Come Gentlemen, your Ordinary stayes, Twill prove good fare(I hope) though no rich Feast; And acceptable to each welcome Guest.

Epilogue.

The writer of these Scenes desires to know,
By your faire leave, though he assume no Bayes,
Whether he pull'd faire for a leafe or no.
If yes, then let your hands assistant be,
Tincourage him to climb Apollo's tree.

n my Donaine is not blinde, the thew'd me way I acher, I rie de, and Husband in one day.

I acher, I rie de, and Husband in one day.

I acher this bin a sall into a Brother Lood.

Rec. And with a cothers I ove I now falute you.

I was may we noth a generall embrace.

Create the Real coll then amp, not user account of an Orange County County County County County County Prove good tare (Thope) if ough no rich I call; And acceptable to each welcome Quelt.

Ff Nfs.

Epilogue

FIVE NEW PLAYES,

(Viz.)

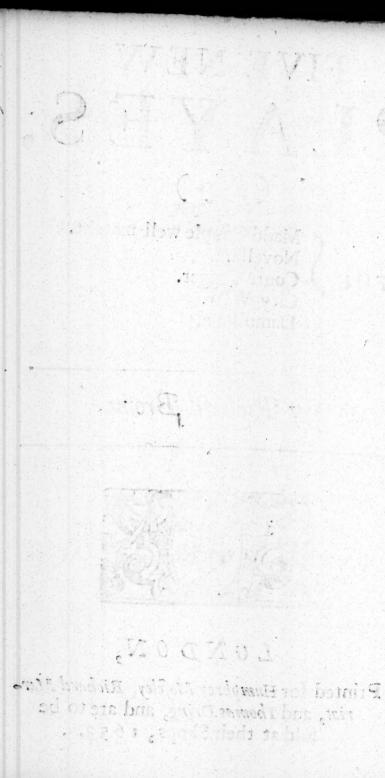
THE Madd Couple well matcht:
Novella.
Court Begger.
City Witt.
Damoifelle.

By Richard Brome.



LUNDON;

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, Richard Marariot, and Thomas Dring, and are to be fold at their Shops, 1653.





TO THE

READERS.

BELOVED,

EING to write to a multitude of you, (for I know you will be many) I forbear Epithets, because the same will not fit all; and I hate to make difference among Freinds. I have often considered with my selfe, whether I were best to Dedicate this Booke or no; and I have thought on the maine ends of Dedications, which I finde generally to be Flattery or Want. To the one my nature was ever averse: And (were my Debts all payd to me and by me) I should not be much concerned in the other. As for the two ordinary pretences, namely, Gratitude, or Patronage, like Religion and Liberty, they are made but the Vizors to somewhat else. For is it not a high peice of Gratitude, when an Author has received favours from his Mecanas, to requite him with a Booke; and to take, or expect, two or three Peices from him for it, when another man shall buy the Same Book of the thriving Stationers, for halfe a Crowne ? And for Patronage or Protection, I would

The Epiftle.

would faine know, if an Author writes like a Cockscombe, whether any Patron can protect him from being laught at. And he that writes well, makes

every one his Patron without a Dedication.

Eut in Epistles of this nature, something is usually begg'd; and I would do so too, but, I vow, am puzled, what. Tis not acceptance, for then youle expect I should give it; tis not money, for then I should loose my labour; tis not praise, for the Author bid me tell you, that, now he is dead, he is of Falstaffs minde, and cares not for Honour; tis not pardon, for that supposes a fault, which (I believe) you cannot finde. But, if you'le know what it is, it is, that you would expect nothing else of Preface, or Apologie, from

Yours,

Stationers ; for ha

moiffuer transposed than

as his owne,

A. BROME.

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A Præludium to Mr. RICHARD BROMES Playes.

Hen we shall still have Playes! and though we may Not them in their full Glories yet display; Yet we may please our selves by reading them, Till a more Noble Act this Act condemne. Happy will that day be, which will advance This Land from durt of precise Ignorance; Distinguish Merall Virtue, and Rich wit, And gracefull Action, from an unfit Parenthefis of Coughs, and Hums, and Haes, Threshing of Cushions, and Tautologies. Then the dull Zelots shall give way, and flye, Or be converted by bright Poesie. Apollo may enlighten them, or else In Scottish Grots they may conceale themselves, Then shall Learn'd Johnson reassume his Seat, Revive the Phænix by a second heat. Create the Globle anew, and people it, By those that flock to surfer on his wit. Judicious Beaument, and th' Ingenious Soule Of Flet cher too may move without controule. Shakespeare (most rich in Humours) entertaine The crowded Theaters with his happy veine. Davenant and Massinger, and Sherley, then Shall be cry'd up againe for Famous men. And the Dramatick Muse no longer prove The peoples Malice, but the peoples Love. Black, and white Fryers too, shall flourish againe, Though here have bin none fince Queen Many's reign. Our Theaters of lower note in those More happy daies, shall scorne the rustick Prose Of a Jack pudding, and will please the Rout, With wit enough to beare their Credit out

The

The Fortune will be lucky, see no more
Her Benches bare, as they have stood before.
The Bull take Courage from Applauses given,
To Eccho to the Taurus in the Heaven.

Lastly, St. James may no aversion show,
That Socks, and Buskins tread his Stage below.
May this Time quickly come, those daies of Blisse
Drive Ignorance down to the dark Abisse.
Then (with a justly attributed praise)
Wee'l change our saded Broom, to deathlesse Baies.

Aston Cokaine,

To the Stationer, on the publishing Mr. Bromes Comedies.

Since Poems of this nature, honest Freind, Do, of themselves, nor praise nor discomend An Author or his Work; but He, and It, Must by the Readers Palate rise or set; What need we write Encomiums, or expose Our judging R hymes, to be laught at in Prose? We're like Godfathers (as they're us'd of late) Not to Engage for Children, but give Plate. And truely scarce there is a Poet known, That praises others wit, but clawes his own. But tis the Custome, and who won't submit, Must be esteem'd a Schismatick in wit: And therefore in obedience to the power, Ile tell the World, I've read these Poems o're, And in them finde fo naturall a vaine

Of clean, rich Fancie, in so pure a straine: That I may fafely fay, who does not love it, Can't for his life write any thing above it. This witty Pen, this mirthfull Comick style, Makes us at once both serious, and smile. Wraps serious truths in fab'lous mysteries, And thereby makes us merry, and yet wife. No Gods, or Goddeffes his rimes fupply'd, One he ador'd, and all the rest defy'd. No stradling Tetrafyllables are brought To fill up room, and little spell, or nought. No Bumbast Raptures, and no lines immense, That's call'd (by th' curtefie of England) sence. But all's so plaine, that one may see, he made T'inform the understanding, not invade it. (it And the designes so probable, that though They be not true, tis like they may be fo. Thus Travellour-like, I do inform our Nation, Being return'd, what is my Observation. But if, as Coriat did, I do relate Buildings, and Gallowses, not Acts of States Pardon my want of skill, and Ile be Debtor To him, that on perusall notes things better.

Alex. Brome.

Upon the Ingenious Comedies of Mr. Richard Brome.

cie, in so pure a straine:

, who does not love in

EE the strange twirle of Times! when such (poore things Out-live the Dates of Parliaments, or Kings! This Revolution makes exploded Wit Now See the fall of those that ruin'd it. And the Condemned Stage hath now obtain'd To see her Executioners Arraignd. There's nothing permanent; those high great men, That rofe from Duft, to Dust may fall agen. And Fate fo orders things, that the same houre Sees the same man both in Contempt, and Power. For th' Multitude, in whom the power doth lye, Do in one breath cry Haile, and Crucify. Time was, when Learning, Poelie, and Wit, Were counted Sacred things, and hard to get. Time was, when Playes were justly valu'd, when Poets could laugh away the Crimes of men. And by Instructive Recreations teach More in one houre, then some in ten do preach. But Times are chang'd; and tis worth our note, Bishops, and Players both suffer'd in one Vote. Andreason good, for they had cause to feare'em, ('em. one did suppresse their Schismes, and tother jeere. Bishops were guiltiest, for they swell'd with Riches, Tother had nought, but Verses, Songs, & Speeches.

And by their ruine, the State did no more, But robb the Spittle, and unrag the poore. And the Stern Poet, challenging as due His ancient right, with freedome to speake true; Div'd into secrets, and 'canse hee'd not be brib'd To silence, nor complyance, was proscrib'd. While those in Cloakes, and double Caps, so long, So long did thrash in their inspired throng; Till at the last, instead of Curbing Sin, By corrupt lives, and jars, they brought it in.

But now new Stars shine forth, and do pretend, Wit shall be cherisht, and Poets sinde a Friend. This makes these sleeping Poems now creep forth, As innocent of wrong, as full of worth.

Where Vice, and Vanity, are laught to scorn, And unstain'd Vertue to the Skies is born.

May this Work prove successefull, and we finde Those men, that now are Pow'rfull, to be kinde! And give encouragement to Wit, and Worth, That things of Weight may come with boldnesse For, to the being of a happy State, (forth! Pleasure, and Profit must Incorporate. And if we in our Bellies place our sence, Twixt Beasts, and us, pray what's the difference? Poets are the Cultodes of our Fame, Were't not for Homer, where's Achilles Name? Let Souldiers then protect, while Poets praise; Since that, which Crownes the Browes of Both, is Baies.

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PROLOGUE.

Put into Rhyme, to court you, and befeech, Put into Rhyme, to court you, and befeech Your Worships, but to heare and like the Play, But I, I vow, have no such part to say.

I'm sent a woing to you, but how to do't, I han't the skill; tistrue I've a new Suite, And Ribbons sashionable, yelipt Fancies, But for the Complements, the Trips, and Dances, Our Poet can't abide um, and he sweares, They're all but cheats; and sugred words but jeeres. Hee's hearkning there: and if I go about To make a Speech, he vows, he'le put me out. Nor dare I write t'you: therefore in this condition, Ile turne my courtship into admonition.

When a good thing is profer'd, don't be nice, Our Poet vows, you shan't be profer'd twice.

The Persons of the Comedy.

Carelesse, a young wilde Heire.
Sir Val. Thrivewell, bis Unkle
that adopted him Heire.
Saleware, a Citizen and a Cuckbold.
Saveall, Sir Valentines, demure
Steward.
L. Lovely, a wencher.
Bellamy, a woman disguised, and
bis Steward.
Wat, a blunt fellow, Carelesses
Servingman.
Old Bellamy.

Lady Thrivewell.

Mrs. Alicia, Salewares light wife

Mrs. Croftill, a vich Vintners

Widow, and humorous.

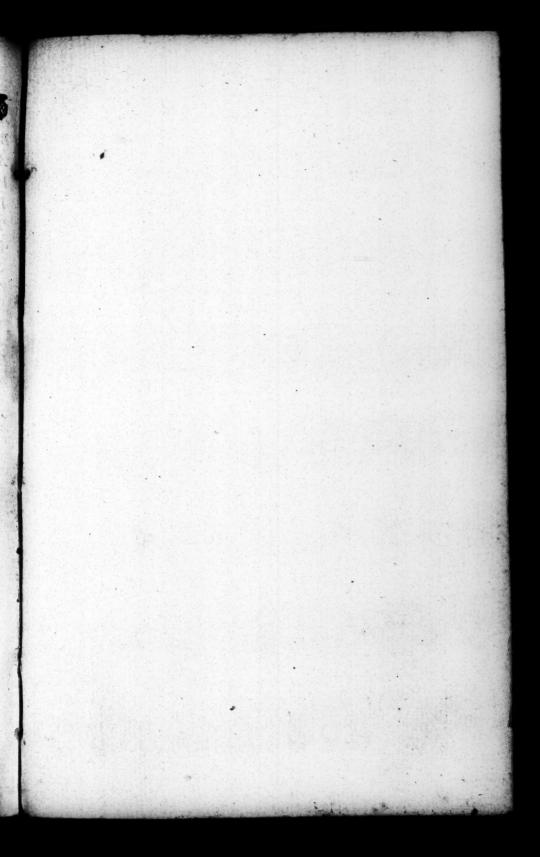
Phoebe, Carelesse his whore.

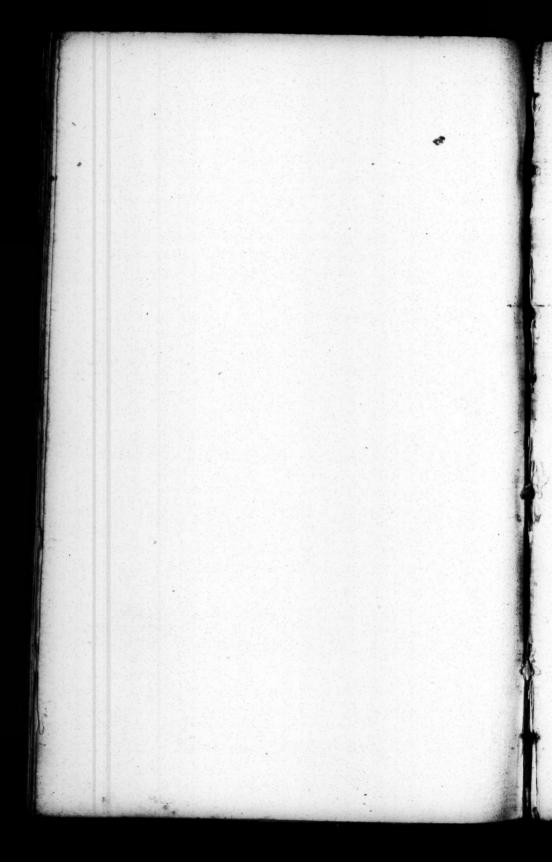
Closet, an old crone, Nursekeeper

to L. Thrivewell.

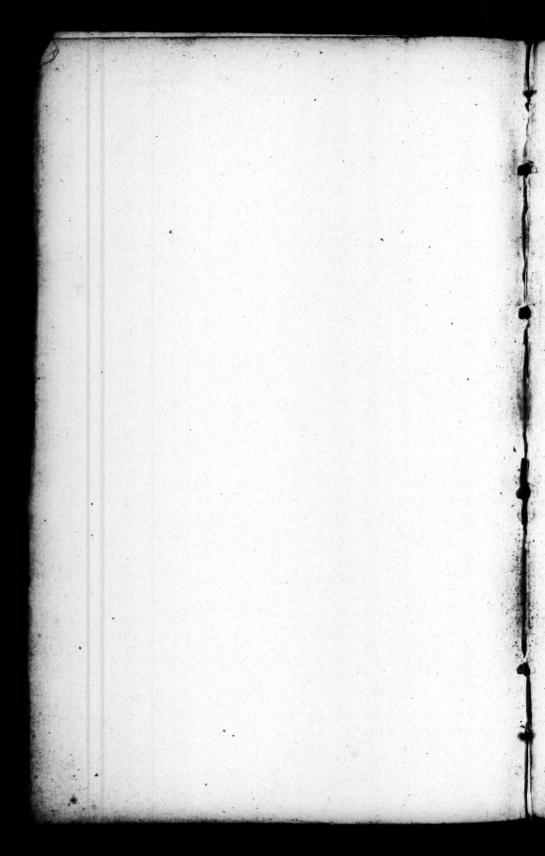
Apprentices.
Servingmen.
And Attendants.

1. Mad couple.
2. Novella.
3. Beggar.









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